To Jerusalem Through The Lands of Islam

BY MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON

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THE PYRAMIDS THROUGH DATE PALMS ACROSS THE NILE.

TO JERUSALEM

THROUGH

THE LANDS OF ISLAM

AMONG

JEWS, CHRISTIANS, AND MOSLEMS

BY

MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON

PREFACE BY

PRINCE DE POLIGNAC

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AVANT-PROPOS.

BY

YOUSSEF ZIA PACHA EL KHALIDY,

Former Deputy to the Constitutional Parliament of Turkey, Ex-governor in Palestine, author of a grammar for the language of the Druses, Professor of Arabic at the University of Vienna, etc., etc., etc.

TO

MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON.

May God aid and bless her in her projects of union and love among different peoples!

DEAR MADAME:

You have given me the occasion, in announcing the publication of your book, to express to you my gratefulness for the sublime work which you have undertaken: that of reconciling all believers in the same God,—and particularly among Mussulmans and Christians who are separated by prejudices adroitly circulated. Unfortunately there are Europeans (and of other Occidental countries) who, for their own interested motives, still permit it to be circulated that the Book of Mahomet commands disdain and hatred to non-Mussulman people. This is a profound error! But there are learned Christian philosophers who have studied our Moslem Laws and who very justly laud the Koran which is our guide in all things.

You, dear Madame, come to the succor of the oppressed; and the eyes of the entire Orient are upon you. And what you have already done is graven on the hearts of all.

I shall never forget the happy days spent with you, and your illustrious husband, within the walls of Jerusalem—which is the Holy City for us all—and where Père Hyacinthe came preaching, as did the Christ, the reconciliation and unity of all believers; and

where we were permitted to hold long conferences concerning these great questions.

As a true disciple of Mahomet, whose religion has its roots in the profound Faith based upon Reason—

I subscribe myself, dear Madame, the devout worshiper of of God and your humble servant,—

Praying *Allah* to accord you long life to accomplish your noble mission.

YOUSSEF ZIA EL KHALIDY,
Ex-Mayor of Jerusalem.

April, 1901.

PREFACE.

THIS book is the expression of truth which has been felt and lived. It bears witness to the spirit of the early days of Christianity;—it is a revelation of the mysterious link which unites us with the conquered race of Islam.

The author is a woman of another continent than that of which she writes, or in which she writes. She has been for a tour through Algeria, a tour which was neither scientific, nor historical, nor geographical, but something better and more original than all these: a tour of Christian Exploration.

The result she has attained is as striking as it was unexpected. That result does not consist in the indication of new riches to be exploited in a conquered country, in a colony which is but an extension of France, nor in any of those advantages which are the ordinary objects and achievements of our humanitarian explorations. On the contrary, our author discovers that the Arab, though despoiled by our conquest, has preserved riches of which we cannot deprive him, and advantages which suffice for his happiness during his earthly life. For what is to us merely optional, or unnecessary, is to the Arab indispensable. These treasures are the brotherhood of souls in the faith in God;—the principles of conduct which result from it, and the admirable instinct which enables him to distinguish, even before a word has been spoken, between true affinity and hypocritical sympathy. These are the treasures which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." The vanquished finds therein a source of joy of which none can deprive him: for he has laid up his treasure in his heart.

Such are the author's discoveries. Her book is *fiat lux* of our Algeria. We must read it—or rather we must travel with her,—for truth guides her pen, as charity has guided her steps.

I commend to you therefore, friendly reader, these pages of a true Christian woman. You will make the same journey that she has made—and you will return the better for it.

PRINCE DE POLIGNAC.
Colonel of the French Army in Algiers.

PARIS, July 4, 1897.

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INTRODUCTION

WHICH IS A CONFESSION.

IN the first place this is not a book; but only a fragmentary record of some of the various travels in foreign lands in the years 1894-6, with desultory descriptions of the places, peoples, and persons; and also some intimations of impressions in rare and common experiences.

The lapse of time between these voyages and their publication has been caused by greater duties, illness, other voyages, and from the hindering fact of my first copy having been lost.

Few writers have the courage, or the fool-hardiness, to tell all they see or feel; and those who do are apt to fail in edification. I shall not attempt it.

The dominant chord of these impressions is confirmed faith in God as the Omnipresent Ruler in human events, and as the Merciful Father.

The key-note is Peace and Loving-kindness, leading to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, which we firmly believe will come; else the Supreme Prayer of our Lord is but verbiage. The minor tone is pity for the world; and the oft-recurring jangled notes are those of profound forboding of disaster, mingled with righteous indignation and holy disgust at the hypocritical endeavor of so-called Christians to reconcile sensuality, paganism, and infidelity, with the life as in Christ; and for pretended moralists who ignore morality, practising falsehood, theft, adultery,

and massacre! And if I sometimes lack charity in expressing my feeling, I sincerely ask pardon.

I am no pessimist, but the opposite—yet I am convinced after a long life of careful observation and unusual experience, that the prodigious intestine strain upon humanity may manifest itself on the surface of political events any day—like the bursting forth of Mont Pelé—in a distant island of the great archipelago of nations; and that the long impending catastrophe can only be averted by careful observation and timely action in the domain of religion, which is to humanity what the atmosphere is to the earth. I do not say, or mean, the domain of dogma, which has, however, its rightful place and very great importance—as have observatories and light-houses. This moral atmosphere which encircles our globe to-day is like an overcharged electric belt that requires but a scintillation of diplomatic friction to spread rapine and carnage throughout the world. The lust of gold and the ambition of empire are the main driving forces in this menacing cataclysm, but they are human forces—or Satanic, (for we believe in the devil whatever form or influence he may be); and underlying these forces—as the infinite always underlies the finite—is the major force, and ventually the higher law which that central motor power commands, must be established among men. It remains for this generation to decide whether we must return again to the old Satanic alliance of blood between men and hell, for another vain attempt to subjugate the children of God into permanent sin; or after twenty centuries of bootless, hopeless trial, to accept the Precious Blood of Christ as the last drop shed in that cruel covenant of killing, for the inauguration of the New and Bloodless Method of Love.

Leaving the lesser divisions, we here place ourselves before the two most powerful standing armies on the

earth; and they are the most powerful because they are the two greatest religious bodies existent. We do not count in numbers, but in moral forces; and their greatness lies neither in the wealth nor empires they represent, but in their common indestructible faith in their Common Creator, Universal Ruler, and Divine Father.

On one side of these two formidable armies, is divided Christendom, armed *cap-à-pie* with all the refinements of science and modern invention for human slaughter; on the other *un*divided Islam, for the most part miserably accoutered with our worn-out matchlocks and broken swords. Christendom includes about four hundred million souls; Islam numbers nearly three hundred millions. Between these far-stretching battalions which stand, or rather bivouac, over against each other, there lies a neutral zone, with fallow green fields; and there sleeps Israel —alas!—among the tombs of the Prophets;—and One in the midst thereof is empty. But that empty tomb of an humble Jew is the center of the world!

While the great Christian powers have their various conflicting political and ecclesiastical interests to vindicate, Islam has but one, and that is universal and eternal: the supremacy, not of any earthly government—for it is bound to none—but of God.

Diplomacy can do but little to bridge the chasm which divides these millions of believers, and war can only widen it and envenom the horrible wound in the great heart of humanity. While arms are at rest for a time, or an armistice is declared, then is the opportunity to prepare for permanent peace. Let not the sentinels sleep on the watch-towers!

When engineers would bridge over an abyss which yawns between two unequal shores, there must be a leveling process of cutting down one and building up the other. A similar operation is necessary if we would

bridge the gulf between Christianity and Islam. And all the débris and scoria should be cast into the depths of the abyss to help build up over oblivion the grand highway of human happiness. When this is accomplished and we are able to pass over freely and in good fellowship, we shall discover that if Christianity has great achievements to offer to Islam, Islam has treasures of priceless worth to give in exchange.

To render the present situation more complex, the two major factors of civilization, Religion and Science,—sublime converging forces, which are being brought every day into closer lines—as they approach the great center of all truth, are still, unfortunately, self-supposed enemies. Their intrinsic relations must, however, sooner or later, lead to mutual and friendly recognition; and then Law, Order and Love will begin their normal and legitimate functions.

We have a sublime case in hand as I write these lines; and those who see the invisible with spiritual eyes and hear with spiritual ears the unspoken words of Science, cannot fail to discern the voices and forms of Elohim as they move over the boundless seas and thro' the fathomless air, carrying messages from hemisphere to hemisphere by wireless telegraph!—Oh! blind and deaf scientists! ye discern not the sublime achievements of your own hands! —the result of your own divine inspiration!—the proof of your own scientific deductions!—all of which show forth the infinite and inexhaustible treasures and possibilities of the Great First Cause, which is Jehovah!—Behold within yourselves His Glory!

The youth Marconi, like a greater than he, was not believed in by his own people, but strangers received him. And already the whole world acclaims him! Still, He who is Divine Mediator between God and man, between all Science and Religion, they will not yet acclaim!

One of the best means of hastening this reconciliation between seemingly opposing principles, and between different races and opposing peoples, is friendly intercourse, good fellowship, and union between persons of different creeds or religious beliefs, as well as between different seekers after scientific truths; for when the relations of life are brought into the domain of harmony and conscience, latent forces are aroused, hostile ones are attenuated, and generous ones are assimilated. And there are innumerable souls throughout all the divisions of society,—not only in the churches, but in schools, workshops, and laboratories, in fields and forests, in theaters and parliaments; some are fearless and active, others are timid and sometimes discouraged, but laboring still, hoping, praying, for the accomplishment of this beneficent result—yearning for the Ideal in the Real, and for the Infinite in Sorrow. Who is there, then, within the pale of recognized Brotherhood of men, and has a heart in his breast, that does not cry aloud and upward: "Oh! Eternal Father! let Thy will be done!"

How important and rich becomes every day of our lives of sojourn or travel, of work or repose, if we keep in mind that every endeavor to help a fellow-creature every prayer, every scientific discovery, and above all, every determined effort for purity and justice, every generous action toward our enemies, aye! every trial or sorrow, are preparing the way for the ultimate Kingdom of God on earth—which is the absolute sequence of creation.

* * *

In perusing these pages, some person may think that I abase the Christian while extolling the Mussulman. To abase is wrong; but to humble the proud and to enlighten the ignorant, in high places as in low, in the self-righteous as in the sinner, is to render service; and this sometimes becomes a duty.

It also may be said that in our travels we saw only the bright side of Islam. Well! that is just what we desired to see; not, however, ignoring the shadow—for one must be blind and senseless not to see and feel that in the solar system which we inhabit, physically and morally, the stronger the light the deeper the shade. From the burning heat of a fatiguing day we may seek refreshing shadow; but for accurate observation, give us the broad full sunlight!

The fact of it is, we had heard quite enough of the dark side of Islam, so we determined to pursue our studies on the side looking to the sun.

And what undreamt-of beauty and wealth God's sunshine reveals!

Then we ask, Is it fair? Is it just? Is it Christlike?—like Him of whom, as it is narrated in Jewish history, one day while wandering through the lanes and byways of Jerusalem, found in the repugnant decomposition of a dead dog, something to admire; and turning to the hooting crowd which was gathered about this loathsome object, remarked in His own sweet way: "At least it has white teeth."

Is it right, fair, or just, to visit other people in their homes, or in their countries, wherever they dwell, and come away to decry them?—our brethren, who are struggling into higher life,—holding them up to the cruel criticism, condemnation, and ridicule of those who have, also, had their dark ages of struggle up to a "higher civilisation," and who believe themselves admitted (O, pretentious man!) into the "more perfect knowledge of God!" —No! it is not right!

Travel is incumbent upon all, especially upon benefactors, and a thorough traveller can, perhaps, do more good in a voyage, if he knows how to travel, than to write a book.

In studying the monuments and institutions of strange countries, we visit, not only churches, cathedrals, and palaces, but prisons and hospitals as well. In prisons we have only to know that there are prisoners within to be assured that they contain law-breakers; and to see their chains, to understand that crime has been committed. Yet this does not deter us from conversing with these criminals; nor, perhaps, from suggesting to jailors some modern sanitary measures and improvements in the sad prison life. Then it is possible that there might be some falsely accused prisoners therein, and a word of heavenly hope might console them for human injustice.

And in visiting hospitals we do not ask the inmates to uncover their wounds and sores to satisfy a morbid and indecent curiosity; we only see their pale faces, clasp their hands, and look into their wistful eyes—which often speak the language of a smothered soul when lips are silent—to know the inmates are sick, with malady or sin, and to feel that they are our kindred. And if we are human we give them what we can of sympathy, prayer, and hope; than which there is no greater gift for the sorrowful, for the sick, or for the sinner.

We did not go to Africa and Asia on a hunting expedition in quest of "big game" not to be found in Europe: lions, tigers, elephants; neither did we go in search of the "small game," scorpions, vipers, and other foul and creeping things—which we have in abundance at home. We went seeking our fellow-men whom we knew not; new and unlike peoples, of gentle manners and simple faith; with all their varied environments: blue skies, sunlight, and fair landscapes in far horizons; glorified sunsets and resplendent nights, with perfumed atmosphere and ambient breezes; looking everywhere for new manifestations of nature's beauty and God's love; and, in short, all sorts of rare, sweet, and beautiful things! Thank Heaven! which

guided us, we found not only what we sought, but, in spite of the misguidance of men and the ill-adjustment of circumstances, we found above and encompassing all, everywhere—on the sea and on the land—the ineffable joy of the Infinite Presence.

* * *

I must now beg the reader to bear in mind that, though I am an American by birth, I became, by my marriage, a French citizen; and that although, as a Humanitarian believer, I take a paramount interest in the religion of Islam which counts nearly three hundred millions of the firmest monotheists on the globe!—and that France has thirty million Moslem subjects in Africa alone, independent of her large possessions in the extreme Orient; and that there is united with my profound religious interest a bounden, patriotic duty, which must not be ignored. As to my English, I can only say that I have lived outside of it, mostly, for more than forty years.

Sixty years ago, in Chautauqua, Western New York, Horace Mann laid his hand upon my head saying: "Little girl, the Schoolmaster tells me you help him write the copies in the other scholars' copy books; that's good, go on, do your best!"

Fifty years ago, over a breakfast table in New York City, Horace Greeley, who ate only bread and milk, said to me: "Your ideas are right as to the superiority of the fruits of the earth, as was originally intended for the sustenance of man, over animal food;—only go on and write about it!"

Forty years ago George Bancroft said to me: "Your eyes were not made to weep, even over this hell let loose in our country,* but to guide your pen against slavery and war in every land!"

Thirty years ago Longfellow, looking from my win-

* The War of Secession.

dow at Passy, over Paris, said: "But take care that this beautiful city and *la belle France,* with her innumerable attractions and her struggles, do not make you neglect your own country; and with all these other languages, forget your own tongue!"

I disobeyed them all—having been called of Providence to an active part in the initiation of a great religious and social reform, with its manifold duties and trials; and now that I am old, and with other superabundant blessings, have leisure, behold my humiliation!—which is *sine qua non* for canonic confession!

* * *

By my impressions of these travels in Oriental lands, I may be suspected of unusual sympathy for Mussulmans; but there is no place for suspicion when the fact is evident; and as "an honest confession is good for the soul," and sometimes for the confessor as well as the penitent, I will say that I am certainly very sympathetic for the grand indomitable Arab race, and for the sublime, unswerving faith of Islam. Was not Abraham the father of Ismaël, as well as Jacob? Furthermore, (for in valid confession there must be no "mental reservation" or covert "intention,") I will state that I am also very sympathetic for the believers in the farther East: the Hindus, who, though they have not a positive conception of the Living God, are less than all others given to persecution because of religious dissimilarities, and make for peace on earth more than do those of other great religions. Moreover, I love the Jews—and with peculiar affection; for they are of the Ancient Race of Believers, chosen of God, and have written for us the grandest Sacred History of Humanity; and above all they have given us the Christ, the Saviour of the world! In short, I am an orthodox Christian; and because I am a Christian, I am bound by my faith to seek and help, persuade, and love those who are

sick, ignorant, unhappy, or perverse, of whatever belief, or unbelief, they may be; and I am particularly solicitous for the "miserable sinners" of our own "persuasion" and of my own infernally proud race! (I use here the technical theological term.)

Yet, my sympathy for Islam does not prevent me from deploring their polygamy, their lack of energy, and the unwarranted seclusion of their women. Nor does my consideration for the Hindus prevent my disgust for their filthy fakirs and their obscene symbolism. Nor does my affection for the Jews assuage my ever-increasing sorrow for their unrighteous refusal of rehabilitation to the Great Jew—Jesus—that which the Christian world most justly claims to-day for a lesser Jew—Dreyfus.

And it is because I, the most unworthy of His followers, love Christianity above all other religions, that I am not blind or indifferent to the sins and vices to which Christians are given so often, in flagrant negation of their faith! It is because they are of my own household, that I sometimes feel prompted to a righteous flagellation of those who barter and sell, (when they do not steal,) not animals in shambles, but men in sorrow, and peoples in peril; covertly or within the sacred precincts of the great Temple of International Diplomacy.

Thus, dear readers, I have made my confession, and I start with you on these travels with a clear conscience.

EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

LIBRARY AT ALGIERS—PURE STYLE ARABIC.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE LANDS OF ISLAM.

WE started on our pilgrimage at 9 o'clock, on a dreary night in December, 1894; and as the train rolled reluctantly out of the station in Paris, there appeared in the weird electric light, a group of loving, lugubrious faces, haloed by a cloud of white waving hands through a sheen of drizzling rain, accompanied by a diminishing chorus of *"Bon voyage!"*—"Good-bye!"—*"Adieu!"*—*"Bon retour!"*—"God bless you!"—*Au revoir!"*—*"A bientôt!"*

Though propped up in a comfortable corner, like an invalid, I was, however, able to lean from the car window as we passed through the fortifications into the open country, and sing out into the darkness the closing strains of Dr. Monk's great anthem: "JE-RU-SA-LEM. . . . !"

We were rolling far into the night when a dear face bent over me and a low voice asked: "Why do you not sleep?"

I could only reply: "I am too happy!"

The next day at noon we stood in the bright sunlight, beneath a cerulean sky, in the bow of the fine *Transatlantique* ship which cut the blue waters of the fair Intermediate Sea as with sentient joy at having her entire cargo of gratitude concentrated in one soul—sailing from Marseilles to the Barbary coast.

I had long ardently wished to visit North Africa, but

all plans and projects failed until kind Providence undertook the matter for me, and I succeeded. But for this I must needs fall ill and be sent to a warm climate for rest and recuperation. But now arose a formidable difficulty; for in my pertinacious idea of reconciling the races, and particularly the Anglo-Saxon and Latin, I had always managed to have both an English and a French Doctor (albeit I take less medicine than kindly council—giving the same...)—and now they disagreed; one saying I should by all means go to Algiers, and the other—that it was not to be thought of, because of the sea, heart trouble, etc., etc. I exonerated both from all responsibility, and being still able to disobey, I took my heart in my own hands, as it leaped with joy at the possibility of going to Africa, and put myself with perfect obedience into the hands of The Other—The Great Physician, whose diagnosis is true, and whose remedies infallible; and who, moreover, always accompanies His patients! I had left home scarcely able to walk, suffering from nervous prostration, the effect of a quarter of a century's overwork in a hard but glorious field; but from the sheer prospect of going, I was almost cured before I started! Travel is the panacea for many maladies, and there is no cure more agreeable and, ordinarily, (intelligence and purpose being equal,) none more sure than doing what one longs to do.

We arrived in Algiers twenty-four hours after sailing, having already, while still far out at sea, scented the perfume of the orange blossoms and eucalyptus.

On entering the house of any one, be he friend or stranger, we must at once seek the face of our host: we went, therefore, first of all, into the great public square, La Place du Gouvernement, which is the rendezvous not only of the native inhabitants but of the people from all parts of the world, to obtain a satisfactory view of the

physiognomy of the city. Arabs predominate, and, in their flowing white costumes of burnouse and turban, and with their quiet good manners, we were captivated at the outset.

This beautiful square looks north to the sea, over the magnificent harbor whose shipping, with its multicolored flags and pennons, indicates the extent of its commerce and attractions. On one side stands the great white Mosque, which, strange to say, is built in the form of the Latin cross.

"Let us go in," we said and entered without difficulty, permission, or surprise to any one. It was not the regular hour of prayer, but there were, however, many worshippers, kneeling or prostrate in the vast white edifice, dim and silent. We, too, knelt and offered up thanks to their Allah, which is our God, for his loving-kindness in bringing us hither. Then, standing aloof, we observed that all who came in with shoes and sandals removed them, and those of the humbler sort, shodden by nature, first went to the fountain, which is just inside the door at the bottom of the nave, and observed the ceremonial ablution, bathing face, hands and feet, before stepping upon the carpet which covers the entire floor save the parvis, where strangers stand. Many, also, washed the entire head, giving conscientious care to the mouth,—for, with Moslems, the lips which praise Jehovah must be clean. The fine large fountain was well adapted, with sparkling water in jets, and a vast circular basin, for this religious rite, which was accomplished with all modesty and entire obliviousness of any lookers-on. Then we noticed that amid those clad in soft raiment there were many more clothed in such a manner as would have excluded them from almost any Christian church. (!) Some were in rags and others in coffee sacks; but withal, there were no "upper," "front," or "back seats," and all took places as they chose

—beside each other in brotherly proximity and attitude. No women were present. Soon thereafter, outside, from the high white minaret, the voice of the muezzin was heard, clear and melodious, out over the city and over the sea, calling for prayer. The mosque was quietly but rapidly filled with a white cloud of worshippers, all serious and respectful. No talking, nor whispering, nor wandering eyes,—for the first essential of a Moslem's prayer is absolute concentration of mind and will upon Him to whom all honor and worship is due.

The service is liturgic, and with the low, monotone Arabic rhythm, it is very impressive. However, no book is used, or necessary, as all services, as well as all doctrine and discipline, are contained in the Koran; and this, which is their Bible, is committed to memory from the earliest childhood; and, as their memory is prodigious, they are never at a loss for prayer-book or scriptural text. But, to show that all religious service is from this infallible source, while reciting it, they hold up their two open hands before their faces to represent their open and sacred book. There is a large niche in the eastern wall, looking toward Mecca, from which the Koran is read or recited; and near the middle of the mosque is a large, high pulpit, resembling a platform, upon open pillars upon which a score of "ancients" may sit, and beneath which young children are sometimes placed. Though Arabic is an unknown tongue, one cannot fail to be impressed by the serious and religious eloquence of the sermon. I was the only woman present, yet not a look of reproach or surprise, nor curiosity was given me, but instead, I felt a silent and comforting assurance of religious sympathy and fraternal welcome among this strange people.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HOME OF ISLAM.

IT was easy to get into the mosque, but how to get into the home and above all into the heart of Islam was quite another thing, and far more difficult. We had letters to persons of almost every shade of Christian belief and unbelief; and upon our arrival in Algiers we consulted pastors, colonists, doctors, lawyers, professors, governmental functionaries, tradesmen, agriculturists, etc., and met everywhere the same discouragement, expressed almost always in the same terms: "There is nothing to be done with the Mussulmans; but one thing is necessary, let them feel your superiority." This led us to conclude that there was then some claim on their part, and perhaps a danger; certainly there was an inner question, and we determined to look into it.

The Protestant pastors of different denominations spoke to us in this wise: "We have been here from one to forty years, and have never made a single conversion nor a friend among the native population, nor have we ever had anything to do with them save in a small business way, or as servants. They are, to a man, fortified in their religion, their fatalism is a wall of adamant, and they will neither step out, nor accept anything outside of that stronghold. They are, however, sober, patient and respectful,—as honest, perhaps, as Christians, and possess a keen sense of justice; not over-laborious, but accept,

without bartering, very small profits or hire. They are serviceable but not servile, feeling themselves on perfect equality, not only among themselves, but with all other men. To be frank with you, you will have your pains for naught if you hope to make friends with them; for you, perfect strangers, cannot expect to do in a few months what we have failed to do in a score or two of years; and, to tell you all the truth, Mussulmans do not like us and have really little confidence in Christians."

Then we asked: "Have you ever tried to make friends with them without any attempt at proselyting?"

"No, never, for we knew beforehand that it was perfectly useless."

Of course we could not accept such sophistic argument for fair reasoning, much less for proof, but were more convinced than before that there were, at least, rich fields here for observation and study; and we were more determined than ever to push forward into the undiscovered realms of Moslem faith and life, which gave such indubitable proof of resistance to attacks or innovations, and so many evidences of vitality and virtue.

We ventured occasionally, with our Protestant friends, some arguments: human, historical, and ethnological, as well as Christian. We invariably encountered, however, a sectarian barrier which, if not so magnificent as that of the Moslems', was every whit as adamantine. Happily it was usually so narrow and low that we could step over it without difficulty.

We soon found, however, an ice-field forming about us in the sectarian latitude: Roman Catholic and Protestant. We were looked upon somewhat as spiritual adventurers and interlopers by the "squatter sovereignty," who claimed not only territorial preemption, but Divine Right in their desert and sterile fields; and, moreover, our sympathy with the conquered race of Algeria was

looked upon by some as disloyalty to the *mère-patrie*.

We had, therefore, in the beginning but little approbation or sympathy to encourage us; and I regret to say that means, which did no honor to those who employed them, were used by some to dissuade and prevent us in our research and endeavors. Our letters were tampered with after their delivery before they reached us, our rooms invaded, and private papers filched from our portfolios. Misrepresentation and calumny were considered virtuous arms for underhanded attacks by some who pretended to give tone to the "best society" in this new colony. Our position was such that we had an inside view of the situation, and, with growing financial jealousies, political animosities, and racial antagonism, we could not but fear trouble in the near future. The world knows of the deplorable anti-Semitic and political riots a year afterwards. Happily the Moslems most wisely abstained from taking any considerable part.

In justice I must say here that, in our studies and efforts for reconciliation of parties and races, we found warm sympathy and complete approbation among the true representatives of France and Algeria: eminent men, of whom I may mention the Governor, Monsieur Cambon, whose intelligence and broad humanitarian sympathies enabled him to understand the situation and appreciate our endeavors. He was president of the committee formed in France about this time for building a mosque in Paris for our Moslem subjects and those of other lands who live in or visit that city.

But, at the outset, we knew no follower of Mohammed, nor any one through whom we could know one. As far as human help goes, we were evidently in the minority; but being greatly encouraged by all this discouragement, we decided to put ourselves, and without intermediary, into the hands of the Omnipotent Majority of One, and

go forward. Later on, when success was evident, sympathizers multiplied on every hand. Such is human nature everywhere under the sun.

On the ninth of January, 1895, an almost summer-like winter day, with roses and oranges in the garden, sweet odors in the air, the deep blue, encouraging sky bending over the beautiful earth and the far-stretching sea, we came down from Mustapha Superieur, where we dwelt, into the highways and byways of the strange white city, amid the still stranger heterogeneous mass of humanity—to seek the heart of Islam.

For the first time in many months I felt strong enough to walk; and with a deep sense of gratitude came a strong conviction that there was a blessing in store for us. Hour after hour we sauntered through the maze of the old Moorish city, looking for him who was to open the door of the inner life of this mysterious people. The hours wore away, and with them our strength, and my husband suggested postponing our search for another time; but I insisted that he would be found that day—and, turning down the covered passage of the great bazaar that leads from the Place de la Cathédrale to the Place du Gouvernement, there he sat in the entrance of his tent! And it was gorgeous, his booth, which was made of the multicolored hangings of Oriental carpets and curtains.

"Abraham!" I exclaimed in exultation. It was indeed a magnificent life-picture: head, form, and features of noble mold, a long beard of snow, turban of white and gold, with full flowing costume, all revealing a noble specimen of the pure Arab race. He sat half-turned from the outer world, intent upon a large volume he was reading, and which, by its beautiful print and rich binding, we knew to be the Koran. We stopped with intense satisfaction and admiration to contemplate the picture, and also with reluctance to disturb his pious study. He

seemed to feel our presence, and turning toward us, gave us, in excellent French, a kind welcome, benevolently asking if he could be of any service to us.

"We have not come to purchase," we explained, "but should like to talk with you if you would allow us."

Immediately we were led into his fine large booth, which was something between a richly furnished drawing-room and a museum of art. As soon as we were seated, he said: "Pray, consider yourselves perfectly at home, and give me the pleasure of being useful to strangers whom God has sent me."

Without circumlocution we replied: "You have many rich and beautiful wares here, but what is the best of all and interests us most is the book you are reading; and we should like to talk with you concerning your religion. We are Christians who come from far countries to study the faith and people of Islam."

A luminous expression of pleasure passed over his placid face, with just a little surprise. The Arab rarely betrays the least astonishment, for he who is ever waiting Eternity is never taken by surprise in human events.

Here Père Hyacinthe took from his pocket a translation of the Koran. Immediately our host inclined and lifted his right hand to his forehead, and then to his heart, which is the Moslem sign of respect and reverence, saying again: "I am most happy! May God be praised for sending you to my door!"

Then he clapped his hands and a servant appeared, who, in a few moments, brought us our first cup of delicious Turkish coffee. Thus we were duly accredited guests. We conversed for an hour with this follower of Mohammed and found him not only stored in Arabic learning concerning Islam and the Koran, but perfectly conversant with the Ancient Scriptures, which are theirs as well as ours. Nor was he ignorant of the New Testa-

ment; above all we found a devout believer in the Living God. We expressed the desire to know more of this grand religion and asked concerning its representatives in Algiers. He immediately said: "You must go to the mosque in the Kasbah and see the Marabout!" Thereupon he at once wrote in French the name and full directions upon his card, saying: "Go when you like, this learned and holy man will give you welcome."

Then we took leave, exchanging cards. Upon his was printed: "Ibrahim Ben-Ali, Member of the Mohammedan Cult Committee, and of the Chamber of Commerce"—He was indeed called "Abraham." We came as strangers—we parted as friends.

The next day we went up through the beautiful garden of Morengo to the Kasbah, which is the old, high Moorish part of the city, on the brow of which, with a superb outlook over the sea, we found the Mosque of Sidi-Abderrahman, which contains the tomb of the great Marabout (saint) of that name, and is renowned throughout Islam as the most holy place in North Africa—a hallowed shrine for pilgrims from near and far. The venerable guardian is Sidi Ali-ben-Hadj-Moussa, a very devout Imam (teacher), and the most learned Sheik in Scriptural lore in all that country, and, besides, is considered a saint.

His son, a young man of eighteen years, had come, as we were evidently expected, to meet us down the street and conducted us into the Mosque, in the middle of which is the tomb, the shrine of the great Marabout. But before entering he stooped and put on our feet the protecting sandals, as no grain of dust may enter this holy place. The Mosque is not large and appears like a museum, so full is it with gifts of pilgrims and friends: many tall clocks, large waxen tapers, banners, etc. The floor is covered with thick, rich rugs, and close around the shrine

sat, or kneeled, many women, enveloped in their white, ample robes—the eyes only visible. A young reader of the Koran was reciting from memory the Holy Book. After due reverence paid to the sacred place, our amiable young escort, (who was a theological student preparing to become an Imam and Sheik, following the vocation and perhaps the position of his father,) led us through the old cemetery and the garden which surrounds the Mosque to the residence of the Marabout.

There he stood, in the white arched doorway, waiting to receive us, the venerable patriarch, clad in snow-white robe, turban, and even his unshodden feet, with full white beard beneath a pale face—a truly white saint! So striking and radiant was he, that the vision of the great Law-Giver, as he came down from out the cloud of Sinai, flashed through my mind and I involuntarily exclaimed: "Moses!" The son understood me and smiled, as that was really his name,—in Arabic: Moussa.

We were given patriarchal welcome with low salaams, pressing hands, and reiterated thanks to Allah for bringing us to his door; and then we were led within, across the Moorish court, along corridors, and up a very steep staircase, with curious unequal steps, into the parlor, a long, high room, its walls, ceiling, and curtains all white and immaculate. There were divans, rugs, and cushions of all dimensions and colors, with stacks of old books; at the end of the room a high bed, scarcely seen through the thick white embroidered curtains. Against the walls religious objects were hung, and amid it all the sweet odor of incense from Araby the Blest.

There was but one chair, and in spite of all protest, I was obliged to accept the honor; our host and my husband having seats on the equally comfortable divan.

With two excellent interpreters, a young theological student and an elder son,—for the Marabout spoke only

Arabic—we speedily fell into our subject: the religion of Mohammed. Our satisfaction was great at having such a rare opportunity of going to the source of Moslem knowledge and truth without the doubtful medium of books and newspapers, to say nothing of traditional errors and ignorance. But I must state that refreshments were brought in at once—sweet things, and tea perfumed with orange blossoms—deftly served by the sons, who, with their father, refused to partake in our presence, saying, with their right hands carried from heart to brow, "We are your servants." Such is Oriental hospitality.*

I will give a *résumé* of the two hours' conversation. In reply to the leading question made by Père Hyacinthe: "What is the exact place, position, and importance given to Christ by the followers of the Prophet, or rather by Mohammed himself?"

The venerable Marabout, resting his white-bearded chin for a few moments in his hand in religious reflection, spoke to his eldest son, who immediately handed him the Koran in the original Arabic and its translation by Kasimerski—the best French. Then, with a solemn invocation to Allah, weighing every word, said: "I do not only reply to this important question to you who are a true servant of God; but I must now speak as before the Judgment."

Then he began: "We know to a certainty that Christ was fortold by our Prophets of the Old Testament, which is your Holy Scriptures as well as ours. This is indisputable; so we will begin by the birth of the Messiah, for whom all Israel was looking. I can only give you the exact words of the Koran, written by Mohammed who was the inspired Prophet of God."

* We justly call everything in Islam "Oriental," even though we speak of Sundown regions; the religious sentiment having greater signification than latitudes or points of compass.

I quote textually from the translation which he placed before our eyes, while he repeated the original to the interpreters, who also translated directly from the Arabic text, both agreeing.

"The angels said to Mary, 'God has chosen thee, He has rendered thee stainless, He has elected thee among all women of the universe.' "(Koran, 3: 37.)

"One day the angels said to Mary, 'God announces to thee His Word; He shall be called the Messiah, Jesus, son of Mary; and He shall be illustrious in this world and in the other, and shall walk with God.' " (Koran, 3: 40.)

"The Messiah, Jesus, son of Mary, is the Apostle of God, and His Word that He sent in unto Mary is a Spirit coming from God." (Koran, 14: 169.)

After this careful reading and conscientious translation, he continued: "We believe it is impossible that the Eternal Jehovah, who is a perfect Spirit, and above all human laws, should have a son born of flesh and blood; therefore we do not call him the 'Son of God.'

"To think him God is a monstrous error and only excusable by false teaching and ignorance. This assertion is an absolute negation of the first and fundamental commandment of the Creator: 'Thou shalt have no other god before me.' If you will study the New Testament carefully, as I do, you will find that the Lord Jesus never arrogated to himself this august name. There is but One, Only and True God, and Him only can we worship without falling into the unpardonable sin of idolatry. To keep clear of this great sin, we cannot call him even the Son of God, but something more true: 'Essence or Substance of the Soul of God.' "

After this there was a prolonged silence. Then Père Hyacinthe explained to this venerable seer the Christian interpretation of the Trinity. He replied, shaking his head solemnly: "Ah, that is too complicated for the Ori-

ental mind; we have only what we need, the simple truth, expressed in direct and simple terms; and then that doctrine of the Trinity is not of the Gospels—it was framed by the Church in those councils when the spirit of Christ was already diminishing or giving way to forms." Then he said, turning to me: "You have a branch of true believers in America who think as we do." He referred to the followers of Channing, the great New England body of Unitarian Christians; and if they are Christians—and we believe they are—Islam is certainly a branch of Christianity, as these quotations from the written law of the Koran plainly prove. Moslems may not be orthodox, according to our ideas, but we are certainly heterodox, according to theirs!

In taking our departure after two hours of intense interest—time does not count and visits are long in the Orient—the patriarchal teacher said to Père Hyacinthe: "God has sent you to us, and I shall thank Him all my life! And what makes me rejoice above all is that you do not seek to impose your interpretations of divine truth upon us, any more than we do upon you. We each see as we have been taught, and God, in the great Judgment will judge us; we can trust Him. We have the same fundamental faith, the Living and Personal God, and we have the same father, Adam; the same Prophets and Patriarchs, and the same Messiah, which is Jesus, whom you call the Son of God, sent by miracle, to be born of the Holy Virgin; and we believe in the Final Judgment, with its rewards and punishments. And in this life we believe in the same loving and merciful God, whom we do not call Father, though he is the Creator of us all, for that seems a too earthly name and presumptuous in us."

"And, therefore," rejoined Père Hyacinthe, as we rose to take leave, "we are brethren!"

"Oh yes! from to-day we are true brothers! thanks

to the Wise and Merciful Allah!" exclaimed the holy Imam, falling on the neck of Père Hyacinthe, embracing him, and then aspersing us with the attar of roses as we passed from his door. He accompanied us to his "study," a cell of very small dimensions, adjoining the mosque, and where, to prepare his sermons and writings, he withdraws from the world. It contained many old books and parchments, and some of more modern times. His writing desk was about ten inches high, and his "easy chair" and bed (for he often passes the night there in prayer and meditation) were only a sheepskin and a pillow. When at last we took leave, he escorted us to the outer gate; and as we turned back to wave a last *adieu* we both exclaimed: "He is indeed rightly named Moses." His sons, as Oriental courtesy demands, escorted us a long way through the city.

This was the beginning of a series of visits, correspondence, and eternal friendship between us. I must give here his words of parting at our last interview, months after, as we were leaving Africa. Père Hyacinthe had summed up the sorrowful situation of religion in the world by saying: "I sometimes think that God must send us another Prophet to incite us into the true following of His will and laws."

The holy man replied, with greater promptitude than was his wont, and with a radiant face: "Ah! my brother, what you hope for or believe vaguely, we Moslems believe absolutely!—that God will send One in His due time —who will be the Messiah, and his name will be Aissa (Jesus)!"

Thus we entered the heart of Islam.

CHAPTER III.

A CONFÉRENCE BY PÈRE HYACINTHE IN ALGIERS.

SOON after our arrival in Algiers, a committee of gentlemen, composed of Christians: Protestant and Catholic, Freethinkers, and Mussulmans, invited Père Hyacinthe to give a *conférence* (lecture) on the social questions of the day, which he did. Very necessarily religion had its important part, especially that universal religion which underlies all morals, all civilizations, and all true progress; and which includes and implies all worship of the Creator of the Universe, under whatever name or form it may be. Unfortunately Christians take little pains to study the religion of Islam, or to become acquainted with their inner life; and the result is that mutual and most deplorable ignorance, which so easily provokes distrust and hatred between the followers of Jesus and those of Mohammed, both of whom have much in common; for both are worshippers of the same God, and both subject to the same Divine Law, as given to the world by Moses.

Among the large audience at the lecture a number of turbans were seen, which was unloooked for, as Moslems take little interest and no part in public meetings of any kind, much less in Christian exposition of religion. And what was still more remarkable, some of the chief members of the Mosque, Sheiks, Imam and Mufti, occupied the front seats. As French is the language of the country,

ARAB SCHOOL.

the orator was well understood. The audience, composed mainly of French colonists who had seldom, if ever, heard a religious discourse outside of the church where they go all too rarely, were enthusiastic, and to the general astonishment the Arabs joined in the frequent applause. This was another new departure from the imperturbability of their race, which gives little place for manifestations of emotions of any kind.

The speaker had scarcely left the platform before he was surrounded by a number of Arabs, the foremost of whom, a head taller than the others—and all were tall and clad in their magnificent costume—handed in his card which read thus: "*Ali-Cherif, Commander of the Legion of Honor, Colonel of the French Army, Member of the Council Superior of the Government.*" Omitting the usual preliminary salutation for health and longevity, he poured forth to the orator the most eloquent and enthusiastic address of welcome to the shores of Africa, and to its people, the tenor of which may be given in the peroration, which was as follows: "We thank Heaven that at last France has sent us a loyal citizen who dares to speak to us of God!"

Ali-Cherif is the most notable Arab of Algiers, not only because he is, as his name (Cherif) implies, a descendant of the Prophet, but because of his superior intelligence and culture, his position and wealth. Besides this, unlike most of his race, he is a French citizen, subject, therefore, to all the laws of France, its rights and its responsibilities.

It must be explained here that since the conquest of Algeria by the French, the natives: Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, and the conglomerate mass of all other African tribes, as well as Jews, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, etc., who are native born residents, are all, necessarily, subjects; but citizenship is optional, save to the French born.

Mussulmans form the great majority of the inhabitants, there being almost as many French Moslem subjects in Africa as there are citizens in France, i. e., thirty millions. Once the oath of citizenship is taken, they must of course abide by the French law, the Code Napoleon; while the Moslem subjects are governed by the laws of Mohammed, the Code of the Koran, of which they are most tenacious, living and dying by it. While the Code Napoleon is based upon Roman legislature, the Koran is a faithful exponent of Mosaic Law, added to which are rules and regulations by the Prophet concerning all the details of life: civil, religious, public, and private. There is, therefore, little need of legislation; and this banishes politics, rivalries, and much human ambition; and gives simplicity and unity, as well as peace, to its world. It is the adjustment and reconciliation of the two codes which renders legislation and magistrature very difficult in all the French colonies, and all other Christian nations whose colonies contain followers of Mohammed. Though Moslems are a conquered race throughout the different great and small French colonies in Africa and the Protectorate of Tunis, their religion is scrupulously respected and even provided for by the French government: for instance, all that relates to worship, to the family, marriage, property, etc., is left entirely in the hands of the Cadi (the Moslem magistrate or judge). Citizenship gives the right of suffrage to the subject, and prohibits polygamy, which under French law, of course, is bigamy, and is punished with severity, while Moslem subjects who are not citizens—following the patriarchs—are free to have from one to four wives if they like.* It is with great satisfaction, we state at once, that this great evil—the legacy of our common ancestors and patriarchs—is rapidly disappearing throughout Islam, and especially with progressive culture and civilization.

Ali-Cherif distinguished himself as a soldier, particularly during the Franco-Prussian War, on the battle-fields of Alsace and Lorraine, which endears him to the French hearts, and thus he became a hero of loyalty and military prowess on both sides of the Mediterranean.

As in the finest landscape shadows have their place, so in human circumstances, however fair and attractive they may be, there is the darker color of lurking shades; and when that circumstance is war the light is lurid and the dark is as black as night, and death, and hell! So this noble soldier in case of war or revolt among the Arabs, in loyalty to his adopted country, is forced to fight against his own people and shed his own brothers' blood! This position is not approved of by the majority of his fellow believers, for Moslems hold their faith far above all earthly considerations of country, people, race, brotherhood or family. All these are of little account compared to their religion. Thus they naturally look with indifference, if not suspicion, upon the progress of Christian civilization, which is often incivility and moral decadence, and they are, therefore, slow to accept or adapt themselves to modern exigencies. But when once convinced that their religious liberties are not to be infringed upon, nor moral corruption forced upon them, they finally accept the situation, and are true and loyal subjects. Comparatively few, however, become citizens.

It required thirty years of determined resistance and bloody warfare for their great Emir, Abd-el-Kader, to accept the sovereignty of France; but when once conquered he became convinced it was for the benefit of his people, and was ever after not only a willing subject, but a devoted friend and valiant ally to France; and his sons and grand-sons follow him.

After this necessary explanation I must relate what came of our interview with the distinguished Arab.

Though our carriage awaited us at the close of Père Hyacinthe's *conférence,* Ali-Cherif insisted on driving us home in his, and as we parted he invited us to visit him the next day at his residence, Mustapha Palace.

At the hour appointed his carriage was at our door, and it was superb—of the best Paris make, with coachman and footman in Arab livery, and drawn, or rather flown, by Arab steeds of purest blood and fleetest feet, their flanks burnished—one as with golden bronze, the other with glistening silver—their long tails sweeping the ground, their manes floating in the breeze like a cloud of silken floss.

The Moorish palace stands in the upper circle of the vast amphitheatre of Mustapha Superieur which rises behind the city of Algiers. Half way up the steep and winding ascent, amid orange groves, palm trees, and the fragrant eucalyptus, we were met, according to Oriental courtesy, by the forerunner of welcome—the scion of the house, the chieftain's only son, followed by a number of tall retainers, in white, flowing Arab costume, putting to shame, in ethics and hygiene, the Paris tailor's art as worn by the son, who had been educated in France. He wore, however, the distinguishing red fez, which, by the way, is far more serviceable and becoming than our "dress hats." The carriage stopped and the son entered, giving fluent speech of welcome, and we soon flashed under the high archway upon whose keystone is engraven, first in Arab then in French, the name of the dwelling: "The Eagle's Nest," and drew up at the foot of a broad staircase which winds up to the wide marble terrace where the host was waiting to receive us. And what a superb specimen of the human race is this Arab chieftain! Added to that attractive military bearing, native to the descendants of the proud dwellers of the desert, were the perfect manners of the high-bred gentleman of European capitals. He is a man of about sixty years of age, wears a full

HIGH CLASS ARAB.

Arab costume of a military officer, and on his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor. The fabric of his dress was of light blue broad-cloth, full trousers to just below the knee, where they met the red morocco cavalry boots. A short jacket, covered with military trappings, a broad white and gold embroidered scarf about his waist, and a large turban of the same material, completed his costume. All was ease, elegance and amplitude, befitting the soldier and befitting the man. How unlike our soldiers' dress in Europe and America: uncomfortable, ugly, unhealthy, and really injurious to manly demeanor and soldierly dignity. The bravest and best formed men, soldiers or civilians, look humiliated and victimized in such accouterments.

After the welcome our host turned to the front of the terrace, unmindful of the works of man in the palace, garden and highly cultivated domain; and with arms extended towards the magnificent panorama of earth, sky, and sea, exclaimed: "Behold the glorious work of God!" Long we stood on this high aerie ledge, gazing with admiration upon the far-stretching coast, from the beautiful harbor of Algiers, which lay at our feet, far to the eastward where from out the sea, down the Barbary coast, the soft melting lines of the Djurdjura Mountains and the Kabyle Hills, skirting the horizon, rise up into the Atlas Mountains. He pointed out the different places of historic events, siege and assault, defeat and victory, which mark the long centuries of warfare between Islam and Christianity, a warfare which so often degenerated into piracy; but which, with the inevitable progress of mankind, legitimate commerce, civilization and peace, was finally swept away. And nowhere is our beautiful earth more lovely than from the Algerian heights overlooking this great inner sea, upon whose blue waves and classic

shores the succeeding centuries have written the whole history of the world!

Then he led us into his dwelling, a palace of Moorish architecture. In the midst thereof is a great central court, whose floor, walls, and pillars, which uphold the upper gallery, are of polished white marble. Here grows a mammoth grape vine whose enormous branches extend around the colonnade and along the upper balustrade, and then up, with deft training, form a leafy roof through which, from out the deep blue sky, the yellow sunlight casts chasing flecks of gold over all the polished white beneath. It was indeed an inner scene of magical beauty.

"This," said our host, pointing to the vine, "was planted by my ancestors many generations ago, and it was with the greatest care and difficulty that I was able to preserve it when tearing down the old dwelling and building the new." It was the allegoric and scriptural vine and shows that whatever transformation may come to Islam, it will never consent to having its patriarchal institutions destroyed. They are dearer to the Mussulman than all modern progress — dearer than life itself. Already we begin to feel the formidable resisting forces or Islam, moral and religious.

We were ushered into a large drawing-room, which impressed us painfully from an æsthetic point of view, but very agreeably in a patriotic way; for there, though the architecture was of the purest Arab style, with domed ceiling of arabesque tracery, like delicate lace work, and lighted through stained glass which shone like gems within its folds: the furniture was Louis XV. (The very name of that king is always disagreeable to me, and I am loth to hear admiration for anything approaching his "style.") The incongruity was pardonable when our host explained: "Here we are in France, for although I built my house after the best models of Cordova, I needed for

my friends of France, who like you come to visit me, a little corner of *La Patrie*, where they will feel perfectly at home." And furthermore he informed us that this beautiful Moorish mansion was built by an English architect. Thus in the steady development of humanity are multitudes of silent, synthetic forces: art, science, social intercourse, and, above all, true religion. Humanity is autonomous: we need each other, we must be united; and for this, we must first be reconciled. And even here in the Dark Continent, friendly relation, mutual help, with divine motives, are bringing it about.

Coffee and sweets were served at once, brought in by a young Kabyle girl with uncovered face. With the quick intelligence of his race our host felt our surprise and explained that the Kabyles had more freedom than the Arabs, and that their very young girls, who sometimes serve in other families, were not constrained to wear veils in the presence of men: downcast eyes and modest mien serve them instead. The young girl put the tray upon a side table near the door and retired at once, never raising her eyes. I had time enough to notice that her face and hands were tattooed, which is the custom among the Kabyles and Bedouins, but seldom among Arab women. There is surely no accounting for taste, and what seems beautiful to these women is disfiguring and hideous in our eyes.

The son did the honors, serving us the inimitable Arab coffee in infinitesimal cups, which, instead of saucers, were placed in gold filigree holders; and which, to avoid disaster, required no little attention and dexterity to unaccustomed hands. Arab coffee is sweetened *à point*, teaspoons are never used, which, by the way, greatly lessened the danger. Then sweets were handed in discretely by a fair white arm covered with gold and silver bracelets and bangles; but to whom the arm belonged was not to be

surmised. The sweets were received by the son at the door which he carefully closed at once.

This fair white arm of an unseen woman was my first intimation of the great shut-in kingdom.

Neither our host nor his son partook of the refreshments; that would be a breach of courtesy, for, in extending hospitality the Oriental becomes in very fact "your humble servant." And this delicate service was not forgotten throughout the long and very interesting conversation which followed.

Another Oriental custom I observed: The son, who was perhaps twenty-three years old, remained standing aloof until his father motioned him to sit, and ventured no word unless spoken to, though giving courteous attention to all that was said. This custom is universal in Islam, where, out of respect to their parents, children always remain standing in their presence until they are commanded by them to be seated, and only speak when spoken to. (I need not stop here to make comparisons with our "higher" civilization.)

Cigarettes were offered but no one smoked, and true Oriental politeness forbids insistence.

After an hour's interesting and most instructive conversation Ali-Cherif arose and said to my husband: "Now Mon Père, I will show you the garden and grounds, while Madame Loyson will be entertained by the ladies of my family who are very desirous of making her acquaintance."

My surprise was only equaled by my satisfaction at this unlooked-for realization of my ardent desire to get a glimpse of harem-life, which is not only very difficult for foreign ladies to obtain, but almost impossible among the higher families, for, not only may not strangers ask to see the women of the household, but it is a breach of etiquette even to enquire concerning their health. Harem

life for strangers is not only a closed and hermetically sealed domain, but it must be a realm ignored.

The gentlemen withdrew.

[That this book may not be overlarge, all that relates to Harem Life during our voyages from 1895 to 1901 is reserved for a forthcoming volume.—E. H. L.]

CHAPTER IV.

FROM ALGIERS TO ORAN.

February 18, 1895.

WE had received urgent invitations to go to Tlemcen, near the frontier of Morocco. Our hearts were full of anticipated joy as we found ourselves seated in the primitive railway carriage that was to carry us into the Atlas mountains. We stopped for the night midway between Algiers and Oran, at Affreville, in souvenir of Monsignor Affre, Bishop of Paris, after whom the town was named, and who was one of the bishops who ordained Père Hyacinthe to the priesthood. In 1848 he was shot on the barricades of Paris with an olive branch of peace in his hand. In connection with this I cannot refrain from mentioning the strange fact that another bishop who assisted the ordination of Père Hyacinthe, Monsignor Sibour, was assassinated at the Altar of Notre Dame de Paris, and still another of his ordaining bishops, and his Ecclesiastical Superior, at the time of his rupture with the Roman Church, Monsignor Darboys, Archbishop of Paris, having been given as hostage, was shot by the communists in 1870. (I have many times asked in trying circumstances, if their martyrdom may not fall to the lot of the priest they loved.)

It was with pious remembrance of the great-hearted and peace-loving bishop who gave his life for a cause seemingly lost, but only submerged: Peace among breth-

ren,—that we visited the church here dedicated to this noble and patriotic bishop.

Our hotel reminded me of the houses in Mexico, of only one story—because of the frequency of earthquakes—and constructed, according to Moorish custom, with an inner court, upon which all the doors and windows open; these latter being very small and consisting of but one pane of glass to avoid the heat in summer. This court is about a quarter of a mile around and contains the flower and vegetable gardens. In the centre is a covered well, from which the water is drawn by a sleepy, slow-turning old horse.

There were no bells in our rooms to ring, only a "belle" to call; and the next morning when we needed her, wishing our hot water and *café-au-lait,* we were forced to make a *charivari* with shovel and tongs through the half-opened door; indeed, it had been half-opened all night, as there was no possible way of closing it. We had, however, before retiring for the night, taken the precaution of barricading it with the wash-stand and all manner of rattling commodities. At length the maid came slowly across the court, but had little thought of anything save to decorate her abundant red hair with all the pretty flowers she could pluck in the garden, entirely forgetful of hot water. Finally she set the longed-for tray of *café-au-lait* down upon the ground outside, strolled calmly to a closed window, which, owing to the darkness of the room within, served as a mirror, and commenced braiding her burnished hair down her back, as is the fashion with women of this country. Suddenly the shovel and tongs went clattering out against the wheel-house! The poor old horse came to a dead halt and actually lifted one ear in our direction, then slowly dropped his head and fell into a slumber (dreamless, alas! of racial ancestry) in which we left him an hour afterwards, as we hurried to the train. But in justice to

the minx of a maid, I must say that the discordant music we created with our impromptu gong brought her to us at once with a half-frightened air, saying, with her hand coquettishly placed on her palpitating heart, "Oh, I'm so glad! I thought it was an earthquake!"

"But the coffee! the coffee!" we cried, "for the train will not wait for us over an hour or two." I must add, also, that as we hurried across the court with our bags and bundles, rushing to the station, she came flitting towards us with the hot water, whose absence we had long forgotten. We gave her a *bonne-main* and our pardon also, for the way she smiled at the young dandy of a *garçon* explained all; and we are bound to be very indulgent to a pair of young simpletons in love.

Another long delightful day's ride among the barren hills, up through the sublime monotony of the high plateau of the Atlas mountains, which was broken only now and then in the most unexpected places, and sometimes on the most perilous peaks, by the sudden appearance of a lone figure, a clear cut silhouette of an Arab shepherd, draped in voluminous dusky white; while here and there in the crevices flocks of browsing goats might be seen. If the shepherd be old and contemplative, he will scarcely turn his head to see the train go by; if young, he may come to look at us as we pass, and perhaps offer us some wild asparagus, the only marketable product of this uncultivated soil.

And the children! What swarms of them fly down to sell a few little flowers, or to ask for a backsheesh, Arabs never ask for money,—their dignity does not permit this, but, as presents are the meet recompense for hospitality among them, extending the hands and asking for backsheesh simply means, and with something of justice in it as well as a pledge of friendliness or good faith: "You pass through our country, you visit us, please give us a

present." When a penny is tossed from the carriage window the squabble for it is as picturesque as it is good-natured; indeed the Arabs, though not given to hilarity, are gentle and good-tempered.

Concerning the wild asparagus which is offered along the route by the poor natives, whose palm is seldom covered with even a copper coin, the price, six sous, for a good-sized bunch, sufficient for two persons, is certainly ridiculously small; and yet we saw well-dressed Christian ladies, living in adjoining towns, desirous of taking home a dainty for the dinner table, barter and bargain sou by sou, all the time the train stopped—and finally succeed in carrying off the coveted prize for three sous, triumphantly showing their bargains to their fellow-travellers. But to do the lady justice, I feel sure that she, being rich, would willingly put *ten* sous into the collection the following Sunday in aid of the mission for converting the Moslems to Christianity.

As the train moved away, we saw the old Arab who had been worsted in the transaction, walking quietly toward the village, looking sadly yet gladly at the three sous in his shrivelled palm, the result perhaps of a whole day's searching in the barren mountains. But I believe his pride was less in the possession of the money than at having entered into "commercial relations" with the great progressive world—from which, however, save in these small business transactions, he holds himself respectfully and conscientiously aloof. For what can money bring these men of the mountain, or dwellers in the desert? There is nothing to buy and little needed, save the fundamental elements of sustenance, bread and water, and Allah sends them both, almost without labor. There is no "struggle for life" as with us, only endurance; and, save in drought and famine, their wants are supplied, including length of days. "Islam" means resignation.

And who are the happier? they without money, or we with our gold? Their happiness no money can buy, while we barter and venture ours, and often only for the sake of venture and barter. Who are the wiser?

Yet their little pieces of copper are not disdained, for after a certain quantity has been collected a pretty, gay-colored piece of cloth will be bought in the town for the wife, or a bangle, a necklace, or an anklet, for a bride. Sometimes, after a given number of thousands are collected, which may require almost his lifetime, unless flocks are exchanged, the man will purchase for himself that which is the one great desire of the Arab's life: a thoroughbred horse, child of the desert like himself. Mounted upon his steed, *pur sang,* the Arab is at the summit of human dignity and earthly happiness.

At the next station another Christian attempted to make vicarious amends for his countrywoman's cupidity by buying up all the asparagus which the young men offered, and his wife by setting up in business a very old Arab—the establishment costing about one franc.

At another station, when a whole band of the "cunningest" little half-naked children were drawn up in line, singing, or rather muttering a little trembling refrain in the drollest manner conceivable, accompanied with a rhythmic quaking of their bodies, the Christian traveller gave them a sou apiece and bade the dragoman explain to them that it was always better to earn money by singing or by selling flowers and asparagus, or even pretty pebbles, than to get it by asking for backsheesh. They all understood and promised to follow his counsel. And how they "cut" for the mountains as soon as the train started! Following them with our glass, we could descry, far away among the foot-hills, hidden within the gray thorn bush, the tents of their village, to which these little children carried surprise and happiness for many days.

The stars had long been out, making the African night almost day, when we arrived at Oran. Our friend, Dr. L., surgeon in the French army stationed there, met us at the train, looking like a ghost in the white moonlight. He asked us about our impressions of Africa, and at our enthusiastic reply exclaimed with something of pity in the shrug of his shoulders: "O Paris! My poor little wife and I are dying to get back to Paris!"

There is indeed no accounting for tastes.

Oran. Negro Village. Grand Mufti. Conférence.

(Arrived in Oran, February 19, 1895.)

This old Moorish city is full of history written in stones, archives, and races. It was alternately the great stronghold of Moors, Turks, and Spaniards, during centuries of expeditions, invasion, warfare, and piracies. Its physiognomy to-day is a composite: Moorish, Spanish, and European, the foreign population predominating over the native, making the aspect of the city much less picturesque, to say nothing of the value of its primitive race. The result of this infinite crossing is certainly not in this present generation at Nature's best. The pure Arab or Moorish type is unfortunately almost obliterated among this mottled mixture from every African latitude with that of other continents. There is, however, a redeeming quality: an immense activity; and this alone, with moral and intellectual culture, will do much to correct the mistakes of unwise or forced "selection."

Oran is an important commercial port, and my heart leapt with native joy at seeing my dear old flag, the Stars and Stripes, floating at the ship's mast among those from all other parts of the world; and one day, when we saw the United States warship "Chicago," of the White Squadron, rounding proudly out of this peaceful port, we waved

her good-bye and Godspeed, as she steamed eastward on her mission of peace in this fair sea and its adjacent waters—up through the crystal Ægean blue into the Bosphorus. May Heaven always accompany our white fleets on their errands of mercy!

There are in Oran, however, some fine specimens of men, women, and children. The most striking among the women are Jewesses and Andalusians; and behind the veil, in harem life, I saw some of great beauty. In the outside world, the world of the street, flaunting Paris fashions hold high their ridiculous pretensions, which are happily of no account to the daughters of Rachel in their rich brocades of silk and gold, and are utterly distasteful to the classical, white draped daughters of Kadisha.* The daughters of Mary, alas! have wandered away from the following of the modest Maid of Bethlehem, in whose name dwells all that is lovely, simple, and holy,—and in the vain reflection of their mirrors they have lost the reflection of her glory.

The entire population shows quick intelligence, though education and culture have been deplorably neglected. Throughout the country, however, the present French government spares neither pains nor money in its schools and colleges, which rank high.

The town has five distinct quarters: the Moorish, Old Spanish, Jewish, Negro, and Modern European. One of the most interesting in our ethnological researches was the Negro Village, a large suburban town, where we found the finest pure-blooded negroes we had ever seen.

Superb in human build are those tall, well-formed black men, swathed in white, with their unblemished teeth of ivory; and with their respectful demeanor, which reveals nothing of savagery, but the dignity of nature. It was market day, but there was no ribaldry, no quarrelling,

* Wife of Mohammed.

no drunkenness, for all being Mussulmans, no wine or intoxicating beverage is used—nothing but water and, as a luxury, a tiny cup of Arab coffee.

We noticed that to the necks and arms of many were attached curious little amulets. When we asked what they contained some replied: "cri-cri,"* and others told us that theirs contained texts from the Koran, and most of them gave us to understand that they were talismans against sickness and harm. Some devout Moslems wore both the "cri-cri" and the Koran, as devout Catholics often wear medals or supposed relics of saints,—only they do not, I regret to say, often add the texts of the Scriptures.

So these simple and credulous people from the unenlightened regions of the Dark Continent have brought to the borders of Christian civilization, and in an unreasoning way have attached their fetish to righteous maxims and divine truth. And, as eventually the diviner and truer will carry the day and races, we did not quarrel with them about the superstition, but took pains to tell them that we believed the text from the Koran was of more value than the "cri-cri," as it proclaimed God, while the fetish never spoke of Him. They all agreed with us, being easily persuaded of self-evident truths, and free from our prejudices, which are often narrower and more inflexible than their superstitions. We, of the Great White Continents, we, also, have our fetish, keeping company with the Gospel; and if God bears with us who ought to know better, may we not bear with these poor ignorant negroes who know nothing better?

Two things struck us with amusement here among the humblest and most primitive peoples we have so far met, viz., the absence of curiosity on the part of the women, and the absolute respect for women on the part of the men. This is not the result of any fetish, but of the

* The talisman of the savages in Central Africa.

teaching and assiduous inculcations of the Koran—from generation to generation—of charity and chastity. We saw many women here, sitting in the doorways of their cabins and tents, or going about the streets, yet scarcely turned an eye toward us. No Mussulman, be he high-bred Arab or low-born negro, when passing a woman in the street ever looks at her, while his attitude shows implicitly that in thus appearing unconscious of her presence, he does not ignore it, but testifies, by his averted gaze, the greatest respect. For any man, even a relative, to address a woman in the street, except from absolute necessity to offer her help, would be eminent ill-breeding.

Many of the so-thought gentlemen of our civilized capitals, whose manner of looking at women in the street amounts to positive insult, might learn a lesson of native politeness and genuine respect in this humble African village; and women who parade the great boulevards of our cities, simply to attract attention, how unwomanly and unrefined are they compared to those clean, white-robed negresses, who shrink so sensitively from the public gaze! I quite understand their tenacity for covering their faces in the streets, especially in a mixed population of all sorts of culture and religion; and I know of refined European ladies living in these Moslem cities, who avail themselves at times of this modest custom and secluding veil to escape the inquisitive gaze of their own people!

Mount Mourdjadic, rising steep to nearly 2000 feet, is a grand bulwark against invaders from the sea or marauders from the land, with its formidable fortress of Santa Cruz, its Christian chapel, and above them all the Moslem dome, or Koubba, a mosque-like holy tomb. On clear days the coast of Spain, between Algeria and Carthagenia, is seen, and optic signals can be used from continent to continent. The panorama of earth and sea from this height is magnificent. But whether the days are

clear or cloudy, just across the straits the Christians' guns of Gibraltar are always primed and ready for fight.

Our first visit was to the Grand Mufti. (Mufti is equivalent to our Bishop, Grand Mufti to our Archbishop.) It was evident that we were expected, for News seems to travel on the wings of the wind in Moslem lands, and we were received with evident satisfaction. A glance sufficed to show us he was a remarkable man. Ali-Ben-Abderrahman is about forty years of age, of medium height, slender proportions, and delicate lineaments. His head, face, and hands, with the blue veins well defined beneath the wax-like skin, are perfect; the whole man bearing the unmistakable stamp which marks the highly intelligent and devout nature. One mark of distinction and appreciation of the French government was shown by the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast. In manners he is reserved though courteous. There is no cant with Moslems and much less triviality. It is, perhaps, a far-fetched reason for my admiration for this grand race that, in my involuntary predisposition to ethnological analogy, I have remarked that the Arab resembles the best type of our New Englander—in whose veins now, alone, flows pure English blood, (and because of this I may be pardoned in saying, *par parenthèse,* their high moral and religious qualities, united to indomitable energy, have made the Anglo-Saxon race in America the foremost people in the world). Indeed, I should not have been surprised if the Grand Mufti of Oran had addressed me in perfect English, saying: "I hope you have been quite well since I last met you in Boston."—Unfortunately he spoke only Arabic, but his son-in-law was an excellent interpreter, and our conversation was of our usual themes: history, races, and religions. The erudition of the Grand Mufti was remarkable, as was also his knowledge of the world, though he had travelled little, and never out of

Africa. We told him of the project of building a mosque in Paris, with a Moslem college, and expressed our hopes of seeing him there some day. He replied that it was not impossible.

Our host showed us the mosque and told us its history, and in going about we could not help observing in what veneration he is held by the people. He seemed, however, annoyed by the excess of it, as everywhere he went they kissed his hand or his garments; and Christians, too, were most profound in their respect for one whom they knew to be a great savant, and whom they deem a holy man.

Wherever we find Christians we find croakers, pessimists, and infidels, so we were told by some of them that a religious discourse in such a city as Oran, with its mixed, indifferent population, would be a failure. But Père Hyacinthe had been invited to speak there, and as he is not easily deterred from doing his duty, he gave the discourse, under the auspices of the Mayor, which was received with unexpected and unanimous enthusiasm. We found the population which had a reputation for absolute indifference to religion—and the Christian part is almost totally Roman Catholic—most eager to hear that subject treated. The women of the city frequent the mass on Sundays, and the children attend catechism; but the men are generally indifferent. Here as elsewhere, among the higher classes, indifference, negation, and hostility to all religion are very common, and are often considered to be an indication of superior intelligence, progress, science, and liberty.—But when, in a not over-distant future, Science and Religion prove themselves to be what they really are—twin sisters—this will be changed, and the Great First Cause which we call "God" will be recognised in all things, and finally it will be acknowledged and proclaimed by all men.

The straightforward speaking of divine truth is sure to bear fruit; and after hearing the *conférence,* a number of the oldest baptized inhabitants acknowledged that the "sermon" of Père Hyacinthe was the first they had ever heard! Some of them were so enthusiastic that they begged him to preach "that Gospel" again, and offered him every possible inducement to settle with them; groups of men formed about wherever he went, and some ran after him in the streets crying: *"Vous êtes notre sauveur, restez avec nous!"* (You are a saviour, do remain with us!) Others who had never in their lives made a righteous confession of sin, wished, as they expressed it, to make "a clean breast of it once in their lives before they died," and begged him to hear their confession.

This proves that man is, after all, a religious animal.

CHAPTER V.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

I LOVE soft breezes, and sweet odors, and fading lines, and twilight, and moonlight, and all lovely and beautiful things, which move the senses to their higher behests, opening the door to the infinite regions of the soul. But as I am still in the flesh with its incumbent duties and with the impending judgment before me, I am conscience-bound to say that I love humanity more than aught else on earth. As to worship, I adore only the unique and personal God; but I have a cult for all the manifestations of the Great First Cause, especially in nature, and am more interested in persons than in places; and am more preoccupied with the principles of Divine Government of this world than in its politics or personalities. So it is that journeying through these Atlas Mountains with their green, odorous valleys, and across their high plateaux, with their sublime gray nudity and their ever-changing horizons, and never-changing ethereal atmosphere, I fell into long precious hours of meditation, with deep spiritual impressions, frequent object-lessons, with some rare and natural pictures hung up for eternity on the walls of psychological memory.

One was this: on a resplendent night, while studying from our railway carriage window the constellations which we had never beheld in such radiant splendor, we noticed, as the hours wore away, that they were growing

pale and were slowly withdrawing with profound, retiring reverence, within the mysterious canopy of the unfathomable firmament, at the approach of greater majesty. The Queen of Night was coming up the horizon in her full Oriental splendor! We turned towards the East, and there, midway to the zenith, poised on the darkling heights of an intermediate range of the Atlas Mountains, we saw a moving object, within the full moon's disk: a tall draped figure with outstretched arms. The train was slacking speed and soon stood still. The next instant my feet were on the earth, and I was standing in the effulgent glory. Though my vestments were dark, they seemed white from the reflected moon-beams. All was hushed, and I stood transfixed, transfigured, in the weird whiteness and the great silence. No object was to be seen, save one lone cypress tree on a distant hill, a natural minaret pointing toward Allah. After the long continued noise of the train the silence was almost appalling. Our fellow-travellers were quiet, all seemingly asleep; even the locomotive had stopped its hard breathing and seemed entering into conscious repose. While I myself almost ceased to breathe in the ecstatic moment, there came softly and with winning cadence, a far-off voice from the mountain heights, as from out a high invisible minaret which pointed up toward the Pleiades, far, far above the illuminated dome of this mighty midnight cathedral which spanned the universe with all its worlds of light, converging to the undiscovered centre where Jehovah dwells.

Man builds and rebuilds his temples for a day—
awhile to pray;
God builds but one, the everlasting dome
that compasses eternity:
No minaret points thereup, for He is highest;
No altar, for the consummated sacrifice is there:

No sun, nor moon, nor stars: He is the Omnipresent
Light:
Nor prayer prolonged,—for love has done its perfect
work.

The voice was calling in plaintive far-sounding supplication to God for mercy, and to the earth for prayer. Slowly and softly, yet distinctly, in ever-deepening tones went out the tender accent as we stood spell-bound in the effulgent night. We, too, instinctively raised our hands, sinking on our knees, and murmuring in the fulness of our soul: "Oh, yes, may God in his infinite majesty deign to look down upon His wandering, exiled, and smitten children, wherever they may be upon this beautiful earth—with pity and with love!"

Again and again the mountain muezzin called the silent world to worship. Then the trembling voice died away, and there was no more sound—nothing but silence—and glory—and adoration.

Another object-lesson of that never-to-be-forgotten moonlight scene, and experience, was two narrow, bright, parallel lines, stretching from my feet, off upon the convex surface of the earth, into the luminous Southern night—on and on, until lost in its dissolving light.

When the pleading invocation from the mountain had ceased I had walked forward, as was my wont, to visit the engine-driver, and thank him for his watchful care of us through the long night's run; and also to communicate my gratitude to the locomotive—to that mysterious and divine energy bound in the marvellous machine which is to me the most sentient expression of God through brute force. This dumb creature of power, diligence, and dignity had entered into worshipful silence, giving thanks, also, in its well-merited repose.

He had gotten down from his machine and sat on the

earth to rest—our faithful, smoke-blackened engineer,—his cap in his hand to cool his head—the motor-machine of all man's constructions—and was looking straight into the face of the full moon: for if the inferior machine of iron needs lubricating oil to do its work, so the divine machine of the human brain needs holy ointment of inspiration to keep it to its duty.

Now I was attracted by the two shining parallel lines before me; but as I passed the engineer, I thought how, as a tired child instinctively seeks its mother's restful bosom, so man, when worn and spent, seeks the bosom of mother earth; and when too worn and spent for larger life-work he lays him down content to let the human machine sleep forever in her breast from whence he came, while the motor force returns to the Eternal Generating Source, for larger action and grander achievements.

I passed our engineer in respectful silence: he, too, was worshipping.

I had taken only a few steps when across my path I discovered a human form, prone in prayer upon the earth. It was the Arab stoker, keeping the vigil. The engineer was a Christian, the stoker was a Mussulman. How naturally the Moslem takes the humbler position in worship, where there is no place for pride or self in his grand and simple religion. I walked slowly on musing by those parallel lines, far down the track, alone, in the glorifying moonlight—keeping the engineer and the stoker in my pondering. . . . "And the last shall be first and the first last"—and the white shall be darker, and the black man whiter; our gardens of to-day shall be laid waste, and these deserts shall flourish—as was promised aforetime . . . . and the civilized man who is barbarian shall give place to the barbarian who is civilized. . . . and the pagan who was Christian shall teach the Christian who is pagan . . . . and gold shall be at par with righteousness, and cap-

italists will invest love in men's virtue and happiness.... and these natives with lank arms shall plant trees in these deserts, inviting the overworked brethren of the cities to come to this soil, enriched by joint labor....and our great conglomerate cities—Paris, London, Berlin, and New York—shall be purged and perfected, or laid waste like Babylon, or sink in the dead sea of iniquity, like Sodom and Gomorrah! Then—for now I was far away in the white light, alone in the glorified night—my prayer burst aloud and I cried unto God: "O Heavenly Father, hasten the day when light shall dispel the darkness that envelops this beautiful earth, and when men shall live together in peace, health, and happiness, being sober and chaste as they expect women to be; when women shall be happy because they are virtuous, and when children shall be obedient to parents....then—then there will pass over these parallel lines other parallel lines of rectified manhood and perfected womanhood; and then —then shall the great parallelogram of forces—science and religion—no longer be a figure of mathematical speech, but of ethics; all men living together in harmony and working joyfully for mutual happiness, as do our Christian engineer and Mussulman stoker on this African railway, and worshipping, as they do in this glorious night in the heart of the African mountains...."

Thus ran my musings, linking man into circumstances and all into the Great Centre....And thus there is relation between the "man in the moon"—dead and deserted —whom we have contemplated all our lives with sympathetic wonder, and the silhouette of an Arab with uplifted hands in its disk, hung on the peak of a lone Atlas mountain, and the parallel lines of a railway on its high barren plateau: the same relation that exists between us and the grain of dust we shake from our feet, and the sun into whose dazzling face we cannot gaze, but which

goes whirling forever on its mighty axis, coursing on in its immeasurable orbit, giving light and life to the stars and planets and chaining them all in majestic cohesion —and, also, to angels—and to the plant that grows in the sick girl's window; the same relation that exists between the aerolite that flies through our firmament of raining stars and the tear, the torrent, the whirlwind, the sea, the conception of every child born into time, the stroke of every pen or hammer, the building of empires and the downfall of governments,—the obedience of Pleiades and also of children; drawing all things to Him—for there is nothing else in the whole universe, nor ever can be, but the "I AM THAT I AM."

Thus I went musing in the white moonlight: "And O, if there be anywhere, within the eternal cosmos, a planet or star in which the ineffable hope of eternal life and love are unknown; O, that we of this beautiful world may be able to send, in some not distant cycle, our locomotive of ideal achievements with great spreading wings bending down over the earth,—with Religion as engineer, clothed in an ample mantle of charity, with white, sweet face and eager eyes, looking forward and upward—workful, earnest and joyful,—and Science as stoker—transparent with divine electricity, sending off, every whither, scintilations of love, enlightening the world, having a heart in its breast; that the perfected and infinite machine, sweeping, flying down these bending steel lines with such mighty momentum, may leap the horizon, and convey the glad tidings....!

And thus did the voice of the Muezzin in the disk of the moon, and the railway lines across the Haut Plateau, run parallel lines through my heart and imagination on that African night in the lone Atlas Mountains.

CHAPTER VI.

ORAN TO TLEMCEN.

BETWEEN Oran and Tlemcen we were shown a pretty town, built for the natives, by Cardinal Lavigerie. This Roman prelate was an old classmate of Père Hyacinthe at the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Paris, which naturally added interest for us to his career in Africa where he lived many years and where he began his mission by trying to convert Mussulmans to Romanism. Having signally failed, he ceased all such attempts and wisely concluded that the only way to convert the natives is to take them as soon as they are born, before they are imbued with Islamism. So, after a terrible famine in 1886, he gathered up a goodly number of orphan children from the nomadic tribes and provided them with this fixed home, in pretty white-washed houses, straight streets, and planted trees, and gave them gardens, all of which were excellent and promising.

We were shown this village by a Frenchman who had resided here for forty years, and who, in reply to our exclamation, "What a pretty town!" replied, "Yes, it is pretty on the outside, but the people are mostly drunkards!"

Monsignor Lavigerie had broken from the simple sober Moslem habits and unwisely determined, while making them Christians, to make them Frenchmen and Romanists as well. This proved a deplorable failure. To his honor

BEDOUIN CAMP IN THE DESERT.

we must say he never built another perverted Moslem town, but turned his attention to the suppression of the slave trade in the interior of Africa, a grander work than trying to convert Mussulmans. It was this Roman prelate who, at a banquet in Algiers, pronounced the famous toast recommending the French Republic to the Roman Catholics of France, who by majority were at heart Royalists or Imperialists. This toast flashed consternation or joy over the whole Catholic world. Of course, as Cardinal Lavigerie was the intimate adviser of the Pope, this new departure had doubtless been arranged between them, and to attenuate the shock, it was necessary to launch the thunderbolt from a distance! Leo XIII may not have been altogether a "Holy Father," but he was a holy politician, whenever he tried thus to recommend and consecrate the principles of liberty. From this incident arose great protest and clamor; and I heard devout Catholics cry with consternation, "The Pope!—he is the Anti-Christ!"

I had drunk in the mystic air and calming influence of this grand but melancholy nature during the long restful days in the train, on the *haut plateau* of the Atlas Mountains, and the night was far advanced when, in the great upper silence, and beneath the innumerable stars, which seem more at home here in the southern skies than in our northern latitudes, and whose glorious radiance made the now moonless sky almost as bright as day—we quietly stopped at Tlemcen.

From among the natives who thronged the platform and who seemed like phantoms in their white drapery, a dark figure stepped out and clasped our hands before we could descend from the train. It was Monsieur Eldin, the French pastor of the town, who had persuaded us to come to this far-away, and, as it seemed to us at first, out-of-the-world place. From the moment of our arrival

to the hour of our departure his kindly care and intelligent forethought accompanied us.

With our recent experience of the night at Affreville we were greatly astonished at finding our hotel here fairly up to modern times, almost overdone in fact; for so full of sofas and arm chairs and all sorts of fancy tables and *bric-à-brac* were our large rooms, that we had scarcely space to move about. And such variegated lamps, and carpets, and rugs, and such high excellent beds, and everything so comfortable and clean, and the Arab servants quiet and tidy always at their posts and ready to serve you:—all was delightful.

Before retiring we looked again from our windows into the great blazing firmament, and I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Oh, let us remain here forever among the stars!"

Tlemcen.

Tlemcen dates far back before the Christian era, and is spoken of by Pliny and other ancient historians. A Roman province of importance under the Cæsars, its antiquity and influence are evident to-day by majestic ruins and numerous inscriptions. The situation is beautiful; on an eminence commanding a fine cultivated country, undulating to the distant heights of the higher Atlas. Though it is mid-winter, the extensive groves of olive trees, the blooming roses and other flowers, with all their sweet perfumes, and over all the soft sunlight, make it a perpetual spring. Its climate is dry and delightful.

France had long been an ally of the Arabs in North Africa against the Turks and Moors, but in 1830 arose the warlike difference between her and the great Arab Emir, Abd-el-Kader, who sought to make Tlemcen his capital, as it was of its ancient sultans. Of the cruel and

heroic death of French and Arab soldiers in this long war we can only say that the African chief was finally conquered, after the most heroic defence, on the 30th of January, 1842, and thenceforth France took definite possession of the country. And to the high honor of the great Arab chieftain let us state, that ever after this victory France had never a more loyal defender than Abd-el-Kader, and his loyalty has descended to his posterity. As to their moral and religious status I will relate an incident concerning one of them.

We recently met two of the Emir's grandsons at a garden party in Algiers, where the young people danced. These two young Mussulmans, dressed in the full Arab costume, certainly carried off the palm of distinction in the eyes of European young ladies, and they were very naturally invited to join in the dancing, the charming creatures vying as to who should have the pleasure of being their partners. To their great disappointment the young Arabs declined to dance with these ravishing young Christians, and one, in her distress, turned to me, saying: "You have so much influence with the Moslems, will you not beg of them to join in our quadrille or in a waltz?" I, therefore, with no small reluctance, asked them if they would not give the young ladies this pleasure. They very candidly yet modestly replied: "We would be very glad to be agreeable to you, Madame, and to the young ladies, but our religion forbids all familiarity with women, and for a man to embrace a woman, as they do in waltzing, would be not only indelicate, but immoral." I did not insist, nor did I need a young beardless Mussulman to convince me of the correctness of my own convictions. I told them they were right;—alas! for the discomfiture of these innocent Christian young ladies!

Have we not something to learn of Islam in moral courage?

The province of Tlemcen now contains nearly 90,000 inhabitants of which only about 6,500 are French, with a preponderance of naturalized Jews with right of suffrage, leaving the immense majority of Arabs, who are subjects but not naturalized citizens, and the small minority of Frenchmen at the mercy of the Israelite voter.* Many of these Jews are foreign born, and great numbers of them can neither read nor write French. It is not surprising, therefore, that the French and Arabs join in protest and bitter feeling toward them; and if the Arabs were not the best behaved and most forbearing people in the world, twenty-four or forty-eight hours at most would be sufficient to establish a more equitable balance of power. As it is, they are not allowed to carry either arms or powder. This law is the thorn in the palpitating flesh of Algiers; and this antagonism between French and Jews is the result of an egregious fault of the French government and has been a lamentable hindrance to the colonization and progress in the North of Africa, where, as in Europe and in America, the spirit of caste and sect is the greatest hindrance to the march of humanity and the normal progress of society. It is to be hoped that wiser statesmanship of democratic France will soon open up a more acceptable *modus vivendi* for Algerians. If not, there will be trouble.† It is the hair's breadth that deviates the track which carries the train: so it is often the small fault of a single person that causes families, churches or states to deviate from wise and righteous lines of conduct.

The city of Tlemcen is unique, and as almost the entire population is native, there is a natural and healthy love of the open country. Their institutions are nomadic,

* This is called the "Crémieux Law" after the name of the Jewish minister who was its author in the early days of this present Republic.

† My prognostics were realised by the disgraceful anti-Semitic riots in Algiers two years after this was written. E. H. L.

and in building their homes and towns they keep to their ancestral traditions; and in this large city most of the houses are of one story only. The European part of the city is well built, with ample grounds; but of course the Arab quarter interested us most; and never had we seen humanity so crowded, and yet so orderly and clean; not an obnoxious sight, nor an unpleasant odor. The many narrow and tortuous streets of hard beaten earth present none of the nuisances which mark our so-called "higher civilization," and this is universally the case in all Moslem cities and dwellings. Such is the cleanliness that the white-clad people sit with impunity on the ground. The adobe houses, or those made of brick, are generally whitewashed. They are built without windows outside, only a door leading into a passage, which is always turned at right angles to prevent any indiscretion of eyes, for within is the harem, the sacred dwelling of women, few of whom are seen in the streets, and they never gossip or loiter outside their houses. They pay frequent visits and hold *rendez-vous* with each other outside of the city, beneath the shady trees—especially on Friday, which is their Sunday, when they meet for quiet converse in the cemeteries, from which, upon that day, men are excluded. Moslem women are models of propriety and decorum. They are social and cheerful, but always quietly so. Children are fond of play, but there is seldom boisterous exhilaration or ill-humored dispute. Obedience to parents is instinctive. Children are cleanly attired, even the poorest; some are richly robed, but there is no social distinction; the children of the rich and the poor being like their parents on terms of perfect equality. This equality does not, however, efface noble birth or distinction.

Social science as understood and made practicable among Moslems could be studied with great profit by our Christian and political reformers.

In this family intercourse among Mohammedans the future marriages of children are usually arranged between the mothers; and the chosen couple, knowing themselves betrothed, look upon each other from childhood, in their young love and innocence, as "little wife and husband"—the lad often taking upon himself, from tender years, a rightful and manly defence of his small future spouse—while she is constantly put upon her good behavior by her parents, to merit his love and esteem. Thus the Moslem marriage is most frequently one of love and happiness. But as they approach the marriageable age, usually ten or twelve years for the girl and twelve to fourteen for the boy, the young *promissi sposi* are rigorously separated and the careful and religious preparations begin for ultimate union: the three cardinal virtues being equally imposed upon both: religion, chastity, paternity, or maternity. The girl is given into the kind though strict hands of a "wise woman" of superior virtue and acquirements, the boy into the hands of an Imam or teacher. And contrary to what we have so often heard the couple when married are lovers of long date; and I believe their marriages are as happy, taking it all in all, as among so-called Christians. What gives rise to the common false opinion to the contrary is that the rich and travelled Moslems often seek, through third parties, foreign wives—usually Turkish, sometimes Georgian or Circassian Christians. In these cases there are necessarily some sad disappointments; but in the present inevitable advancement of human rights of women, as well as men, it is now ordinarily managed that the contracting parties can see each other by well-prepared accident, usually from behind curtains or latticed windows. But if, when seeing each other for the first time after the marriage ceremony, there is absolute repugnance, or any other sufficient cause, divorce

is pronounced without difficulty and immediately, and not to the detriment or deconsideration of either party.

The women, when outside their homes, are enveloped in the immense white haïk, which covers the whole person from the eyebrows to the feet, leaving but one eye visible. Veils are not worn here as in Algiers and Oran, the haïk serving as a complete covering. Nor are the Turkish trousers worn by the women of Tlemcen, as is the style farther to the East; but a gown descending from the shoulders, half adjusted at the waist and with flowing skirts. Among the humbler classes bare feet are commonest out of doors, and even the fine ladies in their homes are barefooted or in stockings; their high-heeled, and often richly embroidered slippers, like their walking shoes, are left in the court when they enter their rooms—thus the immaculate carpets are always fit for prayer.

The houses of the Jews are similar to those of the Moslems, only instead of whitewash, the entrance to their doors is usually in blue.

Mussulmans as well as Christians have profound resentment for the Jews because of their treatment of Jesus; but with less injustice and cruelty, as they are more charitable than we are. Therefore, here, as in most large cities, the Jew was formerly a pariah, and the ghetto of Tlemcen consisted of cellars and caves—a burrowing in the ground, dark, damp, and dismal. Since they have been made citizens *en masse*, (which is a great injustice for the natives,) they live above ground, as they should; and because of their monotheistic faith, which is equalled if not surpassed by the Moslems in resistance and tenacity, they live in peace together. The Jews are, in fact, a living and continuous miracle. Through all their trials and persecutions they have unswervingly kept their faith—from century to century, from clime to clime, through barbarism, paganism, and Christianity, and are still, and

ever will remain the chosen people of God. For this they merit the respect and consideration of all Christians; and in spite of their faults and failings they have extraordinary qualities and incontestable virtues; and we should love them, for they are our brethren—nay they are our fathers who gave us the divine book, not only the Old Testament, but that priceless Jewish classic, the New Testament; and above all they gave us our Saviour! and if we would obey His last and imperative injunction, we must forgive the fanatics of the synagogue who slew Him, abetted, as they were, by Roman pagans.

"*Forgive them!*" He cried to us out of His great love and supreme agony, "*for they know not what they do!*" And we do not forgive them! And Christianity can never be what Christ intended it should be until we do! For in hating the Jews we deny the Christ! Why not seek to help and transform them without any attempt at proselyting? If the Christ is indeed the Messiah promised them, will He not in His own due time manifest Himself so clearly that they will believe?

That the Jews are to become more and more a powerful and beneficent factor among the people of the earth, I have no doubt; if—*if* they keep the spirit of their grand ancient faith, which is divine, modifying the letter which is human,—serving God, not Mammon—enlarging their narrow, exclusive instinct of race into larger humanitarian sympathies and relations. And if they have fallen away and have forsaken their pastoral lives and the health and blessing of the fields, fleeing to cities for refuge, it is *our* fault, our Christian persecution! And if, in the ghetto, they know how to turn old clothes into newspapers and old iron into the golden calf, where is the blame?—whose is the fault? We must take them back if we would persuade them to take back Jesus—the Great Jew! There

are happy signs coming up the heavens in these our times, of a *rapprochement* among the children of the Father.—Every individual, whether Jew, or Christian, or Moslem, can hasten the day *if he will.*

[Ash Wednesday, 1895. Morning prayer for the beginning of Lent in our rooms at the Hotel. Afternoon: drive to the Cascades and to a park named in foolish honor of Paris the "Bois de Boulogne," and where, on the famous tomb of Sidi Yacob we saw Arab women sacrificing chickens as a cure for sterility.]

CHAPTER VII.

TLEMCEN. THE GREAT MOSQUE. EL-EUBBAD. MAUSSOURA. THE CADI.

OUR first visit was to the great Mosque. A happy presage met our eyes as we went into the streets: Among the world of minarets and domes above the low white city, there is one minaret which bears on its summit a cross and a crescent. The mosque beneath was formerly a Christian church, and when the Mussulmans took possession of it, out of respect for their fellow-citizens and their faith, they would not demolish the cross, but simply added thereto their celestial emblem.

(Query: Would we have done the same?)

In spite of their knowledge of the people and their language, our Christian friends could not aid us in our visits to certain sacred places. We, therefore, engaged a Moslem dragoman and went to the Grand Mosque, so famous for its antiquity, architectural beauty, and historical value. We knew we could only see the outside of it, as Christians are not allowed within its holy precincts.

Djana Kebir surpasses all the other mosques of Tlemcen, by its vast proportions and its riches. It is 195 feet square, eight doors breaking the severity of its white walls, and is surmounted by its majestic rectangular minaret of mosaic in colored tiles. It was built by the first Moslem king of the Abd-El'-Quadite dynasty, and bears the date 530 of the Hegira (1136 A. D.).

The king, when asked by his subjects to inscribe his name on the magnificent edifice which he had built, replied: "No, God knows it." (Sublime commentary on those almoners and builders who are careful that their names should be inscribed in letters of gold, or graven in the stone of the edifice which belongs to God.) The immense court is paved and walled with onyx, and in the midst of it is the great fountain for ablution, made of fine transparent alabaster; 72 onyx columns support its architrave, which forms shelter for the faithful outside the mosque. This is sacred ground for Moslem men alone, so we were only allowed a furtive glance from without, through a postern door. All that our dragoman could say, or that we could see or express in supplicating gesture, was without a shadow of effect upon the stoical guardian. "No Christian can enter here," was the reply; and when I persisted in sympathetic appeal, he replied as if somewhat scandalized, that "no woman, not even the most devout Moslem woman, had ever crossed its threshold;" so it was doubly impossible for me. And, moreover, it was the solemn service of the Ramedan, (the great Moslem fast of thirty days,) and the sacristan was more anxious to participate therein than to continue our interview; so we turned away, sorely disappointed at not being allowed, even with unshodden feet, to enter the court of this far-famed mosque.

"At least," I said, "we will let these good Moslems know that they have turned from their door two Christian friends; let us leave our cards for the Grand Mufti."

We gave them to the imperturbable custodian and were retracing our steps along the narrow streets, when suddenly we were recalled by the same man running after us, carrying two chairs, and his face beaming with a very different expression. He explained that as soon as he gave our cards to the Grand Mufti, who was just

about to mount the pulpit to preach, he was told to hasten after us and bring us back. Our dragoman was filled with astonishment. We returned very gladly, and sandals were put upon our feet by ready hands, at the entrance of the court. It is needless to say we were both greatly surprised and delighted at being admitted thus far, but our surprise became stupefaction when we were led straight across it into the Mosque itself! Our chairs were placed in the midst of two thousand worshippers, prone on their faces.

We could scarcely believe in our existence—or were we not dreaming? A profound silence reigned in the edifice, and through the dim religious atmosphere, with that broad enclosed field of white-clothed worshippers, prostrate around us, we felt a great Beneficent and All-Pervading Presence; and in deep and tearful gratitude to Him whom we felt was there, and who had thus opened this forbidden temple to us, and also the hearts of its people, we sank on our knees and hid our faces—worshipping also. . . . Never have we felt more deeply the blessedness of the faith in One, True, Only, and Living God—and His Immense and Universal Love.

Suddenly, yet noiselessly, as one man, all the worshippers arose from their faces and stood with hands uplifted toward Heaven, and in low cadenced voices besought the continued mercy and blessing of Allah! Our dragoman, who was also on his knees beside us, whispered these things softly in our ears, that we might follow the service which was liturgic but very simple; and in lieu of prayer-book they all held their open hands before their faces in semblance of the book, and in unison recited the Koran, which many knew by heart. For to the Moslem, books of prayer are no more necessary for worship than are mosques or buildings of any kind; for wherever there is earth or sky, there is God's temple; and as for the sacred

book, its texts are, from infancy, graven upon their memories. What an immense advantage over our printed rubric, rite, or ritual!

We understood and followed the prayers though we were strangers to their language, thanks to Him who taught us the supreme formula, which of course is always and everywhere appropriate; and never did we utter it with profounder feeling than in this mosque, praying with these Moslems: "Our Father who art in Heaven."

The sermon was incomprehensible, save in the tones and gestures, which were eloquent and imposing. It lasted about an hour, and then, with a common recital of the closing invocation, the vast multitude withdrew enveloped as with their white robes, in religious silence.

And now occurred another strange incident in this altogether strange experience: As we had been placed in the middle of the mosque, the whole congregation passed by us as they went out. We were prepared at least for some expression of surprise in looks—perhaps in words—at our presence, which we well knew was against all custom, law, or liking. But not a single eye was turned toward us, not even a furtive glance, and yet our presence was certainly apparent to all, for we stood while the whole congregation went past, and our dark foreign dress, the uncovered head of Père Hyacinthe (Moslems never remove their turbans), particularly the form of a woman where no woman had ever stood before,—could not fail to be observed. It was enigmatical; for in spite of all this imperturbable demeanor, we felt that they knew we were there, and we felt also, that there was no hostility on their part, as might naturally be expected, but instead, a kindly welcome and an inexpressible communion of souls. To explain this unique departure from their centuries of exclusion and their friendly attitude, we must state that, though we had arrived only the night before, yet with that

magical rapidity of communication—the secret of which is known only to Moslems—everybody in the city was aware of our presence; furthermore, we had been announced as friends—true, unmistakable friends. (In these days when science has proven mind communication, at great distances, by wireless telegraphy—may not science of religion begin to observe the fact of telepathic communications between souls?) So when we were seen, or rather felt, in their midst—even within their holiest of places—these Arabs, with their swift intuition, knew at once who and what we were. Then, as their highest mark of respect to those whom they venerate, and above all to women, is to shelter them from the public gaze, they appeared thus courteously unconscious of our presence. This delicacy of sentiment is almost impossible to be understood or conveyed to the Occidental mind.

The Grand Mufti to whom we had sent our cards as we were turned away from the Grand Mosque, and to whom we brought letters, called to see us the next day; and after what had passed the day previous, we were scarcely surprised but very much gratified at his large views and liberal principles, which he had so signally exemplified in breaking away from time-honored rule and custom—and in such a flagrant manner. It is safe to say that had we entered the Grand Mosque at Tlemcen before the French occupation, we should never have left it alive; or rather—though we had been an armed host and with sword and banners—we should never have entered it. Since the conquest, the French government is held in perfect loyalty and esteem by the Arabs. The Grand Mufti was very courteous and anxious to render us all the help he could in our study of the marvels of Tlemcen. He had already done what no other person could do, and we shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance for one of the most remarkable and satisfactory

experiences in his life—or in ours. He is a strong and fine looking man of Turkish extraction, and is distinguished for his administrative capacity in his large diocese. He evidently does things his own way, and his parishioners give willing consent. In taking leave of us at our hotel, he kindly informed me that the ladies of the family would be very happy to receive me. I called the next day upon them and regretted not finding the wife at home, as she was at the funeral of a relative; but I was received by their eldest daughter, who seemed a well developed girl of sixteen, with soft white and rose complexion, henna-tipped fingers, and great elongated Oriental eyes. She was, however, but twelve years old and already married. She was dressed in a pretty pink and white gown, hanging loosely from the shoulders and evidently made by her own young hands. She wore a fortune of gold medals about her neck and upon her bosom, and silver anklets about her bare feet. Though so young and absolutely inexperienced in the outer world, she received me with the united natural grace of childlike womanhood and the older spouse. She showed me over the house, an ancient Moorish structure, which, for simplicity, quite outdid any Christian Mufti's I have ever seen. Order and cleanliness reigned everywhere. Our only means of conversation was by smiles, sympathetic nods, and friendly gestures; but we succeeded very well and both enjoyed it. What was very remarkable was the manner in which she entertained me and carried on, at the same time, the preparations for the late supper. The hour for breaking the fast of the Ramedan is when the twilight has so deepened that the color of a white and black thread suspended in the air cannot be distinguished. I observed the extreme frugality of the repast: but one dish of herbs: a sort of coarse thistle, mixed with a kind of grain. (Still an object lesson for our Lenten Season....) Very simple are the necessities of

existence to these people who come through centuries of the frugality of desert life. They need none of our modern appurtenances. Therein lies one great reason of their content—a virtue which we have not, with all our progress and improvements.

We visited the sacred town of El-Eubbad, about two miles from Tlemcen. It is a mass of majestic ruins, clinging to the rocky, ragged knees of the mountain, with its high, superb minaret commanding the whole country, in proud defiance of the Christian world; and yet, so Islamic, so religious is the atmosphere, the town has an air of humble resignation to Him whose footstool is the earth and according to the formula written and used everywhere, "whose mercy and pity endureth forever." Crossing plains of olive orchards, we must leave our carriage beside the babbling brook, for only pedestrians and donkeys can climb the steep and broken streets: through ravines, choked with broken vines, cacti and pomegranates, straggling trees and struggling humanity in tattered garments. Few men and not a woman to be seen, but so many children! It is the dwelling of desolation—and yet, what a paradox: all the people we see seem content, and the little ones are certainly happy. Surely there is something else here besides ruin and desolation. Let us see. It is certainly not prosperity, in any human sense. It is that which needs not prosperity for happiness: It is Faith, it is Islam, which signifies Resignation.

After much fatigue we arrived at the peristyle of the Grand Mosque and at the foot of the colossal minaret which lifts itself up, a magnificent sign of past glory, and the signal for never-ceasing prayer for all the land.

El-Eubbad is a venerated shrine for all Moslems. In the treaty of its surrender to French rule it was stipulated that no Christian should dwell within its holy precincts, and here certainly we felt like outsiders, yet with an in-

timate and affectionate kinship with every individual we met. Ah! blessed communion of souls in the high lineage of Faith. Language, race, color, clime, and age are naught in this sweet, mysterious, intangible Oneness in Him who is All-in-all.

The holy places here in this mountain of debris are three: the Koubba or tomb of the Marabout, Sidi-Bou-Medin, a celebrated Moslem saint; the renowned Medersa or Theological College, now abandoned but still showing its former importance, and occupied at the present time by an elementary school; and lastly, the magnificent Mosque.

The size of this last is immense and most imposing. Here we find the choicest Arabic art, in building and sculpture: in stone, brass and cedar. We encountered here a most interesting personage, a venerable Sheik, who was also an important government functionary. He was a most learned and devout Mussulman, and has a wide reputation for never speaking except in parable. In looks, manners, and speech he is a perfect representative of the Old Testament. We had with us an English Protestant missionary who spoke Arabic well, but was evidently looked upon with distrust by this Moslem devotee. We were greatly astonished by the scriptural knowledge of the venerable Arab, and confounded by his parables, in which at our parting he eulogised our study and appreciation of Islam, but bade us, forcibly, to beware of the missionary—repeating over and over again: "Be not deceived by pretended zeal"—yet in such kindly terms and with such gentle courtesy that one could scarcely tell which predominated, the Christian gentleman or the prophetic sage. To see him swathed and turbaned in spotless white woolen raiment, and with his long snowy beard, it was difficult to believe him to be an officer of the French Republic and a defender of the Code Napoleon! He was.

however, not a citizen, only a subject. But when one is filled with the spirit of God and His Justice and Charity—what lovely adaptation to time, men, and circumstance can be made, and without relinquishing an iota of principle!

Another May-like day we visited the immense ruins of Maussoura, four or five miles in another direction, and more in the plains. This day we had for guides one of the principal citizens, a Christian merchant, and the ladies of his family.

Maussoura was once a great fortified city, built by the soldiers of a Sultan, in defence against another. Its palaces, gardens, and above all its great mosque, made it one of the wonders of the world. But after the completion of this prodigious and expensive work, and after only four years of occupation by the sovereign builder with his people and army, peace was declared, the city was entirely evacuated and abandoned, and has gradually fallen into ruin. The immense rectangular walls still mark its limits, and over all stands one of the highest and most beautiful minarets in all Islam. The mosque from which it rises, and where ten thousand worshippers can kneel in prayer, is in ruins, or rather has been demolished to build the adjoining towns; but the monumental portico remains, and the lone square minaret leaps up into the air a magnificent column, which, when touched by the sun as we saw it, flashes with intense brilliancy with all the brightest colors of the marvellous mosaic in Moorish tiles—imitating, though magnifying a thousand times, every imaginable gem. Unfortunately, by earthquake or faulty construction, it is riven from the base to the summit, and half of it is fallen, leaving one side of the great tower rugged and broken, while the other is polished like a jewel. Happily the French government looks after her antique monuments with care—in the colonies as at home—and this

ruin, as well as that of El-Eubbad and others, are well stayed and preserved.

The Moslem story of the ruined minaret is this: The Sultan being anxious to attain its rapid completion, employed Jews and Christians, as well as Moslems, in its building. But soon after it was finished, Allah being displeased that such a noble and holy work should be defiled by the unclean hands of infidel builders, smote down the heretical side; while the other stands like adamant, beautiful and enduring! The legend is certainly interesting.

With the exception of Carcassone, in the south of France, we have seen no ruins of these later centuries to be compared with those of Maussoura.

A celestial phenomenon marked for us this day and visit. As we stood in the sun's declining though effulgent rays, beneath the high arch of the portico, there appeared, spanning the sky, a triple rainbow, whose intensity surpassed anything that could be imagined. springing from the ruin at our feet and bending high over the wide-stretching plain and over the mountains, far into the desert beyond. We stood spell-bound in silence. It seemed to us, in the mystic reading of God's Royal Book of Nature, an indubitable sign of His benediction upon Africa—from its ancient ruins of Islam to its desert waste, yet to be peopled and brought into the order of civilisation. As we glanced upward to the dizzy height of the majesic minaret, it seemed to have redoubled all the marvellous coloring of the bow of promise, as if it, too, would mark its faith in God's promise, which says, "I will build you up into new light if ye will keep my commandments."

Monuments, cities, dynasties, and the earth itself shall pass away, but He and His promise will remain forever.

That was our Rainbow Day, the 25th of February, 1895.

Chaid-Ben Abd-Allah, the Moslem Judge of Tlemcen,

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and of the Royal Order of Wasa, etc., etc., and member of many scientific societies of Europe and Africa, is one of the most distinguished men of Algiers; whose learning places him among the savants of our day. At a recent European scientific congress, where every member is expected to present a thesis on one particular branch of science or art, this Arab Cadi of Tlemcen presented twenty!-upon subjects ranging from electricity to music. Science is, however, only a pastime with him; or rather, I should say, a secondary calling. He is the chief magistrate of the city; and in that office, which is at once the highest and the humblest, he devotes himself to the welfare of his people. To avoid conflict between Jews, Christians, and the native subjects, whose principles exclude them from suffrage, is no easy matter, as the Code Napoleon and the Koran must both be taken into account and amicably adjusted. Happily, there is always a right way to do the right thing, however difficult it may be.

Islam is a great republic—without a president; or, to be more exact, a universal brotherhood, where the laws of the Koran are so explicit and absolute, (I must add,) so merciful, that Moslems without ambition or great endeavor are happy in simply doing their duty. Charity and patience are their cardinal virtues crowned with Resignation.

This learned Cadi of Tlemcen, though a devout Mussulman, is a loyal functionary of France. In fact, he is the ideal Judge of patriarchal days, chosen by his people, and sits, so to speak, in the gate of the city, administering justice to all who need his help or counsel. It is the administration of righteous law in its most primitive form: no wrangling of lawyers or quarrelling of adversaries, though witnesses are abundant, and all have a respectful and conscientious hearing. No fees are received from

clients—the Cadi, being a State officer, is paid by the French government. He is invested with supreme magistracy, save in criminal cases, which justly fall under French laws; and from his decision there is no appeal.

We had brought letters of introduction to Chaid-Ben Abd-Allah, but when the hour of our visit came, my husband was prevented by a sudden indisposition from going, and I was forced to go alone. Our dragoman conducted me into narrow, winding streets into the heart of the Arab quarter, where we were met by a son of the Cadi, who led me at once into his home which is one of the finest Moorish houses in the city. Outside nothing save bare white walls, without windows or cornice, and one story high. A small plain door admits us into a corridor which immediately turns to the right, and then to the left, and we are in the midst of a beautiful court, paved with marble and surrounded by a colonnade into which open the doors of the different apartments. The Moorish house is usually built in a form resembling a Greek cross; the four main rooms surrounding the court are long and narrow, one the selamlik, for the men,—another, the harem, exclusively for women,—in all of which are beds curtained off at the ends. A broad cornice, or partial roof, covers the sides of the court, and is supported by columns; the centre is left open or covered by an arched roof, and sometimes, richly stained glass or beautiful sculptured work, with abundant provision for ventilation. This large inner court is the family room and often beautifully furnished. This Arabic architecture is universal in the East.

The son who met me was about twenty years old, and wore the student's dress, which consists of a fine blue broadcloth burnous falling to the feet over a white robe beneath. All wear the white turban or red fez. He had very fine features, a pale bronzed complexion, spoke French well, but was very timid, as I was the first Euro-

pean lady, and doubtless the first woman out of his immediate family, with whom he had ever spoken. Through the bent corridor, across the marble court, and beneath a heavy falling curtain he led me into the harem—a privilege I could not have enjoyed had my husband accompanied me. I was introduced into a large long room at one end of which, upon a wide divan, sat the Cadi—a good type of ancient patriarchal Judge, though in face and feature I should have taken him for a Scotchman rather than Arab. He was about 58 years of age. He rose to receive me and presented me to a fine tall matron of about his own age as "Madame Cadi," and then to several other ladies—his wife's mother, a sister, and a widowed sister-in-law, who sat near on the low divan running round the room—the whole impression being that of a court reception. He spoke only in Arabic, his son being our interpreter, for our dragoman could not, of course, enter the harem, as only near male relatives are admitted into the presence of women. The Cadi called in his other sons, and proudly presented them, but they were so very shy, and perhaps shocked in the presence of a strange lady with uncovered face, that they did not remain long; and were, I believe, very glad to retire. Of course they did not raise their eyes, though they made their salaam very properly. Here I began to observe that Moslem men are as modest as women in their manners; and the youths are fully, if not more timid than young girls.

I made my visit short, only presenting our letters and respects, and excusing my husband's absence. The Cadi had heard of our coming, was much interested in our travels, and assured me of his intention to attend Père Hyacinthe's lecture—which was already announced—saying, that though he understood but little French, he understood the man and the high motives which had brought him to the country.

On the evening of the lecture he was there, with his son near at hand to interpret for him, and also a number of other prominent Mussulmans, which greatly surprised the Europeans, as it was decidedly a new departure from ancient custom. Père Hyacinthe was urged to give a second lecture, on the same subject, of "Reconciliation of Religions and Unity of Races"—which was still more largely attended by Moslems as well as Jews and Christians.

We had fixed a day for our special visit to the learned Cadi and were received with ceremony which did not exclude cordiality. His two sons were present, the absence of ladies complete. Three chairs, in a semicircle were awaiting us at the top of the room, a large throne-like *fautcuil* in the centre. What was my astonishment to find that this was reserved, not as seemed most likely, for himself, or at least for my husband, but for me. I demurred at thus occupying the central seat in the presence of such learned directors of science and religion, when he replied with the chivalrous manners of a *gentilhomme de l'ancien régime*: "Ladies are always entitled to the first place." And as host he insisted upon occupying the one upon my left side. After the coffee was served, and many words of welcome and felicitation were expressed, we entered upon our subject, and we learned during that two hours' visit more of Mohammed, his faith and people, and also of the spirit which governs Islam, than we could have done from a score of years of study in books. A man of wide observation, profound learning, with a clear head and sound judgment, but above all an humble and devout man of God: such was the Cadi of Tlemcen. It was great good fortune to meet such a rare grand man!

Our interview had been in the selamlik, but before we took our departure an interview with the ladies in the harem on the other side of the court was discretely man-

aged for me, when the mother and wife embraced me most affectionately—smiling at our mimic conversation. I was struck by the dignity of the women in this superior household, and deeply impressed by their intelligence and kindness. We came away from the house of that grand Mussulman somewhat humbler Christians than when we entered it.

And this is the man—with others of his ilk—whom some ill-advised young Protestant missionary girls, English and Scotch, come here to "convert" to some of their respective sects,—carrying their importunities so far as to force themselves into their houses, and into their presence, unannounced, to prove, not only their courage but the superiority of Christian conduct....And the good and tolerant Cadi receives them with kindness, offers them refreshments, and after the expounding of the Scriptures, which is listened to with silent respect, informs them that he not only knows the Old Testament well, but the New Testament also; then he accompanies them with forbearing speech to their exit, asking them, and sincerely too, if they will not come again! The Christian who told us this remarked that, "Had any Mussulman intruded in this way into any of our respectable Christian homes, we certainly would not have offered him refreshments in that way, nor asked him to come again,—and I fear we should have shown him the door more quickly and with much less ceremony than these Mohammedans observed."

Our friends of Algiers had tried to dissuade us from coming to this *pays perdu* (lost country), but we have a way of our own of doing, though all the world protests; and if we believe it to be a right thing to do, we are pretty sure to do it if we can. Therefore we came away here, near the borders of Morocco, where there were few Europeans, and indeed nothing but beauty and bounty, soft sunlight days and glorious starlight nights—and Oh! so

many Arabs, possessed of Christian graces! We were enchanted and learned a good deal, going away wiser than we came, and happier. We shall be thankful all our lives for this most interesting and profitable visit to this hospitable, ancient, and royal city of Tlemcen. We should gladly have pushed on into Africa, and out into the desert, but it was impossible.

(28 *February,* 1895. We leave Tlemcen to-day, carrying in our hearts a lasting affection for our kind Christian and Moslem friends here. Our only consolation is that now we set our faces eastward.)

CHAPTER VIII,

TO THE EAST.

ON the sea of life, as on earthly oceans, we are sometimes forced by trade winds, tempests, or sealed orders, to make a long tack, seemingly going backwards, to arrive at a given port. So it was with us going to the Holy Land.

We spent the winter of 1894-5 in Algeria, returning to Paris in the spring to find the cold still there. I carried home, however, a full sheaf of health and precious experiences, though the goal was not reached: Jerusalem still hung on the horizon of my ardent hopes.

On the 29th of October, 1896, we started again for Algiers. Our party consisted of four; for this time we were accompanied by our son and a class-mate of his at the University of Paris, who was leaving France for the first time. Both were wide awake and given to observation, and making verses, which led them to remain on deck all night, keeping company with the stars and the soft night winds as we crossed the Mediterranean again.

My husband keeps a journal—which I do not—and this is what he wrote under date of October 31, 1896, which I will preface by saying that I am the worst sailor in the world, except Père Hyacinthe.

"Arrived safely this afternoon at Algiers after a bad "passage. Emilie said to me during the night, trying to "console me: 'Courage, *mon cher ami*, sooner or later we

"must get into port; we traverse life as we do the sea, "and in spite of discomfort, high winds, and tempestuous "waves, there's a sure haven ahead.' During the agony "of the night from my narrow coffin-like berth in the "small, suffocating cabin, which seemed like a sepulchre, "I could only repeat that Psalm over and over again: " 'Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in the darkness, in "the deep.' "

It was indeed a rough night, but nothing to compare with some we have passed in our sailing on other seas. All was dark, rolling, and silent—save a constant, slight metallic sound, just outside my berth against the ship's side. I was, to say the least, miserably uncomfortable, but as proof of mind over body, I will here relate how I was cured of sea-sickness by voluntarily hypnotising the brain. I fixed my attention upon that slight noise of a grinding chain in the rigging, which was low and melancholy, yet very musical; and then with a strong effort of will and imagination, I hung a whole night's anguish upon this small, weird, monotonous sound: weaving it into the story of a sibyl carrying home to Tyre and Sidon, Athens and Alexandria, the passing souls of lost mariners. Thus, what was for my suffering companion a night in Sheol, was to me one of exquisite enjoyment on the heights of Parnassus—under the sea! Results were equal—and we were very happy when, after twenty-four hours, the glad voices of our two young companions at our door cried out *"La voilà l'Afrique!"*

We remained a week in Algiers, just long enough to see our former friends in town and country: Moslems, Jews, and Christians; but not long enough to enjoy this delectable climate and the fascinating country, as we should have liked. One day we went up to Bou-Zéreah, which overlooks the city and sea, where Prince de Polignac received us with his accustomed military courtesy of the *ancient*

régime. Officer in the French Algerian army for forty years, he knows the Arabs well, and therefore appreciates their great qualities and their grand religion, though he is a Roman Catholic and direct descendant of the Prince de Polignac who was the standard-bearer under Godefroy de Bouillon—the first Christian King of Jerusalem in the Crusades, that fanatical and un-Christian warfare against the Mussulmans. The view of Algiers: the harbor, sea, and mountains, from the terrace of his antique Moorish palace is, I think, superior to Naples or San Francisco.

Another day we went to the Chateau Hydra, the ancient and favorite country seat of the Dey of Algiers—Moorish and magnificent—now presided over by a hospitable English lady—in the midst of a most luxuriant garden, *touffu de roses,* with immense orange, lemon, date, and palm trees. Here we made acquaintance with a most intelligent fish, a carp, which was in intimate and affectionate relation with the house-dog. The dog, at a signal from his mistress, set up a coaxing bark, when immediately its finny friend came to the surface of the water in its great pool, and then, bending down as the fish held up its mouth out of the water, kissed it! After such a reconciliation and strange "selection" of species, can one imagine that human beings of different races cannot live together in peace—and perhaps in love?

Our Arab friends in Algiers had increased in number and in friendly relations. Among many dear Christian friends we found some whose sentiments were in inverse ratio. In Africa, as in other lands, there are also still many well-meaning, so-called "Evangelical" Protestants and "faithful" Catholics, who give the persistent reason for their faith by remaining obstinately entrenched in their narrow, thick-walled fortress on their mountain of orthodox hatred, cold and high, all the days of their unlovely and unloving lives! Then the newspapers, which

are not always distinguished for their accuracy, in Africa as well as in Europe and America, were kind or unkind, according to their religious convictions and were ready to credit us with various missions; some fearing we were become Mussulmans, while others predicted that we were lapsing back to Rome, because we retained many dear friends within her communion, maintaining open relations with them; and because we do respect those who do not believe as we do, if they respect themselves—and sometimes if they do not; and because we like and defend the Jews. All this was amusing if not entirely edifying. The next year occurred those lamentable anti-Semitic riots, the result of political animosities, commercial jealousies, racial distemper, and religious—or rather anti-religious—hatred, which disgrace the annals of Algiers.

"Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the African sun!"

At last we started eastward, toward that city which did more than cast aspersions upon travelling strangers with her walls: she stoned the Prophets.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM ALGIERS TO CONSTANTINE.

Note from Père Hyacinthe's Journal.

ALGIERS, Nov. 6, 1896.

"A new page opens in our lives with this departure from Paris....Shall we be able to go even to Jerusalem? Will God indeed permit us this, by circumstances which He alone can direct?"

WE left Algiers by railway and arrived in Constantine the 8th of November, making the journey through the Kabyle Mountains very comfortably in two days, stopping for the night at Sétif. As travel is my panacea, we went by preference in a slow-going train, and therefore had a fine opportunity for studying the travelling manners of different natives, as well as the Europeans who dwell along the route. We always found some one, usually a French African soldier, sometimes of the ranks, but more frequently the officers, who would interpret for us. In this way we learned much concerning the history and life of the Kabyles, who are a distinct race from the Arabs. They are given to agriculture and are more practical and less contemplative people. Mechanical arts are pursued among them, and they produce some very fine work in metal: gold, silver, steel, iron, etc., keeping in remembrance Arabic art of the past, which still lives in its unequaled and imperishable blades of Damascus and Toledo.

Mussulmans far better than we of the modern civili-

sation, know how to travel, especially by horse, camel, or donkey. But in carriage or carts on the common road, they are out of place; children of the grand desert, they are not made for cramped positions. In the railway train they are at their ease and are delightful fellow-travellers, adapting themselves to uncomfortable quarters, showing great simplicity and quiet good manners "preferring one another," always content, never obtrusive, yet never reluctant to render service—even to yielding "the comfortable corner," especially to ladies, and to the aged or infirm. They are always self-possessed because they are oblivious of self; given to meditation, and never to spitting on the floor. (Get ye hence, disgusting souvenir of railway carriages in more enlightened countries!) Then they know how to travel without boxes, bags, or baggage; all their belongings being carefully enveloped in their praying-carpet. In this, as in all circumstances, they are enveloped in their religion. The praying-carpet is oblong, ordinarily about six by four feet, and is almost invariably of Oriental texture—fine, of pretty colors, always very clean, as a sacred thing set apart for a holy purpose. This, carefully enveloping their effects of travel, and tied with a cord, serves them as a pillow, a bed, or a mosque. Thus the Mussulman does not leave his religion at home, nor restrict it to certain days or structures. What royal liberty—that which makes free men!

We frequently noticed, however, some precious packages of finery, which these sedate travellers were taking home to their wives and children; and we occasionally caught glimpses of rich stuffs for ladies wear that would give delight in a prince's palace.

Constantine is unique for its picturesque situation on a high rock that stands out, a bold promontory in the midst of a vast undulating plain. At the south it looks down a vertiginous precipice, while to the north fair slo-

ping gardens and fields incline it with winding roads to the lower world. Its beautiful position and natural beauty leave nothing to be desired, save a glimpse of the ocean. With that it would be second only to Athens.

I brought a sad souvenir to Constantine. Its former bishop, Monseigneur de Las Cases, was a very dear friend of mine, whose family I had known since I first came to France. (He was of the family of Las Casas, the first Bishop sent from Rome to the Antilles, and nephew of the historian of that name, who followed Napoleon to St. Helena.) Like his family, the Bishop of Constantine was distinguished for patriotic and religious devotion, and also for liberal ideas. I was in Rome during the Vatican Council and saw much of the liberal bishops; and there were three hundred opposed to the definition of Papal infallibility. Monseigneur de Las Cases was one of that three hundred. It was not surprising that we were friends. He died soon after the great dogmatic disaster: It broke his heart.

We were almost painfully struck upon our arrival in Constantine by the European aspect of the city: the straight and well built houses, and fine shops, stores and hotels. But we hurried—even before seeing our rooms, which had been engaged for us—to the top of "The Rock" to see the sunset. We passed through the great square where thousands of Arabs were gathered: walking, sauntering, or standing,—all enjoying the glorious scene. Sunset was the hour of *rendez-vous*. Now we felt that we were indeed in Africa—or Arabia. It was with difficulty that we could make our way through the immense crowd, but a timely caravan of camels, with their soft stepping and lofty gait, went through as easily as if the people were waving grass,—only turning their swaying necks, encompassing the multitude with their soft eyes,—

and we followed in their wake through the throng, and had our fill of Arabs for once in our lives! And fine specimens they were—taller than elsewhere, and though they wore their beautiful dress, there was something of advanced civilisation (that of course means *ours*...)in their deportment.

From the high jutting rock we drew back with vertigo, as our gaze plunged down into the depths beneath. We were filled with awe and terror, heightened by the sad souvenirs of the terrible siege by the French, when the few remaining brave defenders tried to escape slaughter by means of a cord let down over this precipice. Alas, the long rope, overcharged with their weight, broke and let them die in the vortex below,—perhaps a quicker death, but none the less heroic. The numerous fortresses on the surrounding hills plainly tell the horrid tale of war: attack and defence, defeat and victory. Certain it is that few places have such warlike record as this noble city of Constantine, the ancient capital of the Roman province of Numidia, held in such a high appreciation by the Cæsars. Reduced to ruins in 311, A. D., it was rebuilt by Flavius Constantine, when it changed its native name, Cirta, to the one it now bears, in honor of its conqueror. In the fifth century the Great Constantine repulsed the devastating vandals, and after centuries of trial, military importance, and flaunting prosperity, with contending forces of native tribes, Turks and Europeans, the Arabs took possession of the magnificent city in the early days of Islamism. From 1567 to 1837, a period of 270 years, no less than fifty Moslem Beys ruled the city, and frequently, as punishment for their misrule, met with unnatural deaths by order of the superior governor, the Dey of Algiers, who was for so long the sovereign potentate of North Africa, as the Sultan of Turkey is to-day for other

Moslem countries—except Morocco, whose Sultan claims the only true heirship to the great Moslem Prophet.

On the 13th of October, 1837, after the awful slaughter of both French and Arabs, the Duc de Nemours, (who is dying to-day as I write,) aided by several of the best generals of the French army, made a breach in the northern side of the almost impregnable wall, and Constantine was occupied by the French. The Arab governor, Ahmed Bey, escaped; and for several years continued the war outside his capital; but finally, in 1848, he capitulated, and with his submission came peace and prosperity. To-day, as everywhere in our African colonies, in spite of the injustice and cruel treatment they have received from public functionaries, the Arabs are loyal to France and grateful for the many benefits bestowed upon them, especially in the admirable consideration of their religion: the mosque being on the same footing in regard to retribution, as the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches and the Synagogue; all being paid by the French government; and it is therefore, like them, a State Church,

Père Hyacinthe had been invited by the literary society "La Cirta" to deliver a lecture here, which he did, and at which the three religious elements were well represented and in about equal numbers: Christians, Jews, and Arabs; and they were certainly united in generous applause for once, for the subject concerned them all alike: the Brotherhood of Man.

Constantine can boast of a goodly number of representative men of the mother patrie, officers of the government and of the army (as this is an important military station), literary men, and those of finance.

One of the most intelligent men we met is General de la Roque, commander of the forces here, who has distinguished himself and France, in its peaceful occupation of Tunis. A man of large human sympathies, a

true Christian soldier, and Catholic, in its best sense, he knows and appreciates the nobility of the Arab character, having lived and fought both with and against them, during his long military career in Africa.

Note from the Journal of Père Hyacinthe.

"General de la Roque said to me to-day 'Cardinal Lavigerie has been my life-long friend, and we had the same ideas concerning our relations with Christians and Mussulmans. Of course we are called Utopists, but our work —yours, the Cardinal's, and mine—(he meant the reconciliation of monotheistic believers) is the right work,; and speaking of Moslems he said: 'their religion has all the charm of ours, without having its hardness.'"

(It was this worthy Roman prelate who influenced Leo XIII to recognise the French Republic. He was a condisciple of Père Hyacinthe at the Theological Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in Paris.)

It is very certain that those who know the Arabs most love them best, and none know them better than the French officers, such as the Prince de Polignac of Algiers, and General de la Roque of Constantine. None can know them as do those who have fought against them, for them, and with them! And this principle holds good of the true soldier of Christ, combating for truth and justice among Christians and non-Christians. If our hearts are in the right place we must learn to love our fellow-men, not only in peaceful relations, but especially in the battle of life, respecting our foes and loving our enemies. Else we are not His soldiers, but hirelings, marauders, and assassins!

It is not irrelevant to give here the words of the Kronprinz Fritz (the late German Emperor Frederick—of loving memory) to Père Hyacinthe, whom he had invited to come and see him at Versailles at the time of the capitulation of Paris in 1871. "I always admired the French," he said, "but it is only since I have been called to fight against them that I appreciate and love them."—Noble words of a noble heart!

The climate of Constantine is delightful, higher and

drier than Algiers, and business activity with educational institutions make it, in spite of the preponderating Arab population, a European city.

The mayor, Monsieur Ernest Mercier, is the distinguished historian of Algiers. He and his very interesting family showed us great attention and gave us much valuable information concerning the past and the present, and, I venture to say, much of the future, of this beautiful and promising city and country.

Madame Mercier is a lady of Russian birth, high culture, and greatly attached to Africa; their only daughter is a zealous Christian, and so enthusiastic was she for our work of Peace among all peoples, that she would have willingly joined us in our mission through other and distant lands of Islam.

M. Mercier accompanied us to the educational institutions both French and Arabic, all of which are most interesting and prosperous. He took us to the celebrated Medersa, which means the Moslem University, including the Ecclesiastic and Scientific Colleges; first visiting, within a covered court, the tomb of its founder, Salah Bey, who died in 1792, and that of his daughter, the Princess Aïcha Derouicha, who is held in great veneration. Loving hands still cover her tomb with flowers and silken drapery. Islam is not without saintly women, and it also has its long list of women writers and poets. We were surprised and gratified at the high standard of learning and intelligence of the native students. Here, as everywhere else, the Koran is the base of life and learning. Islamic empires may be overthrown and their civilisation checked, but there is no danger of infidelity, nor of its cohorting ills and moral decadence, when the belief in God is so profound and general, and His Government so inwrought in life.

In our study of Mohammed and his following, we have already learned a most essential fact, and one which

we formerly ignored, viz., that the government of Islam, with its religious laws, is one thing, and the government of its different peoples by Princes or Sultans, is another. And with us, would it be fair to judge Christianity by our Governors, Rulers, Kings, and Emperors?

It is very certain, as history and all intelligent Moslems will assure you, that Islamic decadence dates from the separation of the temporal and spiritual governments, as with Israel. Added to this is the breaking down of their heroic resistance: nervous energies and will-power, by the universal impoisonment by nicotine. Their persistent hope and dominant belief is that whatever befalls human government and governors, their faith will stand firm, unswerving, and integral. It is indeed a grand faith, which admits of no doubt, no contravention, or subterfuge!

We were greatly edified by the quiet, gentlemanly manners of the students. What simplicity, cleanliness, and frugality! Our "comforts," as we call them, would be discomforts, hindrances, and snares to them. (I am thinking here of the finely furnished "sitting-rooms" with carpets, rocking-chairs, and *biblots,* of students in certain theological colleges. . . .) Around the court of this Moslem Theological University were the students' rooms—the doors serving for windows as well; a few rugs on which they sit or sleep, and a low table; that was all. Their class rooms were however well furnished with all the accessories and apparatus of modern study.

The janitor of the Medersa, who spoke French well, invited me to visit his harem, which consisted of his wife, his mother-in-law, and his little son of two years old. But so shy was his young spouse of sixteen, that she could not be induced to come out from behind the door. She positively trembled at seeing me, like a snared gazelle, and was as beautiful. Her mother was still young and was sitting on the clean floor, washing the dishes, with her feet

crossed beneath full trousers. And it was absolutely miraculous, the tidiness and ease with which her work was done, under what would have been for us, intolerable if not impossible conditions. Not a single drop of water soiled the clean white pine floor. Both these women were dressed so prettily and with so many ornaments about the arms, wrists, and ankles, one would have thought it was for a festival, or at least a special toilet to receive guests; but this was not the case, as my visit was announced only about one minute before I was ushered in. The fact is that Moslem wives and women wear their Sunday clothes every day, and are therefore always at their best. And it is very possible that this pleases their husbands and gives constant interest to their own lives. (We leave the suggestion to certain Christian wives.) The poor little timid wife seemed so confused—turning away her face and trying to veil it with her pretty little henna-dyed hands, that I felt sure she would be glad of my departure, and I, therefore, made my visit very short. Throughout it, I could easily detect the pride of the husband in showing me his pretty, young wife, and at the same time witness his attempts at reconciling her to being looked at by a strange lady. His success was not remarkable.

Monsieur Mercier accompanied us to visit the Director of the University, a very distinguished man. As we went, I asked about the family of this learned professor. "Ah," he replied, "I can tell you nothing, nor can anything be known to men about harem life; that is *terra incognita;* only as he has sons at college, I know he is married, as are all Mussulmans; and I also know that he is married to a niece of Abd-el-Kadir, our great Emir."

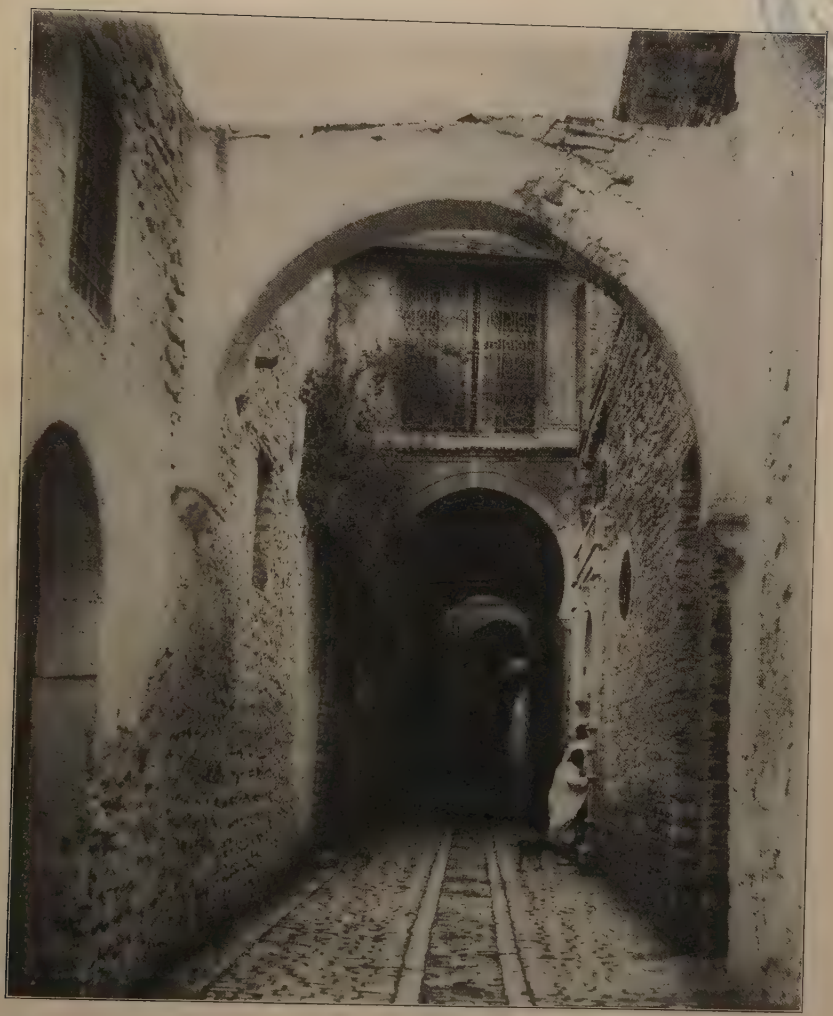
Through the narrow winding streets, interesting and clean, in spite of the dense population, and through a small door into what seemed like a fortress—then along corridors, and up steep stairs, we were introduced into the

Director's library—a large, low room, the floor of which was covered with all sorts of matting, carpets, and fur rugs. There were three chairs for us, and there was a fine large mahogany writing-desk with all the modern appurtenances of literary work. We were received with refined courtesy, the Professor being perfectly familiar with French, and not only was he thoroughly conversant with the subject of higher education, but as a gentleman would have been quite as much at home at the Sorbonne, Oxford, or Yale, as he was in this simple Moslem study in Africa. Indeed above a certain altitude of culture, great natures are at home everywhere Our letters and science were his; and apart from religious teaching, our methods of learning were the same. During our visit, secretaries and other professors came in unannounced, and quietly took their places on the rugs around the room, and as easily and gracefully as upon chairs, giving close attention to the conversation. It is the custom among the Moslems for all male friends who are received in the selamlik (the room belonging to men—as the harem exclusively is to women,) to come quietly in at any time, as though they belonged to the family. This fraternity among the followers of Mohammed is one of the most charming and positive proofs of the confidence and the real spirit of brotherhood among them. All things in common—religion, learning, and divine rights, make of them, not only a great republic, but a firmly welded family. Our Christian formality is not dignity, and Moslem informality is not the lack of it. The spirit rules, and not the letter. Individuality easily degenerates into egotism and selfishness, if not imbued with the divine spirit.

After nearly an hour's most interesting conversation upon the ordinary and extraordinary interests of education and religion, the Professor arose, and coming to me, asked —with the ease of the polished gentleman that he is—if

I would give the ladies of his family the pleasure of a visit. I assured him that nothing could give me more satisfaction than to become acquainted with the ladies of the household of so distinguished and learned a gentleman; whereupon he conducted me through devious ways, and up more stairs, for his harem was a high one, built on a hill, far above the selamlik; through the white marble court, into a vast parlor or family room, with niches and divans, and at one end a double dias or superimposed divan—the whole covered and hung with fine carpets, tapestries, and lace curtains. There were more ornaments here than I had met with elsewhere in a Moslem house.*

*An account of this visit will be given in my subsequent volume on Harem Life. E. H. L.



STREET IN TUNIS—LEADING TO THE PALACE OF THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.

CHAPTER X.

TUNIS.

Note from the Journal of Père Hyacinthe.

"Islam is perhaps at this present time the most powerful organisation of Monotheism on the globe; superior to Catholicism or Protestantism from the point of view of the Unity of God, and the purity of worship."

IT was the fourth day of the moon, 3 Djoumadi-Ettani 1313, which means in Christian reckoning the 19th of November, 1895, that we arrived in Tunis.

Our son left us here, as his university studies could no longer be neglected, sailing directly for Marseilles. He was charmed with Tunis, and, very naturally, above all with the ruins of Carthage.

The reader will bear in mind, that while Algiers and Constantine are not French colonies, but regularly integrated Departments of France, Tunis is a French protectorate, with a Resident Minister, at present Monsieur Millet, while the Bey of Tunis remains the sovereign; and the Sultan of Turkey is its spiritual head—as he is Kalif of the entire Moslem world. With all these different, and sometimes conflicting governments it might be thought to be overgoverned; but happily, there is yet another stronger and wiser Ruler over them all. Then the different governments neutralise each other and have produced in Tunis a happy and most prosperous people. And, I believe, this is the result, direct and immediate, of this fully recognised

Divine Sovereignty by the great majority of the people, who are Moslems. Tunis is not like Constantine and Algiers, a conquered country, but an independent people who, failing in self-government, called in France to protect them against internal and external troubles; which she did to the satisfaction of all concerned. The country is very rich, but under the former *regime* little account was kept of income and expenditure, and deficits were the natural consequence. But under the French protectorate the finance is sound, the whole country flourishing, though little thought is given it by the powers, and no anxiety in international diplomacy. Nations, like persons, are often the happiest who make the least noise.

There are in Tunis, Jews and Christians in about equal number, but about three times their joint number of Mussulmans. There is intellectual culture and commercial activity, with a decidedly progressive spirit. No parliament, no elections, and therefore no political rivalries or animosities. The French government is on excellent terms with the Bey—working together. The city of Tunis is certainly interesting, and the climate delightful. Everything was novel to us in this happy conjunction of the old and the new worlds: an unmistakable Islamic influence joined to a positive modern spirit of progress. What strikes one most in the physiognomy of the people is contentment; and the next thing, in the outdoor aspect, is the rich costume of the Moslem men—the delicate tints prevailing: tender blue, green, mauve, cream, etc., etc., instead of the universal white of the other north African countries. It was indeed strange to see such numbers of strong men draped in these soft stuffs, mostly fine cashmere, and in these delicate colors, which, with us, are only worn by women—all graceful and immaculate, yet without effeminacy.

The Moslem employees of the government—and they

are numerous—dress as Europeans, with the distinctive fez only.* Few women are seen in the streets, save Christians and Jewesses. These latter have fine faces and sometimes beautiful, with their jet-black painted eyebrows and white complexion. Their mode of dress is, however, most unlovely, though often very rich from the waist up, but from the waist down, indoors and out of doors alike, ordinarily, nothing but white cotton, tight-fitting pantaloons—except for special indoor occasions, when these pantaloons are made fuller, of rich stuff, and richly embroidered. They wear also a round highpointed headgear, like an elongated funnel, some are nearly three quarters of a yard in length, leaning backward, from which depends a veil. Take it as a whole this accouterment is hideous, and it is simply unrighteous thus to disfigure the human form! But at the waist it has not, however, that sickening aspect of the Christian deformity, which it has throughout Europe and America, and which is the creation of a few score of Parisian dressmakers, most of whom are totally ignorant of the first principles of health, to say nothing of grace and comfort. I speak above all of the stupid, culpable, and ignoble endeavor of strangulation of womankind about the middle of the body, which revolts all sanitary and æsthetic ideas and excites the protest, not only of sane people of our day, but of future generations—should there be children enough, and with strength and common sense enough to protest! But the Jewesses in Tunis go to the very opposite extreme and cultivate embonpoint, and a rotundity which sometimes exceeds normal proportions, and is, I am told, induced in marriageable young ladies by a certain diet, principally milk. Their manners are always quiet but self-reliant.

* The fez is a red felt, rimless, low hat with a large blue silk tassel falling from the crown,—and is enjoined in Moslem countries upon functionaries, Moslems or Christians. Venerable Moslems, however, wear turbans.

We wished, of course, to see the Bey of Tunis, and were gratified. He often flashes through the streets in his modest equipage, drawn by six white mules—unsaluted and seemingly unobserved, for, with Mussulmans, respect does not manifest itself in acclamations; and the highest respect and veneration for sovereigns (and women) is to seem not to see them. His Highness resides at La Marsa, about six miles from Tunis, and once a week he comes among his people and sits in judgment, after the custom of the patriarchs, not quite in the gates of the city, but at the grand old palace of Dar-el-Bey. He is over seventy years old, is kind-hearted, very devout, and respected by the foreign population, and venerated by all Mussulmans. It was otherwise with his cruel predecessors.*

I was invited to visit the two eldest daughters of His Highness, Princesses, second to none in dignity and refinement, and married to two native brothers, both Generals in the army of the Bey, and who wear on their breast the cross of the Legion of Honor. They were surrounded by their charming and highly bred children, and composed model families.

Prince En-Nacer Bey, son of the late Bey of Tunis, invited us to visit him at his chateau between La Marsa and Carthage. A friend of his, Mohammed Snouci, Judge of the Penal Tribunal, came to fetch us at our hotel, and in an hour by train we arrived and found the carriage of the Prince awaiting us at the Marsa station. His residence stands in the midst of the open country and is a composite of Moorish and modern architecture, large and comfortable. The Prince is about forty years old, robust, tall, and, what is unusual with Arabs, of light blond complexion, very intelligent, cultivated, and an extensive

* Since our visit, he has passed from life, and is succeeded by his son who promises well for the future.

traveller, knowing well the French language and French people. He was dressed *à la franque* (which means in the European costume—or rather at the mercy and in the perverted taste of French tailors...), and from his appearance we should have taken him for an English gentleman. After refreshments were served he sent his secretary for "Mademoiselle"—and soon there appeared a young French lady, the companion-governess of his daughters, a graceful and intelligent lady of thirty. She was dressed in Turkish costume: a short blue satin embroidered jacket over a cream colored silk blouse and very full trousers of soft stuff and delicate color. His Excellency then informed me that the Princess would be pleased to receive me. Thereupon Mademoiselle escorted me to her own room, where were her two young-lady pupils, and then the Princess soon came and led me to her own apartments which were half European and half Arab in style and furniture; all in good taste and exquisite order and neatness. The Princess is of commanding stature, easy manners, and very intelligent. Our conversation was principally upon hygiene and the ever important subject, the education of children, The two young Princesses were beautiful and well educated. Then I had the great honor of being presented to the venerable mother of the Prince, and widow of the late Bey, M'hammed Pasha—surrounded by her court. (Details will be given in *Harem Life.*)

The excellent schools in Tunis and the Alaoui College are proofs of the intelligent action of the French government. The Hospital, in charge of a French Doctor, with native nurses, was the cleanest I ever visited: Not an odor! Here, as the Director led us through the wards, Pére Hyacinthe happened to see the uncovered face of an old, bed-ridden woman of eighty years, which so shocked the poor patient that she sent up a wail of despair at the misfortune, and went off into hysterics, crying: "Only to

think that I should suffer such disgrace to have a strange man behold my face, and for the first time in my life, just as I am about to die!"

Nov. 30, 1895. Our days are filled with sight-seeing and visiting; and have been marked, recently, with some stirring events. That which has set the papers, poster-pillars, and people's brains most ablaze has been the *conférence* of Père Hyacinthe. Another, which might have been, though less interesting, but more dangerous, and was certainly a more stirring event for the moment, when I set myself ablaze by the explosion of my precious little spirit-lamp,—and which prevented me from hearing my husband's lecture, but not from enjoying the next unusual event: that of attending, a few days later, the marriage banquet of a son of the Sheik-ul-Islam.

Nov. 30, 1895. Last night the *conférence* was given in the Politeama Tunisine theatre which was graciously offered by its Italian proprietors. It was densely crowded. The subject was "Reconciliation of Races and Religions," and the applause was without measure; French, Arabs, and Israelites being of one accord. Among the impressions, I will give three from each of the three different religions. An aged and pious Jew said to me a few days after the lecture: "All Père Hyacinthe said was true, but what pleased us most was to know and feel that there was some one among Christians who loved us without any apparent, or hidden, attempt to induce us to forsake our faith!—and he is the only one I ever saw! You see," he continued, "he puts himself in our place...."

Monsieur le Commandant Rebillet, military attaché at the Residence, said to us: "The *conférence* of Père Hyacinthe has produced a profound impression upon everyone, but especially upon Frenchmen; and though they call themselves Roman Catholics, they feel the need of some-

thing broader, and deeper, and higher, and truer—and they have found it in Père Hyacinthe's principles."*

The eldest son of the Sheik-ul-Islam (he himself a sheik and distinguished professor at the Madersa) said to me after the *conférences* "In one hour Père Hyacinthe has become the friend of over two hundred million Mussulmans!"

In spite of my burnt face, I went to the marriage feast of the second son of the Sheik-ul-Islam, though some of the European guests, seeing my thick black veil, thought I had become a Mussulman outright, and others thought that as I was the only lady present, I had thought it in better taste to cover my face.

How easy it is to be mistaken! And how deceptive are outward appearances!

The Resident Minister was absent in France, but his *chargé d'affaires* represented him at this marriage feast, with the other principal members of the government. The banquet did full honor to the host, the occasion, and the guests. It was plenteous, excellent, and well served, with no attempt at display, but a cordial and affectionate hospitality pervaded all. The "feast of reason and flow of soul" were superior, as there was no flow of alcoholic stimulants: nothing but God's white wine—sparkling cold water—and clear consciences. Ah! what wisdom in Mohammed! The interdiction of wine alone is enough to guarantee, not only success, but a great and permanent blessing on his religion! And what makes Mohammed the greatest of reformers is that he insisted not so much on signs, rules, and ceremonies, for the outer man, as upon the control of the appetites and discipline of the inner man! How well he knew the human heart and its weaknesses!

* It is with great pain and Christian indignation that I record the fact that this gentleman and soldier of merit has since been shot dead in a duel: Cowardly relic of barbarous state!

and how well he understood the prayer of Jesus, "Lead us not into temptation."

The residence of the Sheik-ul-Islam is a large and silent Moorish palace, two stories high, with a great inner court surrounded with broad balconies hung with heavy curtains. At the entrance of the palace is an immense hall around which are broad wicker divans, to be used day or night by friends or strangers, poor or rich, who need rest, shelter, or sleep. There are no "tramps" in Islam—all are brethren, all are welcome, and all are provided for. It is the custom with Mussulmans to place a large jar of water and a cup near their doors for all passers-by who are a-thirst; and in large cities one often sees beautiful fountains built in the walls near the entrance of fine houses, for public use. (Excellent object lessons, these, for our bishops and princes of the Church and other rich Christians....) Hospitality, with the followers of the Prophet, is not only a cardinal virtue, but an incumbent and joyful duty, and not a relic of obsolete faith, as it is too often with the followers of Jesus—of Him who depended upon loving hospitality for bread and shelter; and as did, for the most part, His disciples whom He sent out to carry the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of Heaven in this world!

It is a grand patriarchal mansion, this residence of the Sheik-ul-Islam,—with children, grandchildren, nephews, cousins, and their children, as well as other near and far relatives, with many servants and their children—children everywhere! and all quiet, well-behaved, and good-natured. During our conversation, unbidden and unforbidden, they would occasionally wander into the room where we were, but, after a quiet look at us, withdrew very discreetly. Some were dark and some white, but all pretty, obedient, and respectful. The ladies of the household were, of course, not to be seen of men; but I was in-

SUPERIOR BEDOUIN SHEIK AND FAMILY—SEMITIC TYPE.

vited into the harem and made the acquaintance of the wife of the venerable patriarch—a matronly lady of about sixty years, of quiet, dignified manners, evident strength of character coupled with native wisdom, and evidently the respected centre of the domestic life. Here, as in other marriage receptions, I have remarked the great simplicity in the dress of the mother of the bridegroom, while the other ladies are richly attired—the bride eclipsing all.*

After the banquet and renewed *adieux* to the Sheik, when he and Père Hyacinthe embraced each other, he begged us to come often during our stay in Tunis, saying that henceforth he should always carry us in his heart; and then, with hands and eyes uplifted toward Heaven, he solemnly blessed God for having brought us to him. We went away carrying within our hearts a larger appreciation of Islam and a deeper love for all mankind. As we went down the steps, my husband said to me: "They may not acknowledge or see Christ as we do, but His spirit dwells here."

One of the most charming dinners given us was that of Bechir-Sfar, President of Charitable Works (Habous), and Director of the Central Hospital. And I fear not to say that nowhere in Christendom are the poor so well provided for as among the Mussulmans here and in other places—and this by one of the most wise and beneficent laws imposed upon man by their common consent. This it is: All persons possessing any property whatever, bequeath by will or testament the capital of their fortune to their family or to whom they like, for two generations—after which it goes into the charity fund. The result is that in Tunis, though they have many poor, there is a surplus of interest which is loaned—sometimes to the government for the maintenance of archeological monuments,

* See *Harem Life* for an account of my visits to this beautiful young bride, and the harem of the Sheik-ul-Islam.

and works of public utility. What prevents our Christian legislation from enacting some such law, that will take away our most burning shame: the neglect of the poor!

As to the hospitals, if we may judge by the principal one, they are excellent in their appointments and scrupulously clean, as I have seldom seen anywhere, and I have visited many and worked in some.

The home of Sidi Bechir-Sfar is, in outward appearance, a plain windowless machine-shop or prison; within a white marble palace, and the banquet—royal. The Arab *cuisine* is excellent and in many things superior, even to that of France, particularly in the sweet dishes, fifteen courses and the service perfect—by tall black men-servants in spotless white. Crystal, silver, and Sèvres china, with finest linen, embroidered in colored silk. The table is higher than ours, and the chairs accordingly—but no sideboard save the polished white marble floor where, along the marble wainscoted walls, all the service was ranged. We were twelve guests—I, alas, the only lady.

Before the dinner, our host took me from the beautiful drawing-room to the harem, where his young Turkish wife and sister-in-law were awaiting me. They were gowned in stately robes and adorned with magnificent jewels. His young wife was fairer than all her jewels—save her infant son. Then after the dinner I went again and held long conversation through her husband. She was a charming little Turkish lady of white and tender rose complexion, pearly teeth, and of exquisite natural grace! (If this is put into Arabic, she must not read it! And if I offend any Moslem husband for venturing to describe his lovely wife—he must pardon me, as true Believers are commended to do—especially all Christians imbued with good intentions.)

It is a duty to say that Tunis has a most delightful winter climate, and for those who have throat or chest

affection, I can certainly recommend it—from the remarkable personal benefits I experienced. With constant visits, dinners, and promenades in every conceivable way, and with the immense and most attractive *souks* or covered bazars, where everything is to be found, we had no time unoccupied.

The Regency offers florishing inducements for Europeans who wish to inaugurate modern life on landed estates; and is certainly not without intellectual resource. For sterling people desirous of emigrating, I—being Franco-American—could scarcely choose between Tunis, Algiers, or the West in the United States. For those who speak French only, I should say North Africa; for those who know English—America.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.

HERE are some letters which give an idea of the doctrine and spirit of the religion of Mohammed.

A Letter from the Author to the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, Massachusetts.

TUNIS, December, 1895.

DEAR, REVEREND FRIEND:

Remembering our conversation, in Paris and Boston, upon the Unity of Religions, (and what admirable juxtaposition that snowy white Christmas in your home in Roxbury, and our Galican church in the Rue d'Arras!) I must tell you that we—Père Hyacinthe and I—have spoken of you very often of late, and necessarily of Channing and the other leaders of religious thought of New England—in our study of this great Unitarian Church of Islam, in the midst of which we are moving. And I cannot forbear relating one of our experiences, which, I am sure, will interest you,—not only as a Unitarian and *Leader* in the great New England "Departure," but as a Human-itarian and *Follower* of Christ, who seeks some means whereby religious sects may cease their animosities and persecutions, to say nothing of these inhuman despotisms and monstrous massacres which still disgrace Christian lands throughout the world! Our prayer of an-

guish is that the Father of all Mercies may put it into the hearts and minds of Christian governments (if there be such upon the face of the earth!) and their ambassadors, to put an end to this direful work which is, at times, too horrible for the human mind to bear! And we are convinced there is but one really efficacious means of permanent peace between the millions of Christians and Mussulmans—many of whose provinces touch each other, and who are necessarily coming more and more into contact—and that is, for all believers to meet on the only and high platform of *The Unity of God.*

Unification is neither possible nor desirable. Reconciliation of various religious beliefs in the Brotherhood of Man is the only remedy for all this world's ills. There is no reason why the purest exponent of highest Christianity should not give his hand to the humblest, or wickedest believer in the same Heavenly Father and say to him: "You are my brother!"—nor to the lowest barbarian: "Stand up, you, too, are my brother! Let us live in peace! Let us follow good conduct, and help each other!"

Here, in Tunis, we are frequently the guests of the Sheik-ul-Islam, Ahmed-Bel-Khodja, who is not only the most distinguished Moslem in Tunis—both by his eminent position, which is highest after that of the Bey, and by his ancient family—but by his learning and piety. His authority on religious questions is great throughout Islam, even with the Kalif-Sultan himself. He possesses a remarkably cultivated mind, open to science and reform, having charity for all men; and, though he is a most devout Mussulman, or, I should say because of it,—he has consideration for the opinions of others, without prejudice or fanaticism. He is respected by all Christians who know him, and venerated by all Mussulmans. We had been invited to a reception and banquet upon the marriage of one of his sons; and we were expected early in the after-

noon, that we might have ample time for conversation before the other guests arrived. He sent his carriage to take us to his residence which is in the center of the old Arabic city. It was a fine, though very ancient vehicle, with pale, yellow satin lining, beveled plate glass, and drawn by two large white mules, like those of the Bey, with Arab coachman and footman in their picturesque costumes. We drove through the labyrinthine streets until we were met—as Oriental custom demands—by the eldest son of our host, who is also a sheik, and were soon conducted through courts and upstairs into a large, well-furnished room, and into the presence of the venerable Sheik-ul-Islam.

Of Arab race, about sixty-five years old, powerfully built, large head with full developed forehead, light intelligent eyes, and a face beaming with benevolence; it required but a glance to show us that we were in the presence of a good and great man. His reception was as unaffected as it was cordial. He was seated in a large arm-chair from which he did not rise, for he is an invalid; and was surrounded by his sons, nephews, secretaries, and interpreters; his French Doctor was also present,—all of whom revealed by their attitude the profound veneration in which he is held. He bade me to occupy the *fauteuil* of honor at his right hand, and Père Hyacinthe occupied a chair directly in front of him. The Scriptural "cup of cold water" was immediately given, in large crystal glasses. The Sheik, on this occasion, besides the usual interpreters, had two official ones, of whom one was a Christian: one for Père Hyacinthe, the other for me. His sons and nephews acted as scribes, all writing with reed pens, the paper held in the palm of the left hand. He spoke in Arabic and we in French, and all we said was immediately translated and transcribed in Arabic, not only for his personal perusal, but as he said, to be included in his archives. His

interrogations and replies were all given with deliberation, precision, and in a solemn, and prophetic style, with broad, befitting gestures. We had two hours of interesting and remarkably frank conversation, which was a combined course of Moslem and Christian theology, with something of human philosophy. In this remarkable man and all the surroundings of the house and city, we felt we were approaching the lands where dwell the prophets. The Arabic mind is little given to philosophy and less to metaphysics, but is superior in religion and transcendentalism.

The Moslem bears the most incisive criticism with perfect good grace, as we have seldom found Christians able to do, and thanks you to boot for giving it, which, also, we have seldom found Christians able to do. But woe to to them who seem to reflect upon the Great First cause: Allah, or upon His prophets; and Jesus and Mohammed are alike defended. With them, if not in our day, certainly in the time of the great Mohammedan Crusade, as with Jews in the time of Christ, blasphemy is considered worthy of death; and the Old Testament quite outdoes the Koran in its recommendations of slaughter....It was for this imputed sin of blasphemy that Jesus was crucified; and for this same sin of blasphemy one of my Protestant friends saw, a short time ago in Asia Minor, the Armenians killed who mocked the Mussulmans at prayer in a mosque.

Dr. John Henry Barrows who came to see us lately in Paris, told us how, not long ago in Turkey, where he was travelling, a Moslem was bastinadoed by the authorities in the public square, for having spoken slightingly of Jesus. Without the least excuse or shadow of palliation for these horrible massacres on the part of Mussulmans, nor for their provocation on the part of the Christians, we can say that it is evident that Moslems take religion more seriously than we do. We know how with the Jews

humanitarian sentiments, with the lapse of time, found their way to the hearts of the people; and we believe it will do so with the hearts of Mussulmans. Only let Christian people, individuals and powers, do their duty and begin by example!

After this perhaps not malapropos disgression we will return to our visit to the venerable Sheik-ul-Islam, and to our subject, which concerns you, somewhat, our Venerable Unitarian Sheik!

After the cup of cold water, tiny cups of coffee were served, when His Holiness turned to me, with a sympathetic countenance, exclaiming: "And you, Madame, you have in your great country, America, many wonderful things and very many blessings! Were you born in that happy country? or were you born in France? that other country which we all love, and I am quite sure you love them both."

I replied: "If I am above all French, I am first of all American. I was born a Puritan of the Anglo-Saxon race—of a New England family; and in espousing my husband, I have espoused, not only his cause, but his country."

"Ah then," he answered, "you are a child of freedom and an enemy of persecution, and you are right! The time of hatred and warfare is passed! You have, to-day, in the United States, a body of people who believe as we do respecting the Unity of God."

"You doubtless mean the followers of Channing?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but pray tell me something of these people. Do you know them personally? Are they True Believers?"

I begged to ask the great Sheik what he meant by True Believers.

After a moment's silence he replied with solemn em-

phasis: "It is this: True Believers are those who recognise and admit of One Only God whose exclusive worship was enjoined by Himself through Moses and again through Jesus, who is the Essence of His Soul. It is impossible to believe or to conceive of three Gods in One, which is a polytheistic monstrosity and leads to idolatrous worship, which is the greatest of all sins!"

I was able to reassure my interlocutor on this point, as to the belief of Unitarians in America.

Then he asked: "Are they followers of Jesus?"

To this I replied: "They are disciples of Channing, and are called Unitarians because they believe in the Unity of God, and some, whom I have known, are indeed followers of Jesus;" and here I mentioned the names of some personal friends, among which was that of Longfellow. At the name of the great poet the Sheik, scribes, and interpreters uttered exclamations of satisfaction, saying: "We have heard of him through our Arab papers, and we know he had a noble heart, a beautiful and true spirit, and that he was a believing soul."

With the permission of the venerable Sheik, other questions were asked by his attendants; one was this: "Was Channing considered a prophet?" My reply was in this wise: "They do not call him such, but I think in justice he might be called a Saint, more than some who receive canonisation; for he did more to destroy theological hatred in the region where he lived than any one man since the time when zealous Christians burnt people alive for not thinking as they did on religious questions."

"Oh," replied the good Sheik, with an accent of commiseration for us, "that was when you were still pagans, or barbarians—I forget which—which were you? I ask in all respect."

I replied without hesitation: "We were a little, or rather, a good deal, of both,—as are all men who kill

people to make them think as they do, or to make them better,—as many of the first Christian peoples still do with criminals; but nominally we were 'Orthodox Christians,' who conscientiously burnt what we called 'Heterodox Christians'!"

There was a smothered and involuntary groan among the Moslems—with a look of pity on their faces, and there was nothing further said on that subject, The interpreters and scribes, and all the rest of us, fell into silence for a few moments. Then I detected some hesitation on the part of the pens, and exchange of interrogatory looks on the part of the scribes. I understood it and said: "Write it down, write it all down, for it is true, and we need humiliation."

The venerable Sheik took my hand and pressed it in sympathy, and then that of my husband, raising his eyes to Heaven invoking "Allah—ever Merciful."

I will only add to my letter, dear Dr. Hale, that while Unitarians may be diminishing as *your* "church members," they are augmenting, not only in all other Churches and with every child born throughout the Mussulman world, but by hundreds of thousands converted every year from paganism, or savagery, throughout the primitive peoples, particularly in Africa. And I will say also that if you Unitarians of Boston are by belief Christians—so are these Moslems who hold as firmly as do you to the great fundamental doctrine of the Deity—and moreover, look for the coming again of the Messiah—our Christ who was announced by the ancient prophets.

I remain, Dear Venerable Brother, yours devotedly in their prophecy and in the following of Jesus.

EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Letter from Père Hyacinthe to the Sheik-ul-Islam.

TUNIS, 20. Djoumadi-Ettani 1313.
(December 6, 1895.)

DEAR AND VENERABLE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM:

The hours passed in your hospitable house will count among the best of my life. I shall remember, above all, the beautiful and most touching feast you gave for the marriage of your son, in which you invited Madame Loyson and myself to join, as if we were old friends.

It seemed as if we were assembled beneath the tent of the ancient patriarchs, Abraham and Jacob, whose faith and virtues you continue; and I salute in your person one of those priest-kings who are no longer to be found save in Islam.

You have won my heart, dear, venerable Sheik, and I leave it with you; I leave you something of my soul also: the heart is for the Friend— the soul is for the Believer.

You are Mussulman and I am Christian: yet, however, I feel that we are indeed of the same religion, for we both love and adore the same God!

And in Him I shall ever remain your faithful friend and brother.

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Letter from the Sheik-ul-Islam of Tunis.

[It is my duty to say that I am obliged to give what I know is a poor translation, though the ideas are correctly given, of this epistle, which is written in the beautiful rhythmic Arabic, with the most elevated sentiments, and in Scriptural style. E. H. L.]

TO MONSIEUR HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Praise be to God, than Whom there is no other God!

To the learned, eloquent, and sublime Preacher, whose reputation is universal, whose logic is perfect, who pro-

fesses monotheism, who distinguishes himself by rising high above all beliefs which are abasing to the soul or revolting to the ear; and which are, therefore, rejected by the reason as untrue.

And first of all accept my wishes for the continuation of your happines.

Your dear letter has reached me, and I receive it with great joy, coming as it did, from a friend of such eminence as yourself. Would to God that the hours we passed together had been years! I spent the night after our meeting in a state of grateful happiness at having made the acquaintance of the Preacher, the Savant, the Great European, who sought me out and came to see me; and between whom and myself there was born an immediate and reciprocal sympathy. Another cause of joy to us has been the acquaintance of Madame Loyson, for she is an eminent woman, of sound reasoning powers, monotheist, as we are, worshipping the One and Only God, as we ourselves do. And we are thus encompassed, as it were, by an ocean of scientific and Scriptural knowledge, which is the soul-life of the wise. An Arab adage says: "The acquaintance of men of wisdom is the possession of great treasure."

And furthermore, my friend, you have won my heart, and you carry it away with you and Madame Loyson; and I can hardly know whether it is to you or to my heart I am bidding farewell! It is indeed lamentable that you cannot remain longer in our midst!

I cannot refrain from quoting a page from a book which I am writing, and which I would have liked to complete and dedicate to you before your departure; but alas! in my poor health, it is impossible; and we must all incline before the Will of God. But I will, nevertheless, give you the substance of what I wished to write for you more fully. It is this:

"Mussulmans profess the true religion of Jesus, freed

from impurities, and therein consists the teaching of the Koran. It differs from Christianity upon three points only. As far as two of them are concerned, they are based upon the witness of the Koran, and of the other sacred books which preceded it; also upon decisive arguments of a rational nature.*

With regard to one of these two first differences, viz., that Jesus is the son of God, the reason shows the falsity of this, to say nothing of the fact that the allegation is an odious one, in support of which there is not the shade of a rational or traditional proof. In a word, how can the Ancient of Days—the pre-Existent, which is without beginning,—the Eternal, which can have no ending,—whose existence is a necessity, whose very nature implies existence,—with whom the chain of possibility begins and ends, the Superior Being, whose nature man's reason is incapable of comprehending,—whose intimate nature cannot be known through reasoning or informatory sources, —how can such a One occupy material place or space, among created beings upon earth, which might or might not exist, and is subject to the will of man,—which is contingent—which exists after not having existed! Ah! Yes, verily, He (Jesus) was a messenger of God! The nearest to God's favor, glorified, honored, exalted! but one of His servants withal. Jesus himself (May He and our Prophet be blessed and protected above all!), Jesus recognised that He was a servant of God, recognised God as His master, and commanded that He only should be adored, as the Koran directs in innumerable passages.

Thus the Mussulmans, in what concerns Jesus (may He ever be revered!) occupy an intermediary position. They say that He was the Chosen Servant of God, His Special Messenger to His other servants; illustrious, fa-

* Mohammed gives the Old Testament the first place among the ancient books, and holds the New Testament as sacred. E. H. L.

vored, and honored; and that our Prophet bore witness to His glory. They do not depreciate Him as did the Jews, whom God has punished for not recognising Him, nor do they exaggerate His worth as do Christians, who say that He is God!

The second point of difference between us is the prophetic mission of Mohammed. Traditional proof, rational and decisive proof, everything establishes his mission. It was of him that Jesus spoke when He announced the Paraclete, so that herein the Mussulmans obey the teaching of Jesus. Of him also Moses spoke, and there are clear proofs of this.

The third point is that the precious Koran declares that Jesus was not slain by the Jews, but some one whom God delivered up to them, a man in his likeness, whom they slew, *after he himself had consented to be slain.* Learned Mussulmans have written at length upon the identity of him who was thus slain in His stead, and you, my friend, will not wonder at this for He who created the world can well have created a man in the likeness of Jesus.

You have proof, therefore, that Mussulmans really exalt Jesus more than do Christians. In as much as, though he was not, and could not be, the *Son* of God, he was the *Soul* of God! and therefore it was not permitted, nor possible, for him to be slain of men!

I am sad at our parting, O my brother in the One Living God!

Written the 19th Djoumada Nauia, 1313, or the 7th December, 1895.—In the writer's own hand.

AHMED-BEN-EL-KHODJA.

MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Letter to Père Hyacinthe from Leading Mussulmans of Tunis.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

TUNIS, December 2, 1895.

DEAR AND REVEREND FATHER:

The undersigned Mussulmans, with a unanimous impulse of admiration for the ideas which you have developed in such a masterly way in your *conférence* of last Friday, desire to offer to you their respectful homage and gratitude.

The idea of a *rapprochement** between two great religions—an idea with which we are in full sympathy—has recently engaged the attention of many eminent thinkers, of whom Europe is justly proud; and who, rising above vulgar prejudices, look forward to a future of peace and blessedness for humanity. It required, however, the authority of your name, the prestige of your eloquence, and the profundity of your knowledge, to be able to affirm the practicability of this idea, and to indicate the means of its realisation. But above all it required your courage to attack existing prejudices against Islam.

We offer you, then, our thanks, Dear and Reverend Father, for having spoken of what you think is good in our religion, which is based, as you know, upon Justice and Tolerance. And if your generous spirit, yielding to the inspiration of a large philanthropy, has foreseen, in the interest of two great fractions of the human race, a Golden Age which would crown the work to which you are consecrated, your wise intuition as a Frenchman and a patriot, has also suggested to you what immense advantage France would derive from a Franco-Mussulman alliance; while we, the undersigned, convinced of the bene-

* Strictly speaking: "A coming together in friendly relations."

fits which would result to Mussulmans from a *rapprochement*—which there is really nothing to prevent—thank you from the depths of our hearts, for having placed at the service of this pregnant idea your warm and penetrating eloquence; and pray God to aid you in the attainment of the noble object which you pursue!

(Here follow the signatures of thirty of the most distinguished Moslems in Tunis: including members of the Theological Seminary of the Mosque, professors of science, literary men, governmental officers, etc.)

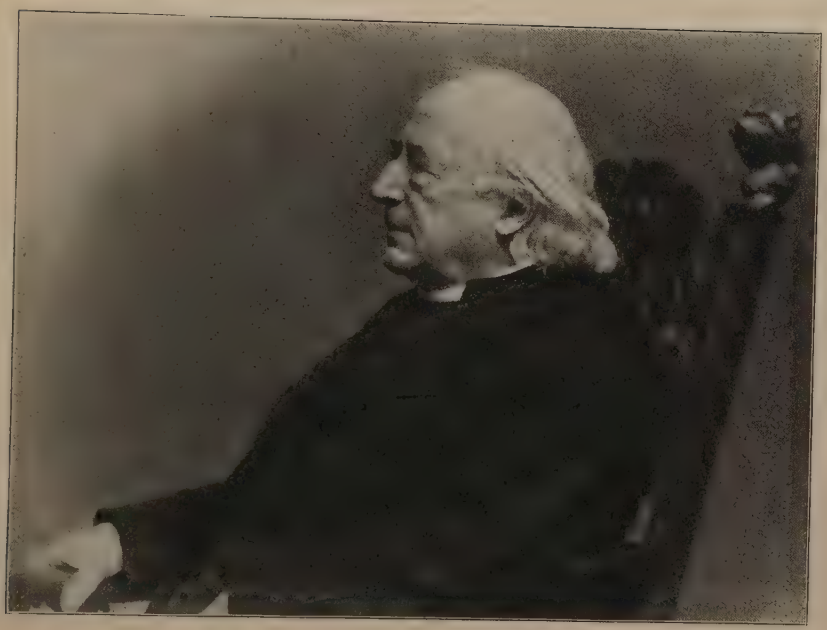
The Reply Sent to the Mussulmans of Tunis by Père Hyacinthe.

TUNIS, December 14, 1895.

GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS:

On the point of leaving you to continue my travel in the lands of Islam: Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and to accomplish my pilgrimage to the city of Jerusalem, which you call (as we do) the Holy City, I should be neglecting a duty in omitting to write and thank you for the noble letter which you have written me after my *conférence*, and for the many proofs of high and touching sympathy which you have shown me. Such proofs of sympathy have a double value: that of the consolation they bring to him who receives them, and, greater value still, that of the happy events of which such proofs of sympathy are the forerunners.

Men who speak as you do, my dear friends, will act still better than they speak. Such men will realise a still greater future in Tunis, it being an exceptional centre from whence the light will shine afar,—and that future, I, for my part, am justified in announcing to-day. Such a future, which the present already foreshadows, is: the union of two great races, capable of understanding each other, the Arab and the Frenchman; the reconcilia-



PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

tion of two great religions which should cease to be hostile while remaining distinct; the religion of the powerful human organiser—Mohammed, and the religion of the supreme Heavenly Initiator—Jesus Christ.

You are Mussulmans, I am Christian. Let us remain so, my dear friends, distinct, I repeat, but not divided. And, as in the days of ancient miracles, we will celebrate in different tongues the glories of the same God, the Only God, the Personal and Living God; while at the same time we will develop and extend, under various forms, the glories of one civilisation: *the Franco-Mussulman.*

A Dieu, et au revoir!

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

CHAPTER XII.

MALTA.

WE left Tunis with great reluctance—but the oft delayed departure had arrived at last, and as we sailed before Carthage in the opaline waves, out into the broad blue sea, we had but the one persistent consolation:—we were sailing Eastward!

One subject occupied our thoughts above all others as, twenty-four hours later, we skirted the shores of Malta; and it was not that great modern steamer in which we sailed, or anything therein, but that little barge, which, nearly two thousand years ago, brought into an inlet here, the Great Apostle of the Gentiles. And one desire possessed us: to stand upon the spot where St. Paul landed out of the great storm, after the long fast and shipwreck, as he went to Rome: to Rome—to be tried—and beheaded!

And what a change between this Christian land of formidable fortifications all terraced with cannon and filled with soldiers, and the land of Islam which we had just left! No white-draped Arabs, but Oh! so many black-robed priests! and English soldiers, with the picturesque Highland kilts cut into plaid pantaloons....(Ministers of war, defend us!)

The first day we visited the city, and the second we drove two hours over the stony island to the coast, where history marks the spot we sought. With the Sacred Story open in our hands we approached the place with deep emo-

tion. Everything became interesting: the conformation of the hills, the indenture of the shore, the rocks and earth where he had stood—The Grand Pilgrim Prisoner of the Gospel! And now we came to the lone house near the innermost bend of the inlet, where we hoped to find precious indications of the sacred place. Our feelings may perhaps be imagined—certainly we cannot express them—when we read painted in large English letters across the wayside inn, these words: *This is the last chance to get your grog.*

Alas! for the Greater Island!—Christian England! It were far easier for St. Paul to shake off the viper that stung his hand in this little cove at Malta, than for you to get rid of that viper which you carry into every port where your ships cast anchor, stinging the hearts of the people throughout the earth: the venomous adder of alcohol! Under the pretext of "free trade" you are the prime factor in sending the human race to hideous destruction through the unquenchable fire of lustful appetites! Sorry it is that you are not alone in this nefarious traffic: America, Holland, and other leading Christian nations—and also the smaller ones, alike ambitious, are with you. In the finest hotel in Malta we counted 21 advertisements of the universal poison: Old Irish and Scotch whiskies, gin, Jamaica rum, Russian *eau-de-vie,* American bitters, brandy, French cognac, etc., etc. I write this with sorrow and shame for I belong to three of these foremost races. But England is the greatest sinner, for she has the monopoly of transportation, and would have that of Christianity... With her right hand she gives to all the nations of the earth the Bible, the Law of Eternal Life, which some poor savages burn;—with her left and under hand she gives the deadly poisons of alcohol and opium, which burn and destroy the hearts and souls of many who are and who are not savages....and with her wide-spread army another

still more damning poison, called the "nameless"—for their ruin, destruction, death! In justice we must say, she is not the major culpable in the other poison, which stupefies conscience, strangles the affections, and kills faith: nicotine.

Build up your battlements, Great, Old England! send out your fleets to conquer, surprise, or deceive! Unfurl your flag around the world! What boots it all, with that adder at your heart?

Beware, lest you deceive yourself—oh, my people! There is a reckoning day in store for the nations!

The Maltese are a mixed race of Spanish, Portugese, Arabs, and Europeans, and the "crossing"—which has not been "selection" but imposition—has not produced happy or beautiful results. (Darwin would have wept had he ever visited Malta!) But it is alcohol, with the other vices just named, more than all else, which has destroyed the beauty of the people. Their religion: the Roman, arch-Roman, is certainly not that which Paul carried to Rome. The Noble Order of the Knights of Malta is become the Degenerate Order of Bigots!

It seems that the presence of the married monk and his wife had been noised about, and the advisability of our visiting the churches was discussed—not by us, but by others who feared the people. We were duly warned of the fanaticism of the priests, and the danger. Of course we visited the churches at once—not only to see if there was really any danger—but because therein was some of the most valuable history of the Knight Templars; and, as it was Sunday, we remained to service, occupying places in the midle of the fine old cathedral. We had no difficulty in perceiving, from the first, that our presence was remarked. Of all the clergy in the long procession that passed, not one failed to give us a look, and a long and a strong one, but not one of hostility; for it is not the priests

who are opposed to sacerdotal marriage, nor even the bishops; but the unrighteous, ecclesiastico-political power back of them, whose servile, sinning tools they are, alas! too often; and who are the sorrowfullest caste of men on the face of this beautiful earth!

When the service was ended, we noticed that inside the cathedral, near the door, about two hundred curious and anxious persons lingered to see the outcome. We went to the sacristy and asked for the custodian to show us the church, and explain its historical stones and pictures. Forthwith, the best guide was sent for, who showed us the whole edifice, with intelligence and great politeness. Still they lingered, many of those curious natives—and some followed us even to the door of our hotel—with irrepressible curiosity, but with perfect respect. Thus in the most bigoted countries as well as in France and other Latin countries, the clergy is with us. But, of course, they dare not yet speak out. Another century will see this unrighteous and unholy yoke taken from the neck of the entire Christian clergy—East and West! or the Churches will exist only in dead letter!

Our *maître d'hôtel* was a man of importance in the town, and waylaying us discreetly in the corridor as we went down to dinner that evening, told us that the whole town was excited, and that everybody thought that the best thing priests could do would be to marry! and that one of the vicars of the cathedral had told them that very afternoon, as we came out ofthe church, that the Apostles themselves were married! "Just think of it!" said he. And then to show that he was a man of Scriptural learning as well as of civic consequence—joining his hands in a very devotional manner—for he was a very pious Roman Catholic—he said very solemnly: "Who knows if St. Paul himself was not married when he came to these shores? Who knows?"

Just then Sir William and Lady Priestly—old friends from London—came in to greet us, offering felicitations for the great event of the day: "Catholic Reform, which not only walks openly in the streets of the most Roman city of the seas, but is received with sympathy in its church!" etc., etc., thus putting a stop to this Biblical exegesis of our head-waiter.

We attended the English church. The services and the sermon were good. The Rector paid us a visit and told us much of the priest-ridden people. To judge from the flocks of priests, we should say they numbered half the population. Commercial pursuits were limited, and there was little or no manufacture, so but one choice was offered to young men between the priesthood and coal-heaving: supplying the fleets which put in here for fuel. As fathers and mothers are anxious (all the world over) for the "advancement" of their sons, the Church here is always overstocked by native priests, while most of the coal-heaving is done by foreigners! which leaves a residue of not the most desirable residents.

We drove about the island rather more than we cared for, to pass the long three days which kept us from sailing farther eastward. One afternoon we held a memorable conversation with an English clergyman who told us he was "dying to get away from the place." From his sickly appearance and from what he told us in the following conversation, we felt conscience-clear in advising him to leave as soon as possible.

"How long have you been here?" we asked.

"Nearly twenty years, and it's quite enough," was the reply, "I am determined to return to England!"

"But you have had a fine opportunity," we ventured to say, "among these poor, ignorant people."

"Oh," he replied sharply, "I have nothing to do with

these people here—nothing whatever, and not much can be done with the English soldiers."

"But you must have made friends, especially among the native clergy."

"Not a single friend! As to the priests, I never tried to make their acquaintance!"

"But why not?" we asked somewhat in surprise.

"They're too dirty!" he answered sharply.

We were too stunned to reply for a moment, but only gazed into the face of this minister of the Gospel, and it was a fine one. He was, also, scrupulously dressed, and wore an irreproachable round white linen collar. . . . evidently a good "Churchman."

After a somewhat embarrassing silence, I could not refrain from saying, and, I think with some emphasis: "But this is just what Christ came for! to cleanse dirty people! that's just what Christian baptism means! you might at least have taught them the use of an English "tub"—as you have much water here, and then you have ample opportunities for the gentlemanly sport of swimming."

The minister of the Gospel looked over and beyond me, a good way out; as if he wanted to sight a sail at sea; and there was a problem unsolved in his eye—something of stoicism and despair, and he waited for us to say goodbye. But he did not wait long. And I was very sorry for him: almost more sorry for him than for those poor, ignorant, but well-meaning victims whom he despised.

Reflection: The Christian rum and whiskey-sellers of Malta, and other places we have visited in benighted countries, do a heavy missionary work, and O so many converts and proselytes! *They* are not afraid of dirty people!

* * *

On the third day, as we sailed out of this stupendous fort with an odor of gunpowder in the peaceful air—and

swarming black-robed priests everywhere—an ejaculation like this went up from my sick heart: "O, Spirit of St. Paul! if thou art indeed a messenger of the Saviour of men, pass again by this island—in going *to*—or *from*—Rome!"

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM MALTA TO ALEXANDRIA IN A HURRICANE.

THEN we took ship from Malta to Alexandria. And we were so eager to get eastward that we did not hesitate to take the first passable vessel that left the port, the "Agia Sofia" (St. Sophia). She had a good Scotch captain, and as there was more merchandise than mankind aboard, we had the choice of cabins, being the only first class passengers.

We were content until well out at sea, when a hurricane swept down from the Adriatic and took us a-broadside. Then we were miserable; in French—which is the vernacular of the party—it was *l'enfer*.... (and *enfer* means "hell"). Oh! how we longed to be third class, or steerage—anybody or anything amidships, for (as often happens in life) first in class, we were last in comforts—being in the stern of the ship!

I have crossed the Atlantic many times, sailed oft in the Mediterranean, and have been on the rocks of Newfoundland, beating for life in the surf—but never experienced such rolling, and tossing, and pitching as this! Indeed there was no method in it whatever! The "Great Eastern," in which I once sailed, took the palm for rolling, for she was so methodic and sure, that when she did roll—and she did whenever she got into the trough of the sea—you had time to steady yourself and even to collect your near-at-hand belongings—besides composing your

mind, feeling quite sure that though she went clean over, she would come up sure, steadily, and on time, on the other side—keeping her record conscientiously. But for celerity of action and prompt results, she would be left in the lurch of the other hemispere by our little ship weathering a hurricane in the confluence of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean!

My husband suffered more than I—and during the fiercest of the tempest required several stout stewards to keep him within the limits of his berth—refusing to be bound, as was suggested by the captain. "No," he cried seriously, "I will not be bound! If I die, I will die free!" And the kind captain, who managed to leave the helm to look down into our *enfer* for a moment, once in the day and twice in the night, begged us in loud hoarse accents to "hold on firm!" saying in a comforting way, "We've no surgeon aboard, and I wouldn't like to land you with all your bones in your body broke!" The Père, being a Frenchman and, therefore, always polite, answered back in quick, stentorian tones, "*Merci!*" while I, from my cabin just opposite, faintly echoed, "Mercy!"

So worn and exhausted was I after four, long, dreadful days and still more dreadful nights of knocking about from bunk to berth, seasickness, and danger, with every imaginable discomfort, that when, at last, Alexandria was sighted away down the horizon, my enthusiasm for travel —even for the Orient—was far below its normal point. Indeed it was decided between us before we left the ship, that we would go home by land—on foot even—taking ten years to do it, if necessary; so demoralising is seasickness, with a hurricane added!*

* Jan. 1903. We see by the newspapers—and therefore it must be true—that a distinguished diplomat, who often carries the trick of nations over wide tumultuous seas, and who always suffered greatly from seasickness, has discovered a sure remedy: In a recent voyage, when in despair, and, as he thought, perhaps, near death—he determined to take a last look of himself in a mirror. The cure was instantaneous, and he strongly recommend it....This is true and has a scientific reason in the brain.

Slowly we beat into port, and were at last behind the immense break-water. I was dragged on deck, and as I tried to walk I found my feet unresponsive to my will, and I asked with dismay if all my hard-gained strength had indeed failed me. I only longed to leave the ship and sea forever.

ALEXANDRIA!

But where was the magnificent city which once ruled the world with her commerce, her warfare, and her learning? There was nothing before us but a low shore-line, scarcely distinguishable in the dull grey twilight. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Two willing sailors carried me to the bow of the ship where I wished to be left alone, and then, as we do when earth has fallen away from our footing, and there is nothing else to do but to cry for help from Above—from whence alone comes succor—I lifted up my heart and stretched out my arms in the dark toward where I knew it lay, that mysterious land of Egypt!—toward that city where, in the dim centuries, had dwelt my great *patronne*—St. Catherine, who had her bones broken on the wheel that I might have strength to have mine broken in a ship, and my heart also, if need be, for the faith for which she died:—that magnificent city, where, still further back in the centuries, dwelt that other woman, otherwise great, Cleopatra;—where she wiled her Roman invaders, Pompey and Antony, to their destruction!

Alexandria! City of the great conqueror! who has left his name forever here—where meet the sea, the desert, and the Nile! And still back in the undiscovered centuries, there, in that low dark line of land, borne down by the heavy lowering sky into the tormented sea—there is the classic land of the Sphinx—the Eternal Enigma of Life or Death! There is the arch-holy country where Divine Unity was first revealed to man, and where ruled the

greatest dynasty of kings the earth has ever known; where dwelt a strange people which has, in the midst of such magnificence as the world has nowhere else produced, revealed the first unmistakable groping after the Monotheistic Idea, which Moses, long centuries after, proclaimed from Sinai: the True and Only God! There it lay, the land of the Pharaohs! EGYPT! The sojourning place of Israel, the birth-place of the great Expounder of Divine Law—and finally, the land of retreat and safety of the Little Child who was the Saviour of the World!

O Egypt! land of the lost!—land of darkness!—land of death! I love thee! for thou hast held hidden in thy bosom the Supreme Revelation and the Hope of the World!

As I still stood looking out over the turbid waves into the sombre present and the ominous future, I became aware of the yielding of the darkness in the eastern sky, and soon the broad disk of a deep yellow, Oriental moon apeared, rising rapidly and fuller, and then leaping into the dark Egyptian blue-black night! An ineffable thrill transpierced my whole being, and a new life leapt into my heart! Such was the infinite skill of the Good Physician who attends me through all my journeys and through all my life, that even before my feet touched the earth, all discomfort, sickness and danger were forgotten, and we were infinitely happy!

Now, in the distance a serpent of electric light leaped along the shore, showing that modern science was working here; and then, through its mingled flashes with moon and waning day, we descried the only landmark of the past—Pompey's Pillar. And when at last, in the supernatural twilight, we reached our mooring, and beheld the group of strange men awaiting us; and when colors began to appear, and we discerned the Egyptian fellahs, clothed in long white tunics, and then the well-known red-jackets, across whose breast we read "Cook & Sons," we were in

POMPEY'S PILLAR AND MOSLEM CEMETERY, ALEXANDRIA.

the nineteenth century again! And we were soon relieved of all worldly possessions and all earthly cares. We descended that plank with wings to our feet, and while it was yet evening we were settled in the comfortable Hôtel Abbat, kept by a courteous Frenchman—giving thanks for the delicious French dinner before us, and for everything else!

Months afterwards, on the Bosphorus, we met the good captain of the ship which had brought us safely to port in Alexandria. He seemed like a life-long friend, and assured us that in all his sailing that was the most terrible storm he had ever encountered. And as we sailed past the spent-looking "Agia Sofia," which lay at the mouth of the Golden Horn, we saluted her with respect, though she did not deserve it altogether.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

BEING anxious to get away from the sea air,—which is usually deleterious for the victim of *neurasthenia*, —we took the train the next afternoon for Cairo, leaving Alexandria, the ancient city and the modern people, for our return.

I am fond of railway travelling, and am always better pleased to start than to stop; but I think I was never more pleased to get into a train than into that one. The *point de départ* and the *point d'arrivée* were equally agreeable. If on sea we take first class, hoping to get the best of it—on the railway we often take the second, (except in America, where nothing is second class....) which offers, beside economy, the great advantage of seeing the people of the country. And what admirable company we had from Alexandria — mostly Mohammedans and a lovely family of Jewesses. These latter spoke French, English, and Italian, and were most polite and kind—adjusting our bundles and daintily peeling oranges for us, while the Arabs offered us water—the delicious water of the Nile which is sold at every station for a *sou*, (a cent or ha'-penny,) bottle and all. And we all drank out of the same bottle,—which gave me infinite delight—because of the fraternity....Then the Moslems are clean. They drink no wine or offensive liquors, they rarely eat meat; their teeth are good, their breath untainted, and their lives are

regular and sober. They are, therefore, pure-blooded, and several times a day, before prayers, it is a scrupulous and religious duty to wash their mouths thoroughly. The "cup of cold water" was offered to us with scriptural tradition as well as their instinctive spirit of hospitality,—for we were strangers in their strange land. But alas! we could not converse with them, as they spoke only Arabic—which we did not speak. However, with mysterious telegraphy, our necessity became known in the adjoining compartment, and soon a young Egyptian came in and very courteously offered, in good English, to translate for us. We gladly accepted the offer, for better than guide-books or historical works are the natives, who alone can give facts and information concerning all that pertains to their country, and to their life. We learned much from our fellow-travellers, concerning Egypt, past and present, in those few hours between Alexandria and Cairo. The subject of religion claimed a large portion of our inquiries,—and it was remarkable how all the Moslems listened and begged to be made acquainted with what we said. Our conversation soon assured them of our sympathy, which certainly astonished them, as sympathetic strangers visit them but rarely, and they expressed themselves very appreciatingly. We were informed that a certain French preacher was soon expected in Egypt, coming from Algiers and Tunis, who had spoken and written of the necessity of Christians and Moslems having a better understanding, etc. They asked if we had heard of him, and could give them any news of his coming?

We were hesitating, being somewhat embarrassed in our reply, when our interpreter sprang to his feet before Père Hyacinthe, and with a low salaam, carrying his right hand to his brow and then to his heart, exclaimed, "It is you!—I feel it is you!"

Then there followed many other salaams, and much

gracious speech on the part of a compact company, and of those who came flocking in from the adjoining compartments. Thus unexpectedly we were travelling in the Heart of Islam!

At every station we were handed fresh water and oranges, to refresh us on our way. Cigarettes, too, were offered us—and declined—while I, as usual, not only gave the reason that the fumes and odor of tobacco were unpleasant to me, but that nicotine was harmful for the body as well as for the soul. Then there was some quick, quiet communication among them, and rapidly, one after another, for all were smoking (happily in the soft, warm climate all the windows were open), the smoking ceased. —Our railway compartment became a Monotheistic and Ecumenical Council—for the whole world's true faith was represented there: by Jews, Christians, and Moslems. If larger councils could be called together in the same spirit, these dreadful wars and massacres would soon cease!

The question of religion interested them most of all. The Mussulmans put their inquiries with a simplicity, directness, and distinctness which would have dispelled any reticence and reserve, had we had any. The interest was so great, among the calm-natured Moslems, that long before we reached Cairo, our interpreter, filled with religious enthusiasm, declared he was ready to follow and help us in our mission, to the end of the world, and to the end of life,—without money and without price,—leaving father and mother, and home and country, in the service of "Allah" for the reconciliation of believers! It was not without pain that we declined his sincere and reiterated offer.

"You talk like the Gospel of Jesus," I said to him—to which he replied, "We do follow the Gospel of Jesus, for He and Mohammed are not enemies but friends, and both were sent of God to do His work. I read the Gospel as well as

the Koran—for they are sister-books—having the same moral and principles of God and Judgment." This young Mussulman was a workman in a factory and but twenty years old.

[Query: Do we find among us many such religious philosophers at that age, of any calling, who read the Bible and the Koran, and are willing at a moment's notice to leave all for God's service?]

But we must not forget Egypt for her people,—so with all our conversation we kept our eyes a great deal out of the window.

The low region of the Delta began to assume that charm of which we had heard so much, as the sun declines; and we perceived at the outset that the charm is not so much in the melancholy monotony of its landscape, as in its marvelous atmosphere and rare coloring, which simply intoxicate the senses, and through them awaken the spiritual sentiments.

That mellow, orange glow of twilight was growing deeper and merging into purple and rich bronze; when on the high, opposite bank of a long canal, whose sky-reflected surface seemed to separate us from the world beyond,—there appeared, clear-cut and shadowless, against the sky a marriage cortège of tall, slow-moving camels,—the first bearing an immense baldachin in which was hidden the bride, the others carrying her attendants, while the men surrounded them on foot. All was in high silhouette against the opaline firmament.

Very beautiful and happy was our first twilight in the land of Egypt! Human voices and words were out of place. We were under the mystic charm!—World!—be still!

Softer and softer fell the shadows,—deeper and deeper fell the silence as all eyes were turned outward towards the sky. I think the Moslems were praying—looking be-

yond the low Delta—beyond the desert—over the Red Sea to the wilderness of Arabia, to their Holy City. Our prayers were joined to theirs, and went out towards our Mecca—just a little higher on the terrestrial plain than theirs—whither we were bound—O, Jerusalem!

This silence was broken but once, as we neared our destination, when a white-turbaned head turned toward us and a long dark, bare arm from beneath the snowy bournous was stretched out through the open window with a wave which signified distance, and we heard in an impressive undertone all through our company the magic word, "Pyramids." Then the silence became deeper, and the reverie more profound.

The twilight had faded into the night—and the night had burst into Glory!

CHAPTER XV.

THE PYRAMIDS.

A FULL night's sleep in our comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre, brought us a sweet waking;—and when we perceived the first filtering of dawn through the closed window, we opened wide the shutters,—and there they stood!

Over the great plain of the city—over the forest of minarets—five miles away—beyond the long line of palm trees, where sweeps the Nile,—in the saffron-rose dawn—awaiting the sun,—awaiting us,—awaiting the coming ages,—awaiting Eternity:—the Pyramids!

Quietly I stole to the house-top—and was alone with the morning....

There are times when gratitude merges into worship, enveloping our whole being; when the soul is for a time—for an instant—poised in the intermediate realm between the human and the divine;—and when, with spiritual perception, is revealed an intimation of the celestial life with such exquisite *pression*, that the joy is unbearable;—and we are almost entered into the unutterable felicity of glorious death! Were this beatific state prolonged, but one instant more, we should cease to live! The finite heart is overwhelmed by the infinite!

Ever after thus being permitted such a tangible, though transitory experience of the supreme rest and the ultimate joy of the beatific state,—the plane of human life

is lifted higher, its asperities are toned down, its difficulties are lessened,—its physical ailments and atmospheric impressions, modified,—the material body becomes diaphanic by the rarified spiritual air we breathe;—and we walk thereafter stronger—and perhaps, healed;—for that was the sign which the Great Physician left us. And though our spiritual wings may sometimes fail in the thick, heavy air of earth,—and our feet flag in the long march,—they will thenceforward never flag and fail as they did before —and we can never suffer as we have suffered....

From metaphysics and psychological perceptions we must come down to solid earth. When the thoughtful director of the hôtel sent to ask what we would like for our breakfast, the soft-stepping, white-robed Arab *valet-de-chambre* who brought the message, seemed like an angel;—and the full long, delicious day of rest and perfect contentment of existence was that of Paradise. Fatigue, discomfort, care, anxiety, and illness were all forgotten. Our gratitude was their only souvenir.

We went to the Pyramids the next day. The crossing of the Nile—the flying through that long avenue of trees, with those wing-footed Arab horses—the soft yet invigorating air—everything—everything prepared us for the glorious day before us.

Now we stood at the foot of the greatest work which the hand of man has produced on the earth.

After a kindly salutation, we made the scores of Arab guides who surrounded us understand that we wanted to be alone. I needed the great silence of the desert for this sublime cult, and I withdrew to that side of the great Pyramid which looks to the sun. With my knees in the sand and my head upon this cyclopean altar, which now, in the high light of the noon-day, had become gigantic blocks of unpolished gold, and was lifted up like a mountain into the sky,—with expanded soul, I gave thanks to

PÈRE HYACINTHE AND MADAME LOYSON AT THE SPHINX AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Him who was doubtless to the mass of its builders, the "UNKNOWN GOD."

One life-long, haunting desire was satisfied. Yet, with it all, there still remained the other, the greater longing. But I was now so near, that haste was no more necessary. I could afford to wait. And as I prayed here, a great love for the people of Egypt entered into my heart, and a broader and deeper love for humanity—in the past, in the present, and in the future. Then I kissed the rough stones, disintegrated by the ages, and went and stood afar off to better see and appreciate the colossal wonder.

Of all the works of man on the earth, this is the fittest emblem of eternity. St. Sophia in the East, St. Paul's and St. Peter's in the West, will crumble into dust and be washed down into the sea; yet this High Altar will stand! And, mayhap, some day a mighty Cross will be planted on its summit—and bear in its arms the Crescent and the Star:—three fitting emblems of the One True Religion—uniting earth to Heaven and man to God.

The long, worshipful day was ended, and as we stood in contemplation within the great shadow, which now began to lengthen over the landscape, we seemed to hear from the far-stretching plain—there to the North where *La Grande Armée* was encamped—the roar of Bonaparte's cannon—awaking with the same blast, ancient Egypt to Science, and modern Egypt to Progress. Alas, that mighty genius did not understand his great opportunity—nor himself, nor comprehend his task. He advanced nothing for his dynasty, nor for France; but he shook Europe, and aroused the world! Very certain it is that the awakening of modern Islam is due to Napoleon, and all Moslems render him homage.

This grand day was closing. And these gigantic mysteries of Love, and Pyramids and Sphinx only deepened my longing for the further Eastward; and as we went

down into the shadow which enveloped the earth I sang again the sublime anthem:—*Jerusalem!*

Now there still remains the human side of earthly things and sublunary circumstances. And there is no process of human events which so reduces the self-complacency and pride of our century, as a visit to the Pyramids, Temples, and Tombs of Egypt. And as we wended our way back to Cairo in the mellow air of the closing day, through that long avenue of whispering trees, we felt in our humiliation—I had almost said humility—a kinship with the meek animal which bore us, rather than those giants who had builded these everlasting wonders!

A-propos of donkeys, I must tell you that in the Orient, and particularly in Egypt and in Palestine, they are treated not only with kindness and tenderness, but are regarded as almost sacred. They are members of the family, sharing the same food and drink, as if the people remembered that it was this humble creature which bore hither from the cruel massacre of Herod the little Child-Saviour. And with what pride they decorate these little animals; hanging necklaces and embroideries about their necks, and clipping them in lace-work designs. And how strange is the well-defined natural cross they bear upon their shoulders! Is it not a phenomenal symbol of divine love, linking together man and his inferior brethren—all God's creatures —in mutual help, labor, and sympathy?

Thus we meditated on the upper and nether spheres, with their overlapping circumstances and interwoven events, as we returned to the great city already enveloped in her purple-gold mantle of the night;—through the rich gloaming of the solemn Egyptian twilight, along the shore of the Nile, which glinted between the soft feathery palm trees,—just there where the other sacred babe was hidden away from those who sought to kill him:— One, the great Law-giving Child—the other the sweet Life-giving Babe

....There bend the same bulrushes on the edge of the river—and see!—there comes the daughter of Pharaoh! How clean cut her silhouette against the dark, glistening river,—and how graceful, as she bends down among the rushes:—this daughter of the Egyptian of to-day—and of 4000 years ago!

CHAPTER XVI.

CAIRO.

A CORDIAL welcome awaited us in Cairo, from Christians and Moslems. For a fortnight we were the guests of Chefik Bey, Secretary of the Khedive, and were the recipients of a most charming hospitality. His residence is palatial, with all the comforts and conveniences of European life, yet is under the Moslem régime.

A suite of rooms were at our disposal, with French-speaking Arab servants. Our Egyptian host is a refined and educated gentleman, having studied in Paris and travelled extensively. He usually accompanied the Khedive on his European excursions. He is married to a beautiful and educated Turkish wife, and has a fine little son. To say more than this would be indiscreet, save that the harem, or wife's apartments, are luxurious, with heavy carved furniture in gilt, hangings of delicate pink and blue satin, and lace. The windows and galleries belonging to the harem are all closely latticed, as in all Moslem houses. It should be borne in mind that this seclusion of Mohammedan ladies is not imposed by their religion, or by their husbands, but by ancient custom; and they demand what to them is a sacred privilege—of living, and taking the air on their terraces or verandas, without the annoyance of being gazed at by curious neighbors or passing strangers;—and also, of walking or riding with their faces covered, without being obliged to suffer the vulgar stare or prying curiosity of the public. Their

pride is in privacy and seclusion—the vanity of our women demands show and publicity. As to liberty, the Moslem wife in superior families, is not only free in her own domain, but she is a reigning queen, and by no means the abject slave we have been led to think. The husband religiously respects her privacy—and when lady visitors are announced he always withdraws, never presuming to intrude upon their presence, nor upon his wife's prerogative of receiving what ladies she likes.

We enjoyed every possible attention in this intelligent and cultured Moslem family—receiving many visits, both Moslem and Christian. Every day His Excellency received, at his table, men of learning, distinction, and piety: Arabs, Turks, and Europeans,—which afforded us the rare opportunity of studying Mussulmans in their own *milieu*. I was, unfortunately, the only lady present.

Here we made the acquaintance of the Sheik Ali-Youssef, the distinguished editor of the leading Arabic newspaper in Egypt, *El-Moayad*, one of the most notable leaders of the National party, a progressive mind, and promotor of all salutary reforms.

We had expected much from Cairo, but the first view and impression of this strange and unique city were overpowering. It was permanent phantasmagoria;—very human but withal something super-human. The mind could not seize or comprehend it; and it was only when we mounted the citadel, and rose high above its mixed and mottled humanity, and looked out over the marvelous metropois, a forest of minarets and domes,—over the majestic Nile,—beyond the deserted city of the Tombs of the Khalifs, away to the distant Delta, with its deep, dark verdure, —out to the yellow desert belt—to the Arabian hills on the east, and the Lybian mountains on the west, (which bind within this narrow strip of loam-land the richest granary in the world,) and which encompasses the Pyramids and

the horizon,—that we began to comprehend the majestic past and the marvelous present of Egypt.

Going about for the first two or three days among this heterogeneous mass of men—the mind is depressed and sometimes saddened. So many fellahs, barefooted and in tatters, so many women, all clad in black with long veils trailing in the dust, as if in mourning,—and they, too, barefooted; carrying their chidren on hip or shoulder, and, besides, often carrying a great jar on the head, and with only an attempt at covering their faces from below the eyes with a shred of thick black veil, fastened with a gilt perpendicular cylinder on the forehead. At first I could bear this only for two or three hours at a time, when I was obliged to seek my quiet room and shut my eyes and rest my brain, while meditating on this mysterious conglomerate world. But as the days, and my observation wore on, my impressions changed. I remarked with what alertness all these people moved about. There was evidently something to do, and they were doing it. The Egyptians were never a cheerful people, and how could they be to-day with the ponderous past, the solemn present, and the portentous future! But in observing more closely, I perceived, especially among the fellahs, that there was a placid expression upon their faces which showed, if not content, something better:—faith. As I went deeper into their lives I found among them a relative happiness, certainly greater than with our European lower classes.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But these unlettered people are not by any means untaught, and in what is most important in life:—humility, obedience to God and their rulers, (even if they do not like them—and therein lies a great virtue,) resignation, and adoration.* Here is certainly a grand basis for happiness. Life

*It must be borne in mind that to-day the Egyptians have three earthly rulers: English military Occupation, His Highness the Khedive—the most

with them is certainly reduced to its preliminary principles, moral, social, and religious:—to be born, to breathe warm, congenial air all the days of their lives, and to have just enough to eat to sustain them,—whether herbs, grain, or fruit,—with the free nutritious water of the Nile to drink and wherein to bathe—and above all perfect liberty to worship God!—What else could they ask?

[Grand object-lesson for us of the higher civilization —eternally discontented.]

The fellah is not often hungry, though he is often in need of food; but when he feels the gnawing, and has nothing to eat, he goes to the Nile and drinks;—and if he is *very* hungry, he drinks a good deal, and takes a bath! and then goes on with his work—refreshed, sustained, content, remembering the Arab proverb: "He who has tasted a crust of bread has tasted all the stars and all the heavens."

loved,—and the Sultan of Turkey, who, being Khalif, is supremest, as he is the Religious Sovereign;—and above all ALLAH.

CHAPTER XVII.

UP THE NILE—KARNAK.

NOT even Cairo nor the Pyramids could satisfy us,—for our goal in this land was in Upper Egypt:—the tombs of the great kings whose gigantic genius and superhuman power builded these stupendous monuments. So, after a month, we started on this long, longed-for voyage "Up the Nile."

And how comfortably we were settled in our two nice little cabins, filled with the morning sun,—on one of Cook's excellent mail-steamers, moored just below Kasr-el-Nil, the great iron draw-bridge across the Nile.

Thoroughly as we dislike the sea, we enjoy travel on rivers, where there is no possibility of sea-sickness, little probability of shipwreck, storm, or drowning; and where there are so many opportunities of going ashore, and every moment something new to be seen and enjoyed on either bank.

During the first day of our voyage all were occupied with the Pyramids which stand along the western shore of the Nile;—sublime sentinels, keeping count of the passing generations, dynasties, and centuries.

On our second day, to the astonishment of all in this delectable climate, a dark cloud of rain, sleet, and hail fell upon us in such quantities and force that we could not remain on deck. We gathered a dozen plates full of large hail-stones, to the surprise of the natives—and to the dis-

gust of those chilly travellers who had fled three or four thousand miles to escape such manifestations of nature. But this cold wave soon passed over, and Egypt speedily regained her rainless reputation, and we were henceforth in unrelenting sunshine, drinking in elixir of health and delight, without stint or variation.

After passing the Pyramids and numberless sand- and rock-hidden tombs, we came to Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt, built over 4000 years B. C., whose splendor has rarely been equaled—and where reigned the great Ptah. Here Joseph lived and Moses was born. It was besieged in turn by the Assyrians, Ethiopians, and Persians—whose great invader Cambyses slew her priests and smote the sacred bull, Apis, unto death. And here lies the colossal statue of Rameses II, half buried in the sand. All efforts to raise or transport it have thus far been unsuccessful. Here travellers visit the house of Marietta Bey, the distinguished French explorer who unearthed these treasures, and the tomb of the sacred bull; then to Ben-Hassan, with its mummies and rock-tombs; and Assiout, with its tomb of the sacred wolf, and that of a great king of the thirteenth dynasty. Here also we found a most prosperous American Protestant mission school.* From these points are uncovered some of the finest views of the valley of the Nile. Then to Abydos, with its beautiful ruins: to Dendereh with its prodigious temple covered with gigantic figures in intaglio, and its myriads of bees up in its marvelous frieze—which fill the warm air with their winged music.

* An interesting and amusing incident occurred here: As the plank was thrown out the first person who pushed aboard was a *petit monsieur* of ten years, dressed in the adult elegance of a Parisian tailor—who addressed Père Hyacinthe with "*Je suis Français!*" The little man had however somewhat forgotten his lesson as he meant to say "I speak French"—but made it quite clear that he was a Coptic gentleman who asked us kindly for some French books for his library—which he received.

Our visit to this latter place was made memorable by the first attempt of Père Hyacinthe to ride a donkey. He acquitted himself well, although he came in last, having walked, by preference, most of the way....He is one of those who go slowly but surely, and never commits himself to the caprice of—another party....

Here we met a strange tribe of people—not fellahs, or subject to the Egyptian or any other human power;—an encampment of peaceful nomads who come here in the winter from the Lybian desert, seeking the Nile and a glimpse of civilization—like our own fashionable society—"doing the season." The men are fine, well-built, almost black—though not negroes—and unmixed, with only an attempt at a covering. The women, scarcely more clothed, keeping well in the background, are veiled—only by distance. The children, however, from those carried in the arms of their elders, to boys of twelve and thirteen, (the marriageable age,) were perfectly nude. The girls wore a shred of stuff around their loins and were exquisitely formed and most graceful in movement, and also pertinacious in their winning way of asking for backsheesh. Here was an excellent occasion for a lesson in moral economy; and as I feel it a duty to teach as we go, I explained to these children through our dragoman, that we could not conscientiously give backsheesh to boys over ten years old who were so lacking in respect as to present themselves to foreigners in a state of nudity. They heard this with blank astonishment as they had no conception of such a reason. When we returned all the older boys had whisps of herbs about their chests—just under their arms, and on their heads! We carried our lesson of morals in fashions no farther with these children of the desert, lest we should inculcate immoral ideas, as doctors of theology sometimes do in the confessional box. "To the pure all things are pure."—They were certainly an idyllic group of children,

TEMPLE AT ABYDOS.

made of living bronze, and to complete the classical picture, the older lads played on the Pan-pipes,—one of which I purchased, the finest of the lot, for five cents. So ended our donkey ride to Dendereh.

During the voyage up the Nile we sailed only by daylight. At eventide a convenient landing, or rather a mooring place, was found near one bank or the other, and we slept quietly and sweetly through the balmy, noiseless night. The machinery was still, and only from time to time some far-off village muezzin's voice called to prayer.

Luxor.

Here we felt almost at home, so familiar are its ruins by description and photography. We arrived at sunset, and as the plank was thrown out for the passengers to land, a fine looking fellah among the multitude held up a letter and spoke our name. Friends had provided for us, and Achmed, the excellent dragoman, very soon had us settled in the paragon of an hotel, in the midst of a forest of palm trees. The dinner was incongruous though the *cuisine* and service were irreproachable: they were French... Most of the people at the table spoke my mother tongue—and—the conversation was not interesting. Neither Egypt nor Egyptians, nor the Nile, nor even mummies, were mentioned;—the subjects were hunting-boxes, and meets, hounds, golf, etc. We did not wait for dessert. We preferred walking in the garden where the Nile breeze, and the palm trees, and the stars seemed to speak to us of the days and nights of long ago when there were no tourists in this blessed country.

Suddenly we were startled by a dark figure appearing before us in the shadow. It was Achmed, who said in his soft broken English, "They be all ready me-lady. Shall I say Madame or me-lady?" he asked. I replied "As I am a French subject, you can say Madame." This was

immediately communicated in an undertone to the other men. These fellahs have nice perceptions....

"How many are you?" I asked.

"Four, Me-Madame," he replied," and with two donkey-boys and myself, that makes seven, and as it is almost ten o'clock we will start as soon as Madame likes."

It was a midnight visit to Karnak,—to see the moon rise amid the great ruins.—I went without my husband who did not feel quite equal to the night excursion. I enjoined upon Achmed to keep aloof from all other sightseers. I was borne in a *chaise-à-porteurs*— an arm-chair fastened to two long poles—carried on the shoulders of four stalwart fellahs, who were constantly relieved by the two reserves. I insisted, however, on a frequent full stop, for rest. Being carried or drawn by horses, or any other animal, has been the bane of my life,—but by men!—well, it has one advantage—you can express your feelings without the lash of a driver—and they can express theirs, though you do not understand the language....

It was my first experience of this mode of travel, and it was not without considerable emotion that I found myself perched and swung high over these dark figures of unknown men, as I launched out into the Egyptian night, across the desolate wold which lies between Luxor and Karnak,—about four miles distant. The night was warm, and the air, in which there was no dampness, was most calming to the senses and the spirit. But such darkness—unlike anything I had ever seen or felt. The sky was deep indigo-blue—almost black,—and only now and then a star came out to reassure me—withdrawing immediately. It was in fact, Egyptian darkness—visible and palpable.

In the west—over the scarcely discernible Nile—which revealed itself at times in the dark night by a faint glint on its black surface—a mile away,—there was a vague

horizon of the Lybian hills, jet-black against dead-black, beneath which sleep the great kings (who were waiting our visit on the morrow,)—and just enough light in the darkness to show that we were in the midst of a vast, high plain—without an object upon it—neither house, nor tent, nor tree.

I had stipulated with the men for no smoking or conversation—wishing to have the full and perfect enjoyment of the solemn night, with its great silence and its uncontaminated air. Silence was incumbent in the dead world and the dead night; and the loamy earth gave forth no sound to the step of the barefooted carriers.—I had sometimes dreamt of flying in the lighter space,—I was now in reality floating in darkness. I was being borne over the great city of Thebes, the ancient Metropolis of the world, and all the sleeping centuries conspired in keeping the awful silence,—for they had buried up its history. My soul was gradually seized with something akin to that emotion which will, perhaps, come upon us in the dark hour of death,—when we feel the soft, sombre curtain closing in about us, and we see no longer the bending faces of those we love—nor earth, nor stars, nor any creature.—The awe of Eternity encompassed me.

After nearly two hours,—it seemed to me a rapt century,—there rose through the weird darkness and supernatural silence—the mournful moon.

The detail of that awful and unearthly night, I cannot recall. Indeed there was no detail; I had entered into the Infinite, where human expressions are lost. Earthly life was only suggested by the solemn touches of a waning moon.

Then I walked alone among the gigantic columns. A fascinating terror lurked in their dark shadows beneath the half-fallen, massive blocks of stone which hung in mid-air far above and seemed to reel and swing ready to

fall and crush me—an atom, into the other dust:—into the glorious rest of that sentient soil,—into the Eternal surcease of sin and sorrow,—yet not dead—but keeping apace with the evolving centuries: the finite Self merged into the Infinite Ego.—And had these stones fallen I think my emotion would have been the same:—my whole being was paralysed unto—into death:—calm and ready for the great transformation;—and whether flesh or dust—live dust or dead dust—it mattered not;—for, after the overpowering impression of the unity of all gods in the One and Only, there is scarcely less the profound impression of ultimate resurrection.

The old desponding moon had disappeared over the dark river and beyond the darker hills.—Up above me through a rift of the ruined world there shone—high in the Zenith—a star.

Then they carried me back—those dark men of Nubia, Libya, and Abyssinia;—keeping the religious silence.—As we passed down the avenue of the Sphinxes and out upon the great plain again, I asked Achmed to let the men rest, but he replied: "Oh no, not yet, they are not in the least tired, for they are all so happy because Madame is so happy,—and they know you are glad to come to us,—away up here among our old ruins. But if Madame would allow them to sing a little, I am sure they would be still gladder, for that rests us so much when we are carrying something, or working hard,—for Madame may not know—we pray when we sing."

"Oh, yes, now let them sing," I replied, "sing all they like—only let it be low—and tell me what is the meaning of their songs."

He replied, "It is only a little prayer, asking Allah to bless us as we carry you in the dark night over the ancient city of Thebes."

And to the rhythmic movement of their steps they be-

gan a low refrain, so soft and sweet, and yet so human, in its supplicating tones, that shortly I caught it up, and soon we all sang together; and all the way back,—through the sublime darkness of that glorious Egyptian night. I was sorry when we began to descry faintly the habitations of the forlorn city. I could have remained another century, swinging and singing, soft and low, on the shoulders of those dusky men—who seemed nearer than brethren:—they had become my children. And there will ever remain with me, when nights are dark—and the old moon melancholy—something akin to the solemn rapture of my soul in that weird journey across the black and silent plain which covers Thebes—from Luxor to Karnak.

Soon thereafter, on a bright morning, we were on the quiet little steamer pushing up the still-flowing river.

O, the joy of going onward and upward!—of being borne—and not carried!—And Oh! the joy of being born into this beautiful world!

As we sailed, or rather glided, up the radiant river, through the effulgent light of that Oriental morning, we felt in our soul a thrilling joy akin to that which the Creator of the world must have felt when He looked forth upon that First Morning in the Early Beginning—and pronounced it "good."—Only we were worshipful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UPPER EGYPT—ASSOUAN.

ANY description of mine of life on the Nile would be feeble and futile,—for those who never travel know all about it; but this much I must say: I have travelled in many lands, and have breathed the balmy winters in the south of France, Algeria, Tunis, in Italy, Florida, and California,—but nothing approaches this marvelous climate of Egypt! The beatitude of breathing is only here.

Above all else, however, we are interested in the people; —this strange race who carry the history of the past in their lithe forms, graceful movements, and deep dark eyes,—but most of all in their resisting force and native intelligence. Brains keep to the front. There is ignorance, but no degeneracy. At every landing they swarmed upon us, these poor fellahs—some timidly, others courageously, and many asking for backsheesh. They often encumber the pier and the plank, hindering business affairs, yet they were never treated with harshness by the upper native class. Occasionally, however, an onslaught was made upon them by some one belonging to the boat, then they scattered in an instant, but returned again, unchanged in humor and demeanor.

There is an intermediate class who bring their wares and products to sell. Mixed with the Mussulmans, who are the large majority, there are almost always a number of Copts. In the larger towns there is a considerable

and very respectable community of these native Christians, but as they are of the same race and customs, save in their religion, they are not outwardly distinguishable to strangers.

The principal commodities they bring for sale are long sugar canes of 12, 15, and 20 feet in length, and bread which resembles a thick, soft pancake, made of coarse ground wheat, slightly sifted—which makes it very nutritive, healthy, and really excellent to the taste.

These gaunt, frugally-fed fellahs work all day long in the broiling sun, where a full-fed, muscular European workman would die before noon. They receive for a day's work but a few farthings, and I think the average workman lives on about two sous a day, women on less, and the children, after they are weaned, live on air and water and sunshine, with a few herbs and a little bread added thereto. The health of the natives is generally good, but all over Africa and the East, many are afflicted with ophthalmia, owing to the dust and want of care of the eyes. I have seen poor Mussulmans who make scrupulous ablutions and wash their mouths with vigor several times a day, but who, if they are inclined to this terrible malady, are afraid to wash their eyes thoroughly. They have the fatal prejudice that when the terrible disease shows itself, the eyes must not be touched. But blindness is not considered such a disaster with them as with us; as they deem affliction rather a blessing and bear it with a cheerful resignation. Insanity denotes sanctity; and both blind and insane are treated with special care and affection. But it is surprising that there is no more efficacious means employed by the government to prevent and treat ophthalmic contagion. There is, however, a free English hospital at Luxor, recently built mainly by Cook and Sons, the celebrated tourists' agents,—a worthy thank-offering for their great wealth acquired on the Nile.

The landing of the boat is very exciting and the bartering with the natives for their simple wares is an important affair. And here I must, in conscience, record what is not to the honor, and sometimes not to the probity of travellers:—the way they "beat down" the poor fellahs for their trifle-wares,—over which they have spent weeks, and perhaps months,—and which are so beautiful to them, and so poor and worthless to us,—save as a souvenir of the Nile. The haggling to get them as low as possible is simply shameful. Then after the boat is pushed off, there is inevitably a comparison among the travellers of their purchases and their prices, with high exultation on the part of those who get the most for the least,—what they call a "bargain." And during this voyage I saw good and devout Christians, and rich withal, among the most determined hagglers and the most self-complacent boasters.—Poor fellahs! Mean Christians! There was an Anglo-Saxon gentleman, occupying a post in the government of Egypt, who upon my remonstrance for such cupidity among the rich travelling public, said, "Ah, madame, you don't know these fellahs as I do—there is only one way to treat them, *beat them down! and keep them down!*" I do not think it best to give my rejoinder, only I must say, in duty to him, that for the rest of the voyage he showed a more humane spirit. Though John Bull is a pugilistic fellow, he has heart in his stout breast, and appreciates "a straight hit from the shoulder."

Then there were some very doubtful ways of amusement among a certain class of voyagers,—and they were neither *Anglo*-Saxons nor French,—who immensely enjoyed throwing down buckets of water, orange peel, and nutshells upon upturned faces of the crowds of little children and blind beggars,—crying out in reply to their appeals: "*Das ist backsheesh!*" And language which was meant to be witty, but which cannot be repeated,—was used

frequently toward young girls and women. Respect for womankind is not a cardinal virtue with all men who carry sabre-cuts across their university cheeks and noses, no more than they are proofs of moral prowess.

The Nile boats are usually officered by British subjects and manned by natives,—and upon inquiry, I found that the Egyptians were the only good navigators on the river, and the only ones to be trusted—within a mile of a rum shop or bar! One captain told me that he had been obliged to change his English stokers four times in a short period, as they invariably got drunk upon every occasion;—whereas he declared the natives never drink and are always at their post. "When the boat is in their hands," he said, "I could sleep from Cairo to Assouan, if I liked, in perfect confidence, sure that nothing would happen to the boat, to the passengers, or to the cargo, during the whole trip."

And these humble boatmen are not ashamed of their religion, nor their poverty, nor of their sobriety. Very often looking down from our deck, we saw them turn to the east and prostrate themselves in prayer on their cleanly scrubbed planks, upon which they usually spread a bit of carpet, old but scrupulously clean,—carrying their religion and their church with them, and paying no attention to the coarse ribaldry which sometimes fell to their lot from the "higher civilization" on the first class deck. Have we not indeed something to learn in the example of these simple, sober, and religious people?

There were frequently native families aboard, and on every boat, as on every railway train in Moslem countries, there are cabins and compartments specially reserved for veiled women, Christians as well as Moslems; and I must say, that not only the Oriental men, but European officers and servants, show more courtesy to the Oriental women than to those of the Occident. The veiled woman of the

shut-in-kingdom commands consideration and respect everywhere.

We arrived at Assouan, the capital of upper Egypt, on the afternoon of the 28th of January, and it was as warm, if not as hot, as a July day in Paris. Lighter apparel was necessary as soon as we left the cool breeze of the river.

The city is on the high eastern bank of the Nile, and in its aspect reminds one very much of a young town on the banks of the upper Mississippi.

We were scarcely settled in the fine hotel, when we received the visit of the Governor of Upper Egypt, Colonel Aly Haïdar Bey, who proffered us his offices in every possible manner. His Excellency is a fine Egyptian gentleman,—intelligent and cultivated, having pursued his studies in Europe and particularly in Paris. The purity of his French, and his sympathetic manners almost led us to believe him a compatriot. Of course he is a Mussulman; but as with all educated and large-minded people, has nothing of fanaticism—though tenacious of his faith. Among other agreeable things, he brought us an invitation from the great Sheik, Bicher Bey, to visit him in his village out in the desert. This Sheik is the most important personage of the country,—as he is the chief or king of a great people,—or I should say of different tribes,—for he is the independent ruler of that immense nomadic people who occupy the vast desert region lying between the Nile and the Red Sea. Of recent years he has been induced to recognize the Egyptian government which has, in consequence, ennobled him with the title of Bey, and also bestowed upon him many privileges, in recognition of the peaceful and kindly relations which now exist between them. He is a power to be counted with, in religion and in war, and his people are devoted to him—knowing no other ruler. The well-known Bicheri are among his tribes.

Our immense room at the hotel, high, cool, and com-

fortable, with its eight windows—which, with their heavy iron bars, gave it rather the aspect of a magnificent prison—contained as a delicate compliment to me—an American rocking chair, in which I rested, but did not rock,—that was too suggestive of the sea, (and then I am convinced that rocking-chairs are one cause of the ailments of American women). Being on the ground-floor, we had a fine view of all that passed in the street, on the Nile, over on the island of Elephantine, just opposite, and out into the desert beyond.

Early the next morning after our arrival, we saw a number of tall magnificent cream-colored camels approaching with saddles, caparisons, and attendants which indicated rank. At the same instant the Governor sent to say that the Sheik, Bicher Bey, had asked him to accompany us, and had sent his camels to convey us to his residence. These tribes are semi-nomadic and during the summer move about in the vast desert, and only come to their city for the winter.

I said nothing, but I must confess that it was with no little trepidation that I mounted the ladder which took me to the top of the kneeling mountain. Ready and accomplished hands landed me in what was more a high-backed chair than a saddle, but before I had time to reflect, much less to consent, there was a great lunge forward, and then another lunge backward, and we were in the upper air and en-route. The Governor rode a superb Arab horse at my side. We passed through the sinuous streets out through the Moslem cemetery, and on into the desert, where I could descry no sign of a dwelling amidst the undulating sand. After about an hour's ride we came upon it unawares, so like the sand in color was the town-residence of the great chief. It was well built, in rectangular streets, with large houses of sunburnt brick, one story high. From my lofty seat I could see that the houses were

mostly without roof, or half-roofed,—having large open courts within. At the entrance of the main street, we were met by an advance-guard of tall retainers who surrounded us with repeated salaams of welcome, and then we were soon amidst a score of still taller and more soldier-like men, and before I had quite time to take in the novel scene, a tall dark Arab—head and shoulders taller than them all —with a scepter in his hand,—appeared before my camel, which immediately at sight of him, fell upon its knees. It was the Sheik himself, and he forthwith assisted me to alight, and with such grace, strength, and dexterity as no lady could find outside the Arab world. The Governor had already alighted and stood by his side, and the formal presentation of Père Hyacinthe and myself took place. Salutations were reiterated, and then we were led within. We traversed court after court, with nothing but walls around, sand floors beneath, and blue sky overhead. At last we reached a vaster room which was partly roofed, and what an unexpected scene met us! Several steps led up to a high, carpeted floor around which were divans of rich upholstery and fauteuils, all gilded; and in the midst thereof a large round table covered with silken damask and laid with silver-ware and Sèvres china. At the back of this was a withdrawing room, furnished with massive Florentine carved and gold-gilt furniture, and mirrors from ceiling to floor—(mirrors are not usual in Moslem houses—which fact has perhaps a moral). Tea was awaiting our arrival and was served by the Sheik himself, with all the grace of a West-end Londoner to the manner of "tiffin" born. The large fauteuil opposite the Sheik was for the lady guest, my husband at his right, the Governor at mine. Though servants of all rank abound, they would be quite out of place and embarrassing with the Orientals, who deem it the highest honor to serve their guests themselves, becoming thereby according to Oriental Gospel,

the servants indeed of those who do them honor in accepting their hospitality. This is as sincere as it is dignified, and as gracefully done as by those whose prerogative they usurp;—for according to our ideas, it is the rightful privilege of the lady of the house, to be the server of teas and the dispenser of indoor hospitalities.

In height, perfect build, and demeanor,—with fine straight Caucasian features and deep bronze complexion —amalgamated gold and steel—a keen black, intelligent eye, and benevolent, though austere, expression of face;—this proud son of the desert, this great Moslem Sheik,—carried off the palm in high and noble dignity. He, like his body-guard, wore a long graceful black robe, like the Coptic cassock, open down the front, with long open sleeves, beneath which was worn fine black raiment, with a broad winding belt. His large turban was of black silk. In his hand he carried his *bâton* of authority, which represents alike the crook or crozier of the pastoral kings and the ruler's scepter. He spoke many dialects and, of course, the classic Arabic, but alas! no tongue which we could understand.

The Governor was our interpreter. For an hour we asked and replied to a multitude of questions,—the asking being certainly most on our side; and how admirably straight-forward, but respectful, without circumlocution or restraint, were the answers;—and what strange and valuable information he gave us. One of the most interesting subjects was that of ethnology, and when my husband asked whence his straight and fine features, deep bronze skin, and straight hair, he told us that their history —which is, of course, tradition, as these people have no literature save the Koran, which is common to all Islam—shows that their race was of European origin, probably Aryan:—"Our color comes from the sun," he explained,

"Some of my people have straight hair and other tribes have crisp hair, but none are negroes."

In coming I had said to the Governor, "Very naturally the Sheik is married," to which he replied, "Certainly, as all Moslems marry;" and when I carried my curiosity a little further, I found that His Excellency knew absolutely nothing more, as inquiry is never made concerning harem life, even by the most intimate friends; for the kings of the desert have court protocol as rigorous as our sovereigns. So of course concerning this great Sheik who lives outside the more advanced and progressive Moslem life, there was little hope of hearing, and much less seeing anything of his mysterious shut-in-kingdom.

I had given a quiet signal to the Governor that we must not abuse hospitality by remaining too long,—which signal, though given in a covert way, was seized at once by the quick eye of the Sheik, and he asked with perfect self-possession, if "Madame would not like to visit his Madame, who was waiting very anxiously to make my acquaintance." Rarely have I been more surprised, and never more gratified; and I was most happy to hear the waiting party spoken of in the singular.

Then, using the Governor for interpreter, I was obliged to tell him, and he to translate to the Sheik, all that I wished to say to his wife. For this I was forced to ask some questions—and the first of all as to her health and children;—and was assured touching the former with graceful salaams, and informed in the most easy manner concerning the latter:—that he had a son of four years old, his wife being now sixteen. The Sheik appeared to be about thirty-two.

Leaving the Governor and the Père to their conversation, the Sheik led me through a labyrinth of courts and corridors,—for the harem and the salemlik are always well separated (two distinct principalities in the great

kingdom)—the same bare, sand-brick walls, and hard sand floors, with the same cerulean roof overhead. Not an object, nor a person was to be seen, save in one (was it an augury?) a beautiful little black lamb. Then through another door—and there she stood, on the covered dais:—a dream of beauty! white as milk with the faintest sea-shell blush of pink upon her cheeks and so transparent in complexion that the blue veins were easily traced upon her hands and broad finely developed forehead. She was evidently of pure Circassian, or Georgian blood; her type of beauty was preëminently intellectual. She stood in the middle of her throne-room to receive me like a reigning queen—with great dignity, yet with suave and graceful manner. With that mysterious and indescribable recognition which two sympathetic women possess in meeting for the first time, she and I simultaneously held out our hands and embraced each other, she kissing me on either shoulder, the mark of reverence for superior age, which, with the Oriental, is a first consideration. After repeated assurance of welcome, which I could easily understand, her husband began to explain my message. But to present the scene to the life, I must first say how she was dressed: She wore a long flowing soft blue muslin gown, the princess style, which is semi-adjusted and flowing full with a train—and, to my surprise she wore few ornaments; which proves that in the Orient, as in the Occident, real beauty and real distinction, as well as good taste, require few accessories. There was no henna upon her nails nor antimony about her eyes, whose lashes and eye-brows were jet black, as well as her wealth of hair, which was plaited in two massive braids, the classical Egyptian style which we see on its monuments, falling just in front of the ear—and almost to her knees; the back of the head and hair, enveloped in a pretty silken scarf, falling down the back. There was one very curious detail: just at the beginning

of the straight parting of the hair, above the alabaster forehead, were woven in with infinite skill, small blue and golden beads, strung on each hair,—a little ornament, forming a sort of coronet.

And now began, in our respective and unintelligible tongues, yet perfectly understood, conversation. I was, however, struck by the changed, though manly attitude of the great Sheik,—which plainly showed that he was in the presence of his sovereign! And she was quite conscious of her sovereignty. Yet there was certainly a happy reign of mutual respect and love. After she had charged him with much to say to me, with her graceful gesture and pretty speech—we again embraced, and the Sheik and I returned to the salemlik, where, with great precision he carefully and most attentively,—as a prime minister would convey the orders of his ruler,—recapitulated, through the Governor, all that his wife would have me know. And what touched her most was my anxieties concerning the moral education of our sons in the fear of God. She was evidently as pleased as surprised that religion was our great preoccupation. And another thing which surprised her was,—and this the Sheik recounted with equal gravity as a matter of state or religion,—that I had not asked to see her jewelry and fine clothes,—as it is currently believed by Moslem women that Christian women only wish to visit Oriental women to see their treasures and furbelows. I was certainly complimented by hearing that this little Moslem wife and sixteen-year old mother, of a nomadic tribe of the African desert, had found me, an Anglo-Saxon, belonging to the highest civilization,—a serious, polite, and religious woman! Indeed I was never more flattered in my life! Such appreciation was well worth going for "down into Egypt," "up the Nile," and "out into the desert." Whether she was born Mussulman, or Christian as most Circassians and Geor-

gians are, I do not know; but I felt that I loved this fair little Moslem lady at first and only sight.

On taking our departure, I said to His Excellency, Bicher Bey, that my visit to him and the acquaintance of his wife, were among the most instructing and happy events of our long voyage. After his warmly expressed desire that we might come again to Upper Egypt, and visit him and his wife, I said: "Well, if God wills it, we will come again,—but if we are prevented by circumstance, and our advanced age, from seeing you again in this world,—we hope our son, whom God has given us, will meet your son some day,—but never on the battlefield! And though we may never meet on earth again, we feel certain that we are friends for life, and for eternity, and our sons will be friends, and also our peoples: yours wandering in the great deserts of Africa, and ours dwelling in the great cities and fertile gardens of Europe. They will gradually be drawn together by mutual needs, understanding and respect, and above all by the love of the brotherhood of the children of God!"

The Sheik, who was sitting on the opposite side of the table, hereupon arose and came to me, taking both my hands in his, pressing them warmly and in silence,—and with deep emotion, in which all present participated, *presented me with his sceptre, saying, solemnly: "We and our sons are friends for life—forever!"*

Then we made our adieux, and took our departure,—and as we crossed the court the Governor said to us: "Well, this is the first time I have ever seen tears in the eyes of an Arab!"

As we returned across the desert and through the ancient Moslem cemetery, which seemed like a city in ruins —almost buried in the drifting sands, hundreds of people, particularly women and children, came flocking to salute the Governor and his Christian friends.—Thus ended one

of the most interesting episodes of our travels—of our lives.

How often since have I recalled, and ever shall recall, as I wander on the face of the earth, that fair young Moslem wife—a sovereign lady—a queen in her shut-in kingdom—and her liege lord and obedient servant—the noble Sheik Bicher Bey!

They will read these lines some day—for the gracious Princess Nazli has offered to translate them into Arabic—and then they will be again assured of our abiding respect and affection.

CHAPTER XIX.

PREACHING IN THE DESERT.

THE next morning beneath our windows, awaiting the opening of the shutters, was a group of Bicheri Arabs, among whom was the Adonis who was at the Columbian Exposition of Races at Chicago in 1893. His features are pure Aryan, and in beauty of face and mould of form, he resembles that paragon, the young Antonius of the Capitol. Unlike the other principal tribe of Bicher-Bey, he and his companions are swathed in white—not woolen stuff, like the Arabs of Tunis and Algiers, but cotton, as they dwell in the warmer latitudes. His crispy hair hangs in innumerable small curls about his head, while on the top is a high, white, flattened mass of lard—at least a pound—and through this crown a long wooden stiletto is thrust—the sign of his high position. This fashion of putting on a turban of lard—and it is very pure and white—is common with some nomads, and what is strange, it never seems to become offensive, or to melt.

Our Bicheri Adonis was most happy to know that I was American—and was full of admiration and praise of my native land,—consequently we became good friends. I must say that this young native of the desert is, I think, the only gentleman I have ever seen, who has not taken on "airs" after a six months' sojourn in Christian lands. He was, however, always accompanied by an uncle or friends, and though eighteen years old, he was not allowed

to run the gauntlet of our American streets alone—even in broad daylight.

Our windows, being on the ground-floor, were the center of attraction for a constant group of amiable natives, with whom I held frequent and most interesting conversations—our dragoman always present, to ward off importunity, and translate for us. The Governor had seen the crowd from his windows and sent to disperse them, fearing we might be annoyed; at the same time assuring us of their utmost kindly feeling. We reassured him that we were not in the least annoyed, but considered them as friends whom we had come a long way to see. Thenceforward, every day, we held grand receptions through our window-bars with this amiable and intelligent people. Sometimes a group of women would come, usually young girls—as matrons, even of the humbler class, are too dignified to go much abroad. And when women, or girls of marriageable age (which is about twelve years) appeared, the men immediately fell back out of respect. Among these young women who came one day was a young Bicheri girl of about fourteen—developed as girls would be with us at seventeen. She came as did all the women, entirely enveloped, save her beautiful eyes, in a large white haïk, which is like a simple sheet, though gracefully worn. As she approached my window through which we shook hands, she giving me her right hand while putting up her left to clasp the window sill,—thus, though holding fast her drapery in each hand, and perfectly screened from the outer world, her face and whole form were revealed to me. She was entirely nude save for a short skirt of red cashmere beautifully and heavily embroidered in varigated beads and tiny shells, which hung from her loins almost to her knees. Her skin was of deep brown-yellow bronze in which was gold. Never did canvas or marble reveal such faultless proportions and ex-

quisite lines of grace and beauty! She wore silver chased armlets above the elbow, and anklets, and for a necklace a triple row of deep red coral with another wide lace-like work of blue and gold beads, which made a modest semblance of covering for her beautiful young bosom, while a mass of trinkets jingled about her ears. She had a most intelligent face with soft gazelle eyes, nose slightly aquiline, a sweet, winning expression,—and, with all, perfect unconsciousness. These women seldom have mirrors, and the adornment of their forms is less of vanity than a matter of decorum and self-respect,—just as their daily ablutions are a religious duty.

As in Christian lands there are beggars in Egypt; and even among these desert wastes there are those who ask for a "present," (backsheesh) particularly little children; but it really seems here more of a fashion and a compliment paid to the traveller than a necessity. Many travellers willingly give to those beautiful little creatures, scarcely clothed,—yet most modest and respectful. We might send our children to dancing schools a score of years without arriving at even an imitation of the native grace and winsome ways of these little children of the desert! I must confess that I gave them no money—but something infinitely better,—quiet little conversations and such friendly counsel that the second day no little hands were held out in my vicinity, save to clasp mine—and afterwards kiss their own in token of respect—begging me to visit their mothers. Indeed the invitations were constant and pressing to go to the homes of the people, and frequently the women came out in the streets plucking and kissing my garments with entreaties to go in and visit them, which I often did. The embarrassment was the difficulty of conversation; but with these people, everything is simple. Though the sexes, except those of near kinship, are separated, there is no distrust of men on the

part of women, or disrespect of women on the part of men. When I entered their houses, our dragoman, quick and intelligent, either found a near relative who spoke some language I could understand, or they spoke through the door—the dragoman standing with his face outward —translating for us. Simple and straight methods are always found for right proceedings, even under difficulties.

I shall never forget one dark, lone figure who stood afar off from the street within her door, beckoning me to come to her. She could not venture out, for she was a lone widow, and childless—and such must not go abroad. "But," as she said, having heard of me, "she had been praying Allah every day to direct my steps to her desolate dwelling." As I entered her humble home, she fell upon my neck and wept,—telling me of her loneliness—a rare circumstance in the Mohammedan world—for she was without relatives. But happily she was not without support, as are so many friendless Christian women. Her daily allowance, though small, was sure. The anguish of her widowhood was all the keener because she was childless—and for this she was inconsolable. In going away, Hamid, my dragoman (who had stood at the door with his face outward) said to me in a comforting way: "Ah yes, she is very sad now, but when the wailing is over, the 'wise women' will find her a good husband and, perhaps, God will give her children at last, for her great consolation,—certainly nothing could be better!"

Another most interesting visit was to a numerous family presided over by a blind grandmother whose occupation was the grinding of wheat between two millstones, the scriptural custom of 4000 years ago. She was surrounded by a cluster of little grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom vied with each other in helping their venerable grandmother who seemed perfectly happy. In entering any house, though chairs are not

used, it was marvelous with what alacrity a high seat was improvised for me, as it is everywhere known that Christian ladies do not sit on the floor. In some cases where I was expected a chair had been purchased or borrowed.

The Coptic quarter in Assouan is perhaps the finest of the city, for it is a remarkable fact that material prosperity has followed Christianity to a degree almost unknown among Mussulmans. But alas! the money-getting spirit tends very soon to the lust of gold. Mammon is not a god of Islam.

As I was riding through this quarter, accompanied only by our dragoman, the Coptic merchants saluted me very civilly and gave me a pressing invitation to dismount from my donkey and accept refreshments. It is habitual in the better families to keep open hospitality at their doors, and outside as well as inside, by providing broad divans made of wicker, whereon friends and strangers may repose. I seated myself in their midst and was immediately served with coffee. No women were visible, for the Coptic women, though Christian, are almost as shut-in from the outer world as their Moslem sisters,—always veiled when out of doors, and wear the same costume. Only within their houses may they see strangers unveiled, and they are extremely, even painfully, shy. The means of instruction is sadly lacking among them, though we met some who were well educated, intelligent, and interesting. The Coptic men are usually educated and often superior-minded.

The principal attraction at Assouan in the way of ruins or monuments, is the great quarry of granite from whence were cut those gigantic obelisks which, by spoliation of Egypt, adorn the cities of Europe and America,—and in whose climate they will soon crumble into ruin. Paris, London, New York, and Rome, have a great debt of restitution to make to Egypt, to history, and to the world. I

hope the restitution will be willingly and loyally made when the time comes—and before it is too late.

One afternoon, through the sand, on our faithful donkey, we rode to visit the great quarry, accompanied by our good Hamid, and an escort of about a hundred—for we were obliged to let them follow us,—reluctantly at first, not understanding the honor paid us, (what stupid people we white folks are!) by that troup of all colors and ages, even little tots, who had to be carried on the shoulders of their fathers, elder brothers, or neighbors. These pretty little *bambins* so carried, continually sent me kisses with their little dimpled hands. A few dark young girls of unmarriageable age joined in the procession, and both youths and old men vied with one another in walking next to me to hold my donkey's bridle and even to push and almost carry him forward. A cluster of the little fellahs clung to his tail. No one asked for backsheesh. They were acting as became body-guards of the national troops, with full appreciation of the responsibility of hospitality, and respect for the lady left entirely to their care. For once in my life, I was rid of our effete civilization, and simply reveled in the simplicity of natural manners!

I rode out far over the rolling waste of sand, among the rocks of granite, which come to the surface here,—stopping often to rest and hold conversation with my troops—I told them that they could each ask me a question upon any subject they liked, and I would answer it. How they pressed in upon us!—the dragoman, donkey, and myself—but without the least importunity—all eager to question me. And what do you think was the burden of their inquiries? It was big rivers, mountains, the products of the soil, harvests, steam engines, canals, the animals of different countries, snow, soldiers, steamboats, etc., and almost every one expressed the desire to go home and live with us, forever and without wages! Not

DONKEY-BOY'S SIESTA.

one asked me where they could best earn money,—and not a foolish question among them all. But what astonished and pleased them most was when I told them how we believed and prayed to the same God—to their Allah—and how, therefore, we were of the same family. Among these people of the desert, the nearest to nature, as well as among all Mussulmans of higher classes, it was very remarkable that above all other subjects, religion interested them most,—though they seldom, if ever, broached the subject first, and are, therefore, never intrusive nor given to discussion and less to any attempt of proselyting. I also remarked how little to them is this life—all their hope and confidence is in the life beyond. Everywhere I found a quick and intelligent conscience concerning all duties toward God.—We found no indifferent believers nor infidels among this people.

At last we reached the quarry and stood upon the great recumbent obelisk, three-quarters cut and polished, and fellow to the one which stands upon the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris. It lies obliquely horizontal, in a most difficult position for cutting, yet those ancient mathematicians—compared to whom we are but pigmy pupils—knew measurements of geometry and trigonometry as well as algebra and astronomy, and made no mistake in cutting or transporting these gigantic stones, or laying them one upon the other with the precision of the stars. The lifting of heavy stones without machinery is a lost art. Some vandal Christian conquerors (I was glad it was not Napoleon, for he destroyed enough in other lands, in all conscience!) have tried to cut this recumbent monarch in twain, but failed in time and tools.

In spite of the oblique position of the monster monolith, one can sit or walk from one end to the other. Being more than half out of the sand, it offered me a solid high platform for speaking to my followers, who had not ceased

to beg me, through the dragoman, to "preach more" to them. Standing upon the great half-cut obelisk, with my dragoman beside me, translating sentence by sentence, I opened fire against theirs—the little fire which almost every one carried in his mouth. They were visibly disconcerted—for these simple people evidently feel that by smoking they give proof of their participation in our modes of life—the adoption of a higher culture, modern progress, etc., etc. I told them I had come from a distant country to breathe their delicious air, that I might be strengthened and cured, and then I asked them if it was right to attempt to change the designs of Allah, to which all protested. Then I explained how this air, which Allah made so pure, sweet, and healthful, became offensive and harmful, not only to me, but to many others, by the nauseating fumes of tobacco. I had not half finished my opening remarks before every cigarette before me had vanished. Then I cautioned them not to imitate our bad habits and vices, particularly of drinking strong drinks, but to reprove them, and keep unswervingly to their simplicity of life and the rectitude of true believers. They were enthusiastic in their approbation, and when I had finished, the great majority pressed around me and declared they would smoke no more.

I hope you have kept your promise, my good fellahs! Perhaps I shall go and see, some day. . . . I know you will remember me—and I shall always remember you.

After many supplications to come to them again, and my promise, that if God willed it, I should do so, I sent them all away;—but they were reluctant to leave me, and it was only when Hamid told them I wanted to be alone to pray, that they decided to go,—which they did at once with religious respect. Then I told my dragoman to go also, but to await me where the first blades of grass begin on the confines of the desert. He was more reluc-

tant than the regular troop—knowing my limited strength —and said I was in his care as a legal dragoman, and his honor was at stake! But when I told him that I was in the care of One above all dragomen, he joined the retiring forces—but with a sad look and unwilling gait.

Then I went out into the desert alone, and preached. My audience was a chosen one—our own sons, and our own people in the great cities of Europe and America; for they have far more need of simple, divine truth than these Moslems of the desert! I cried to God for mercy upon us all;—and I wept there alone, prone on the senseless sand of the great desert, and in bitterness of soul for the sins of Christians who in their hot race after gold, position, and the satisfaction of all earthly lust, were misleading unbelievers and plunging humanity deeper and deeper into perdition!

Long I lay there in the beautiful sand, my soul revelling in the soft silence and communing with the unseen world, far from home, from every land, from everybody—until from out the soundless desert, there seemed to come a voice saying: "Weep and pray! weep and pray!" And then in deeper tone, "but also believe and trust! for My mercy endureth forever!"

Slowly, all unawares, there came into my soul a great calm;—then I felt the cool breeze of nightfall coming upon me in benediction, and I was lifted up, as with strong and tender hands, and walked on—and on—ankle deep in the yielding sand—so glad, Oh! so glad to be for once in my life, absolutely alone outside of all human sights or sounds —outside of civilization, outside of everybody; and Oh, rarest and best of all—outside of myself!—my poor miserable human self—my soul alone with the Infinite....

I had come in bitterness. I had come at last—at last! where all my life I had longed to be;—alone with God!— After the long and holy communion, I arose. And I,

who was so weak, now felt so strong that it seemed to me that I could have walked straight across that great stretch of sand to the Red Sea, and through it, as did Israel of old, and up through the wilderness to Sinai—to kiss the rock from which the Tables of the Law were taken!

Those tables of stone were broken, and lost, for they were the Letter, the material, human, stone Letter; but that Law which governs the whole civilized world, and will govern until the end of time, will not perish, for it is the Spirit of God! And this half-buried obelisk, and all this precious quarry of granite, may be covered up and forgotten in the accumulating sands of the desert; but the Idea of a Personal and Living God, which was first revealed to the human mind here in Egypt, and to whom those gigantic works of man in erected stone, pointing upward, first indicated—will remain with that Spirit—forever!

Thus I pondered and wandered through the great solemn desert....

Anon, by my lengthened shadow, into which I was walking, I knew the day was waning, and I must turn back. I had told Hamid that if he did not see me returning half an hour after the sun had set, he might come to seek me, for then I should be lost,—which I was half desirous of being and spending the night alone upon the desert waste beneath the stars:—a whole sleepless night-long of contemplation with the unpeopled earth, and the peopled stars! Ah! that would indeed be worth the waiting and longing for all these years—and the coming to Egypt! But the thought of the dear, anxious heart and the despair of my faithful dragoman who had said all he dared to, to dissuade me from thus going off alone, prevented me.

As the sun's great disk dropped slowly down through

the golden atmosphere and touched the horizon, I was seized with an indescribable, but ecstatic awe which made me tremble in every limb. The twilight is short in this tropical latitude,—and soon, from out the deep blue firmament, the stars burst forth in such suddenness and splendor that it already seemed midnight! And now as I mounted a huge wave of sand, the evening breeze which rises from off the Nile at sunset, came to me in such grateful suggestion, that I felt the beating wings of those very angels who bore my glorious Patron, Saint Catherine of Alexandria, when she was broken and dead, across the desert, and across the sea, up to Mount Sinai! So exalted was my soul, that my feet had long since ceased to move, and I stood still,—or rather I was upheld—for my own volition had vanished—but the angels—*her* angels—were keeping me company....

How long it was I know not,—but they found me—Hamid and the scouring troop—as I knew they would,—and once on the back of the faithful donkey, who made me glad salaams with his long silken ears, we went back slowly across the sand,—slowly through the shadowy night-fall, to the banks of the Nile, and into the silent city,—and I happier for the rest of my life,—leaving the soundless desert to the stars and to Eternity—which will be richer and grander for this Holy Communion with God on the earth....

But if it be possible, as the legend of Saint Catherine tells, I pray Her Angels to carry me when I die, over that waste of sand at night-fall, when the stars are coming out; —over that spot where I prayed in the desert alone....

CHAPTER XX.

PHILAE.—SHOOTING THE CATARACT.—DOWN THE NILE.—LUXOR.—KARNAK.

WE are at the first cataract, and at the farthest point of our journey in Africa. Now you must come with us, kind reader, to Philæ, and loiter among its beautiful temples,—wander among its long rows of columns and pylons covered with gigantic figures and hieroglyphics in intaglio; and visit the chamber where Isis gave birth to Horus, and then (such is human nature still....) go and lunch with us in the exquisite temple called the Bed of Pharaoh, and help me—no! I prefer to do it alone,—as there is an immeasurable and intimate personal satisfaction in it:—see me break into a thousand pieces (and there is immense consolation in numbers....) the bottles of wine which a fool of a traveller, not of our party, gave to the native guides!

Philæ is a short hour's ride on the miniature railway from Assouan: 600 miles above Cairo. We spent the whole day among its beautiful ruins and then, just as the downward sun began to gild the waves, the rocks and the backs of the plunging natives,—we shot the cataract!

We were five passengers and twelve boatmen. The pushing off was quiet and the entrance into the current calm. Then, with holden breath, we plunged into the whirling tide among the rocks, and then sped into a smoother sea, joining in the refrain of the Moslem boat-

PHILAE.

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men, who could not make the boat plunge and leap from crest to crest of the whirling waves without calling upon Allah for help. And this is the refrain they chanted in their low monotone Arabic rhythm, as they neared the rapids:

"Allah! Allah! make our arms strong,
Allah! Allah! make our arms strong,
Allah! Allah! make our arms strong,
And prepare us for this perilous leap!"

Then when we plunged into the whirlpools, the refrain changed, and with a deeper accent they all sang forth anew —keeping their eyes on the great boulders, threatening rocks, and menacing waves:

"Allah! Allah! now we are in the midst of danger,
Guide us and help us, or we are lost! O Allah! Allah!"

Not a word was spoken, save the refrain, growing deeper and deeper from out their heaving breasts and convulsive lips, as they bent with bare knotted backs, legs and arms to their perilous duty. The captain was a youth of only eighteen, but being the son of the most skilled boatman of the Rapids, he inspired the confidence of all. So intense was his attention that he could only join in the closing and the opening words of the refrain, and with him we all joined, and in prayerful sincerity,—"Allah!—Allah!"—for all felt the peril, as well as the solemnity of the moment and the grandeur of the circumstance. Then, when at last the heavy boat began to right herself and the water began to cease its perilous whirl and fall into smoother, yet swifter current, the voices lapsed into a slower and softer refrain, and ran thus:

"Allah! Allah! to Thee who has brought us out of
great peril
We render grateful thanks—
O Allah! Allah!"

We gave the boatmen oranges and fruit to refresh them after their arduous pull, and they thanked us very kindly but put all aside untasted, for they were keeping a fast. Our admiration far exceeds our pity. Men of toil and meagre fare, who have such control over their appetites, are superior men, however humble their station may be.

And between our admiration of God's work in rocks, and rivers, and earth, and sky,—and His Grace in the hearts of men who keep His commandments, we give Him greater thanks for this latter and diviner mystery.

Down the Nile—Luxor.

The next day we betook ourselves to the fine new steamer, the "Cleopatra," and started down the Nile,—heart-sick at leaving Assouan and the great disputed and mysterious regions of Africa behind us.

We had been tempted to go farther, at least to the second cataract, but rumors of advancing dervishes had brought fear, and Cook's Company refused to take travellers any higher up. In a few years hence we shall have a direct route—a line of travel—from Paris to the great Ethiopian capital—if other Christian sovereigns do their duty as does the great Coptic Emperor, Menelik.—May Heaven bless him!

Our going down to the boat was something of a funeral procession. The Governor, many Moslems, Copts, and other Christians came to see us off.

Good-bye, Upper Egypt!

Long we sighted Assouan seated on her high bank, and lighted up by the golden afternoon sun, as the fast-flowing river bore us downward—inward, into the lower world.

Note from Père Hyacinthe's Journal.

1st February, 1896.

"We leave Assouan with heavy hearts. Emilie has had a veritable propaganda—nothing sectarian, but religious. She preached among these people, who grouped around her everywhere, in the bazars, in the houses, in the streets, and out in the desert. The women not only welcomed her, but drew her into their houses. All these people are docile and good, and any one who would come among them in the same spirit with which my dear wife is actuated, would accomplish a marvelous work.

"I greatly regret not being able to penetrate farther into the heart of Africa. I could easily fix my dwelling-place here were it not for the furnace heat in the summer. I am tired of the false civilization of Europe. A large part of the belongings of our civilization might be destroyed without the least detriment to us—but rather a profit. Let each one destroy, or at least cease to make use of our detrimental superfluities!"

A voyage on the Nile is perhaps the most agreeable in the wide world; but there are some people who do not, cannot enjoy, nor appreciate it. And I do not hesitate to say that it is not the best "outing" for a business man, who has little taste for quiet and meditation. A walking trip, with mountains to climb, were better for him.

But what numberless lessons, and often sad ones, does a voyage reveal in this long and close companionship on ship-board! I shall never forget one poor little, dying wife who had been brought here to be cured of heart-break; — they called it consumption, — and who only consented to come with the hope of curing her husband of his consumption of alcohol, by getting him away from the temptation of the great cities and hotel life. But alas! she found the facilities for gratifying the direful lust far greater on the steamer than on land; for here the alcoholic victim is shut in with the demon! One day as this repulsive victim rolled out of his cabin, where he had slept the whole afternoon, calling from time to time to the steward for "something to drink"—and then ridiculing the man with coarse and profane words because he, being a Mussulman, declined the invitation to

drink with him. His wife, who had unbosomed her sorrow to me, said one day as we were looking at an ancient tomb in the rocks of the near shore: "Oh, how I wish I were only in there,—and that the Nile would come in and cover me up forever!"

Opposite this American couple at the table, sat another couple who bore a noble English name. The husband was very pale and haggard, the wife was red and full of health. She drank frequent and long draughts from a bottle which bore upon its label "Old Scotch Whiskey." That told the sad story, which was already surmised by the passengers—the saddest, perhaps, of all domestic tales: He, poor man, drank milk—and gall. . . All pitied him, and were ashamed of her. Yet she was, as she averred, "a good churchwoman," and was quite put out because, on Sunday, we did not have the "regular" English service, saying and reiterating, forward, aft, and amidships, that "we had lost a splendid occasion of setting a good example—not only to the freethinkers travelling, but also to the poor benighted Mussulmans in attendance,—for" (as she truly said) "though they cannot understand our language, they can see and learn by example!"

We cannot refrain from expressing a sincere wish that Messrs. Cook and Son will, at no distant day, banish from their truly great enterprise all traffic in alcoholic drinks;—allowing good and pure wine only on their boats.

At Luxor again!—And there is Achmed on the landing with all our carriers about him, their dark faces radiant with joy.

We visited the great temple and the market; and, much as I like these grand old ruins, I confess that I took more interest in the people.—What a world between the *then* and *now*. Yet this native race is but little modified by the long centuries—and human nature remains about the same. As we went through the strange market and saw

the various grains and fruits, poured out upon the ground —no sacks, bins, nor baskets,—we thought of the well-stored corn of Pharaoh's enterprising steward. The Jews always knew how to work; and labor is a preservative of the individual, of nations, and races. What struck me most perhaps in their implements was their loom:—a few sticks stuck in the ground—a lot of strings and a shuttle, the weaver sitting on the earth, using toes as well as fingers to make the woolen and cotton stuffs. I found here a most curious advance upon us: they do their mending by weaving with their looms,—making old, ragged, worn-out shawls and other stuffs "a'most as good as new." —Donkeys, camels, and babies were all mixed up in kindly relationship, never disputing or quarrelling. The grave sheiks moved about as fathers among their children, and are known by their superior dress. Occasionally we see a green turban, which indicates that the wearer is a descendant of the Prophet, or has made the pilgrimage to Mecca—and thus becomes a Hadj.

Our dragoman took me to visit his wife and see his house which he had built himself: a "modern house" as he said. The English clergyman had advanced money to help him complete it, which money he was now working hard to pay back. Achmed is a young man of twenty-five, and is not only a most conscientious and excellent dragoman, but is a growing citizen. He speaks English and attends the English church, though a faithful Moslem. This is indeed one of the most un-Christian traits of Mohammedans—that they have no prejudice against people because of their religion. They frequently attend other places of worship, and have friendly intercourse with other believers than their own, and profound respect for all religions. In fact, they give to all what they demand for themselves: absolute liberty of religious opinion and freedom in worship. There is no rivalry between them and

other believers, because there is no competition—they being perfectly convinced of the absolute superiority of their religion, with which they are perfectly content. To judge by the examples they see of Christian conduct—or rather misconduct—it would not be surprising nor, perhaps, blameworthy if they entertained some prejudice against the Christian faith as they too often find it practised.

I made a long visit to Achmed's wife and mother; and after giving much advice to the women, he thanked me most warmly, for he felt, as Moslems generally do, the need of some degree of culture for their women. Then he said earnestly: "Now tell me what to do, and I will do it!" So I advised him to add something to the comfort of his home, and also to its beauty, as decoration of edifices is among the lost arts with the feleen. First of all I told him to whitewash his dun, desert-colored walls. Mosques alone are conscientiously whitewashed every year. Unlike the feleen, the Arabs, with whom remains something of their ancient civilization, have scrupulously white walls, as with them, cleanliness is a part of godliness. Then I showed my man how to put up shelves instead of cords for his clothing and bedding,—though as he quietly remarked, "the cords are better for airing," which is a capital point with all these people, whose bedding and carpets are scrupulously clean. I explained that he could use both, giving a good airing on the terrace in the morning, and putting all things well folded up on the shelves in the afternoon,—all of which he explained to his wife, and she to the other women of the family and to the neighbors who had quietly dropped in. Housekeeping with them is neither a fine art nor a science—only a necessity, and is done principally by the men. I expatiated at length upon the health, beauty, and tidiness of our American homes even among the humblest, insisting upon the necessity of women doing their part of the housework, thus striking a mean

level between them who do little and the poor American wife who does all. Of course I here brought in the model French husband, who, in case of necessity, knows how to make a *pot-au-feu*, a *ragout*, or *rôti*, as well as *café-au-lait*. I kept silence, however, as becoming a Christian, concerning those other lands which are neither French, English, nor American, where the "level" is so *mean* that women are harnessed with dogs, donkeys, and cows—as beasts of burden; while (and now I beg indulgence because of righteous wrath!) while their "beastly" husbands (here I use good English....) spend their time and money in smoke and drink: pipes and beer....

Then Achmed showed me with pride his library, "for," he said, "I am determined to learn all the languages." It consisted of half a dozen books, which were mostly English guide books,—one French, some pamphlets, and a Bible. Though he was a staunch Moslem, unlettered and unlearned, he, more than most Christian theologians, quite understood the unity of Divine Truth between the Bible and the Koran,—and above all the unity of love and charity between men.

After this befitting digression, I will continue my journey by saying that a short time after our return to France, I received a well-written English letter from our good dragoman at Luxor, informing me that his house was "washed white" as I had advised, and that he would plant the promised trees and flowers as soon as he could; and moreover, his neighbors were following his example. Then the climax of all this good news was—what he said he knew would rejoice my heart—and it did;—a son was born to him!

Upon our return to Cairo, Nubar Pasha said to me one day: "I am sure if you had your own desire you would take a whole cargo of Bibles, and scatter them along the

Nile—only you must remember none of the people could read them!"

I replied: "Yes, I would take the Bibles, but as most of the people know their Koran—which is their Bible—by heart,—I would first take several cargoes of quicklime and brushes, then a cargo of schoolmasters and mistresses to teach the people to read before sending to Beyrout or Oxford for the Arab Bibles. Thus I would do what Your Excellency, during your government of Egypt, for forty years, never thought of doing—nor have your successors!" The great Prime Minister was not offended; but, lifting his fez a moment, as if to cool his prodigious head, replied, in his serious, thoughtful way: "Ah! that's an American way of doing missionary work—and it is a good one—Yes, whitewash would be a good beginning."

Karnak.

We stopped at Karnak for several days on our return voyage, that we might have a daylight visit to these grandest ruins on the Nile. Monsieur George Legrain, the distinguished French explorer and inspector of Egyptian Antiquities, invited us to spend a day with him at the ruins, to which he wished to be our guide. We found him comfortably settled in a nice little house of his own building, in the shadow of the great temple; and a charming place it was—such a "compound" of Egyptian and French art and sicence,—which obtained even in the *cuisine* by his fellah cook, who gave us a most excellent *déjeuner à la Française* with a far-away flavor of Pharaoh's table.....

Monsieur Legrain has the defect of being a bachelor, but usually invites a compatriot,—artist, archæologist, or historian, to share his table. During our visit a circumstance occurred which capped the climax of an eventful day.—Over our fragrant cup of Mokka, and while he was

recounting how, by a singular coincidence, he was born on the very day of the last great earthquake, which brought such a destruction to the temple of Karnak; as if, as he said, he were "sent into the world providentially at the very moment of the disaster to repair its ruins"; and we said "to lead to further discoveries";—his chief overseer of excavations,—a devoted and intelligent fellah,—suddenly appeared in our midst, bringing the good news that that very hour the two long-sought altars of the two rival deities, of Upper and Lower Egypt, had been unearthed! The unfeigned joy of all can be imagined—and the explorer cried out, turning to us and clasping our hands: "Oh, it is you! You have brought to-day an immense blessing to Karnak!" We certainly participated in his great satisfaction.

Through the long delicious hours of that memorable day we wandered and pondered among the majestic temples—sublimer, perhaps, in their ruin than in their perfection. But I shall not belittle them, nor myself, by any attempt at their description. I will only mention a recent and marvelous discovery of Monsieur Legrain—the bas-relief of Isis nursing Horus, her infant king, whose exquisite beauty and delicacy reminds us of the Virgin and Child of Raphael—and would do him honor,—had he ever dreamed in stone.

But verily the gods lent hands as well as inspiration to the Pharaohs. And how like pygmies are we, the gapers of to-day—the lookers-on of these stupendous achievements of the giants—five thousand years away!—And though we have lost the art of building Titanic temples, we have learned after this long lapse of time to wonder at and appreciate them. Our day in this the grandest temple of Thebes will ever remain fixed among our happiest days in this wondrous land;—but our midnight visit to Karnak will remain the most memorable of all.

CHAPTER XXI.

THEBES.—THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.—THE COLOSSI.

IN the early, cool morning, before the long rays of the rising sun had glinted the Nile, we started for the Mysterious City, hidden among the Libyan hills:—the city of the great dead:—the tombs of the Egyptian kings,—those mighty monarchs of the greatest empire of the then known world,—who dwelt in this proud and magnificent capital of Egypt—the metropolis of the world—Thebes.

In the centuries of its grandeur, its bounderies included Luxor and Karnak;—indeed the horizon with the Arabian mountains in the east, and the Libyan mountains in the West, marked its circumference,—the great mystic river flowing between. Herodotus, Diodorus, Homer, Strabo, and hundreds, thousands of other competent travellers and historians, have written of its power and magnificence. It is, therefore, becoming that I say but little.

Monsieur Edouard Naville of Geneva, the distinguished director of the Egyptian Exploration Company, who is excavating the finest works yet unearthed in this pregnant soil, marked out our route and expected us for an afternoon tea amid the ruins of Deir-el-Bahari.

We were eager for the great day before us. Achmed was early at the door to make preparations, and when we went down to the court, there they stood in double line: my faithful carriers of Karnak, all with smiling faces and

reiterated salaams—twelve of them—with donkey-boys; —Achmed the Generalissimo.

Off we were with exhilarating alacrity—down the loamy bank to the Nile and over its dark rapid waters in a barge, up the opposite side and across that wide fertile plain, rich with its spring verdure;—my husband on a donkey, I in a *chaise-à-porteurs* on the shoulders of the stalwart natives.

Soon the low straight rays of the ardent sun dispelled the lurking sheen in the soft atmosphere; and the day boded fair. In passing the ruins of a temple we were so beset with venders and beggars, that it needed all Achmed's authority, with menacing gyrations of his cudgel-like cane (which, however, never fell) to protect us. And here it was that I made a purchase from a late rifled tomb—an account of which I afterwards gave in a letter to the President of the Archæological Society of Egypt. (See chapter on Alexandria.)

We rode along the great canal which is being dug here, and observed with interest and wonder the hundreds of natives at work—carrying the earth up the steep banks in baskets on their heads—most of them naked, save a shed of loin cloth. Scarcely an eye was raised to us, (for religion makes these naked fellahs polite gentlemen), yet some caught and answered our encouraging salutations. The canal looked like an immense furrow through a gigantic ant-hill. This was the *corvée* at work;—but how unlike those of horrid memory where the were pressed into hard labor without pay and without food! Now they are well treated and have half a franc (ten cents) a day—enough for them and their families to live upon. They are happy.

On we went—my carriers changing every five minutes without checking their sprightly gait or their low chant, in which I joined in spite of all attempts at silence. It helped them on, lessened my weight, and lightened my

conscience—and, what was also strange, it seemed to cure my sore throat from which I was suffering. There was exhilaration in the air, earth, and sky, which penetrated minds and bodies.

At last we left the luxuriant herb-land and approached the grey barren hills,—and finally, after a three hours' ride, we entered the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

Valley of Desolation! Nothing but arid, ashen hills of rock on either side of a sinuous path of sand, shale, and pebbles, which led to the hidden city of the imperial mummies. Not a trace of man, bird, beast, or insect: Nothing of the present, and nothing of the past. Yet through that valley and down the centuries of death, and into this Home of the Awful and Eternal Silence, passed the sumptuous funeral pageants of the Pharaohs!—marching—marching with steady, stately tread, into the inevitable Regions of Oblivion!

We were encompassed by a palpable and ominous presage of woe. Nothing but the ponderous silence compressed between the grey encroaching hills. The blue sky grew strange, hard, and forbidding,—like the leaden cover of a granite sarcophagus. The heat was oppressive; and our exhilarated spirits flagged on heavy wings. After an hour's ride in this forlorn valley—asking ourselves over and over again, if it were indeed possible to find any trace of human beings within this lost and desolate waste. —at last, Achmed, who had long since ceased to speak—as the carriers had ceased to chant—but who had kept close beside me,—pointed to a small opening in the face of the mountain;—an opening as if some unskilled laborer had made a niche in the rock wherein to hide his tools. Then he said, with bated breath: "Here we are!"

Still riding on, scarcely able to breathe the hot stifling air, we discovered other cavernous openings or unpretending doors in the rock. We felt a strange cerebral op-

pression and all seemed unreal, and I began to long to creep into somebody's—anybody's tomb—out of the burning heat! At length we came to a large door, arched in solid masonry, and shut in with heavy iron grating. It was the entrance to the principal tomb: that of Seti I.

Most grateful was that shadow in the entrance of this most royal of all tombs. Leaving our faithful carriers to rest and eat their luncheon, we did the same.

Though I almost counted myself among the dead after that long ride and intense heat, I was convinced of being still in human existence by a most painful thirst; and never was I so grateful as for the delicious water brought by little children and old men all the way from the Nile in small earthen bottles, wrapt in woolen cloth, to keep them cool, and sold for a few farthings. With renewed strength and an hour's rest, with lighted torches, we entered the tomb. When once within the broad, high arched entrance at the mouth of the cavernous corridor, cut in the solid stone, leading down an inclined plane—we were seized with the formidable impression that we were disappearing from the visible world,—and descending, though alive, into the regions of Death. But this first impression was not to be compared to what followed as we went on, from immense chambers to broad, endless corridors, some level and others descending; all hewn in the living rock.

On the walls were innumerable carved and painted symbols of ancient Egyptian worship, with forms and figures of deities, which, in the lurid flickering light of our torches, became living beings of another world. An awful silence fell upon us as we ventured further on into the dark dungeons of Death. And now the air had become so oppressive, I could scarcely breathe. My feet began to fail me, and soon refused to move—I could go no farther. I begged to be left alone while the others continued the exploration. Reluctantly this request was accorded me—

a taper being placed in my hand with injunctions not to move until my companions returned.—Slowly they disappeared down the inclined corridor—whose high vault was lost in the lugubrious darkness—a ghostly procession going down into the regions of Oblivion. Soon a mortal terror seized me and I repented having asked to be left alone. It was too late. I would have called out but I had become speechless: tongue and lips refused to articulate. I was buried alive within the adamantine bowels of the long-gone and forgotten past. The air which I made effort to breathe was dead; and I felt that I, too, should soon die. A paralyzing chilliness crept over me; my eyes could scarcely move in their sockets as they discerned vaguely in the scant light of my taper, that monstrous, long, hideous, undulating serpent which spanned the endless walls just above the ground. I sank almost unconsciously down upon a stone step; and, letting my taper fall from my frozen hand, its flame was extinguished. The thick darkness became a heavy pall enveloping me in leaden folds....

That hour which I passed alone in the tomb of Pharaoh was one of the most formidable of my life! I passed from life into death and from thence into Eternity!

At last they returned and carried me back into the broad, bright day, and into existence. The reaction was rapid, and I was soon myself again. While my husband was recovering from his fatigue and emotion in the small shadow of the barren mountain, I held, at the entrance of the tomb, and in no sacrilegious way, my usual conference with the men who were joined by other later arrivals; and all were attentive and eager to hear.

We were to return over the mountain. The ardent sun was in its first decline; and, as I scanned the upward steep, I told Achmed that it was impracticable, if not impossible, to carry me up (for I am of no mean proportions);

but, with one accord, those devoted fellows declared that if I were twice or thrice my weight, and the mountain as steep again, they would carry me up and never feel tired! —and I half believed them—those dark-browed, kind-hearted men!

In spite of my misgivings we started; but I must confess that my heart held high riot during that long hour's tug of those faithful fellahs, much of the time on their hands and knees in the shifting sand, and constantly shifting me from shoulder to shoulder without stopping—for that was impossible. To stop was danger, and perhaps death, for us all. I was obliged to look upward and far away, never downward into the sheer precipice, lest I should be seized with vertigo. The faithful guide constantly cried: "Look up! look up!"

So it falls sometimes in life; when we must cross an abyss of sorrow, or scale a mountain of trial, we must keep our eyes upward; and when we are unable to go by ourselves, we must be content to be carried by The Stronger. Yet nothing, not even the stern injunction of our careful dragoman, could prevent me, at every turn, from casting a glance behind to see if the *cher Père* were safe and following with his four guides. He was on foot, as only weak women are carried over this difficult pass. My anxiety was intense as he suffers from vertigo at the least elevation,—and now he was on the very edge of the precipice all the way! His peril dispelled all fears for myself. The strong, careful guides kept strictest watch of him every moment of the ascent, and put themselves constantly between him and the danger,—often holding up a bournous to hide the near abyss.—Good faithful Egyptians! I shall never forget their devotion in that awful passage over the tombs of their dead kings! [Another object lesson: In life's emergency a live fellah is better than a dead Pharaoh!]

At last we came to where I could be put down and wait for the slower traveller. The joy of meeting alive was worth the perilous ascent! It was second only to getting into Heaven after a hazardous life and agonizing death!

Now began the unfolding of the Thebian hills—the far-away plains and nearer valleys; and soon afterward—skirting the long ledge of rock which formed a platform just over where they sleep,—we were at the summit, with the wonderful panorama at our feet—stretching away to the north and south and across the vast plain where stood the mighty city of the Hundred Gates,—now marked only by the ruins of Karnak and Luxor on the opposite horizon. We rested here a long time, breathing the rare crystalline air and joining in that interminable human caravansera whose past history lies hidden beneath that deep alluvial soil of the fast-flowing river. From this sublime pinnacle, one obtains the finest view of the marvelous valley of the Nile. We longed to linger but the sun would not make a halt. The descent was less perilous, but physically far more painful for us all—man and beast. In an hour's time, however, we were taking our five-o'clock tea with Monsieur Edouard Naville in his tent-house amid the exquisite ruins of Queen Hatasu's Temple, built by the great woman king, 1600 B. C. Of all the discoveries in Egypt, this temple is perhaps the finest in delicate carving and coloring. Among the strange circumstances of this never-to-be-forgotten day, was finding the tall youth we used to see daily, about quarter of a century ago, hurrying through the streets of Geneva with his books under his arm, to his college—now our host, amid the marvelous antiquities he has unearthed;—and with him we sat down amidst the dust of the centuries, and the ashes of the Pharaohs, uniting our whole finite world, from Hongkong to London, Paris, Geneva, and Thebes,—in a steaming tea-pot!

I, personally, am happy and proud that Monsieur Na-

ville has disclosed the historical fact, in unveiling this beautiful temple, that there were in those days of old, also, great women who were queens. And I am still happier and prouder that the great queens of our day are not forced, or induced, into the unwomanly subterfuge of mannish travesty!*

The Colossi.

The great shadow of the mountain had long enveloped the half unearthed temple, and covered the broad court and terrace with its sombre mantle, stealthily leaping from step to step down the broad stair-case which leads to the avenue of the Sphinxes,—and was extending rapidly across the plain toward the Nile,—when we, at last, said *au revoir* to our host and started back to Luxor—five miles away. Our carriers were refreshed, and all were eager for the return. Though they started off with a trot, they could not catch the receding sunlight. It was, therefore, in the mysterious shadows of the fast-falling twilight that we passed the Colossi, sitting out there, in the midst of the deserted plains of Thebes, in their unspeakable loneliness: —this gigantic couple in stone. One is Memnon, who every morning, when the rising sun-god salutes him with his ardent love, sends forth a low, tremulous reply.

In the silence of the Egyptian twilight, amid the cool rich verdure which spreads about them a sacred carpet, woven by Nature's mystic loom—meet for the feet of the

*As I am correcting this proof, to-day, April 30, 1905, in the city of Lyons, France, here comes a communication from Professor Naville describing his recent discovery, over against Luxor; of an Egyptian temple of the XIth dynasty, a thousand years before that of the woman-king, Hatasou, in which is the tomb of a negress Princess. [With this news comes to my mind this query: Who knows but that ten thousand years hence, negro explorers from Central Africa, while digging among the ruins of our great white marble capitol at Washington, may not unearth the golden tomb of a woman —a negress ruler of the whole American continent—named "Victorious" because of the equity of her reign....Who knows?]

pilgrims who seek the land where the Unique Deity was discovered, and for the knees of all who adore Him,—we stood in awe at their feet with our faces turned to the East and our hearts toward the West....

Silence—silence—Ah! how these men of Egypt know how to keep it!—hug it to their hearts and within their souls!—and through ages and ages—down-trodden or aspiring....And the stars look down as ever....and beyond them—Oh! beyond them....

As my faithful carriers lifted me gently, affectionately, (miserable Christian that I am!) on their shoulders—kissing my garments, I felt myself an integral part of that yoke which has lain so long, and heavily, on their necks;—and looking up to the accusing stars, I cried out into the Egyptian night in my own native tongue: "O God, have pity upon them and punish us!

As we moved on in the darkening shadows, so quickly fell the night, that I could now only distinguish the turbaned heads of my dusky carriers, and ever and anon, against the sky, a great noiseless body passed by: camels, with their burdens, returning from the market city. Then came the gentle admonitions of the herding shepherds with their returning flocks.

At last we descried the distant lights of Luxor—and on—on we went, over the redolent earth;—and then, I felt the men's fatigue, and heard in their hard, rhythmic, deep breathing, a moan, almost a groan. With a poignant self-accusation I began to do the only thing possible:—to chant, in their soft Arab tones, the litany that I had learned. Immediately they all took it up and my conscience was lightened, and I believe my body also, as was theirs—for they sprang on with renewed celerity. When I told them how I felt for their fatigue, they all protested energetically and declared they would be happy to carry me all night, and every day, if I would only come back to them

again. This was their constant refrain which Achmed translated to me:

"O Allah, Allah! bring back this lady to us,
For she is our mother. Allah! Allah!
She goes away to-morrow and we shall weep without
a mother! Allah! Allah!"

At last we felt the herbs and grass were passed and that we were on the sand. Now we descended the banks, and there, under the bright star-light lay the broad, steel-black Nile—shot across with flashing reverberations of the gas-lights of Luxor! Then, after carrying us in their arms to the broad flat boats, they carried the donkeys also—and we were soon across the dark tide—and our star-day in Egypt was ended.

CHAPTER XXII.

RETURN TO CAIRO.

IT was with infinite regret that we quitted the steamer at Cairo; and had it been possible, we would have returned—making another trip without going ashore. But we were soon, however, enveloped in that delirious pandemonium; and the streets, houses, and people, all seemed to welcome us back again, and before we had time to collect ourselves—to say nothing of trappings—we were settled in the quiet and comfortable Villa Victoria, in the midst of its large garden, turning our thoughts to other things of such engrossing and happy nature, that we were forced to let the Nile run out of our minds.

Now we must seek some of the living monuments. Père Hyacinthe was received by the Khedive whom he found cordial in manners, intelligent, highly cultivated, and possessing large views of reform and progress, with an ardent desire for the moral elevation, as well as the material prosperity of his people.—After His Highness, there was one above all others, interesting and famous, and who could open Egypt to our study—not a Pharaoh, but a Joseph;—the keeper of the King's granaries, and the interpreter of royal dreams: Nubar Pasha.

We already knew him in Paris, where he usually goes every summer; and if we did not know that he was an Egyptian, and an Armenian, we should certainly think him a Frenchman; so perfectly is he at home in our tongue,

land, literature, laws, and customs;—and I was happy to find him as much at home in my native tongue as that of my husband.

All who know the history of modern Egypt know the life of Nubar Pasha, and what he has done for the establishment of justice, law, and order in Egypt, where he has been Prime Minister for so many years—from Mohammed Ali to Abbas Pasha—the present Khedive. History will know how to appreciate this benefactor of a sorry people in its travail of a new birth! In retiring recently from public life, because of his advanced age, he can yet serve his country and the world, if he would only consent to publish his memoirs which he has given us to read in manuscript.*

At his hospitable table in Cairo and on his broad veranda, he frequently spoke to us for hours of his most interesting life and experience, as well as of the ancient and modern history of Egypt. He was born in 1825 in Smyrna, of an Armenian family, who had fled there several generations before from persecution. His palatial residence, though in the midst of Cairo, is surrounded by a vast garden filled with stately palms and other great trees, making it a paradise for those who walk and talk there unmolested by the outer world. He has great riches, but his dwelling is as sober and simple as his character. We met many entertaining people at his house and at his table, and learned much more than we ever knew before of the prodigious efforts made by this rare statesman to

*I sit by his side to-day, (July 4, 1897), in his home in Paris, as he talks to me of all this; and the great Webster-like head is bowed with accumulated years and labor—and there, as he reclines in his deep armchair, it is not the old man, certainly, but the man ripe in all human experience—the strong man suffering;—and like a lion at bay:—for there's an enemy in the jungle, approaching silently, steadily,—and the king knows it—but he makes no defence —why should he?....The sombre Nile flows down steadily into the great blue sea—laving the monument of Egyptian granite on which will be graven deep —NUBAR PASHA.

place Egypt upon a living and prosperous basis. When I asked him *à bout portant* the crucial question: "How long are the English going to remain in Egypt?" he pointed to his foot which he had injured some time before, and upon which he was forced to wear a steel-braced boot; "Well," he replied, " I don't know how long I must wear that iron clamp upon my foot, but this I do know, that I could not walk unless I wore it."

Voila! the statesman and diplomat.

Not only history and politics, but the great religious questions and their bearings were topics of our conversation. One day when we were upon the dogmatic divisions of the Oriental churches,—which is a tangled topic to those not ready in the matter;—the great statesman turned to Père Hyacinthe and said:

"*Eh bien! mon Père,* I want you, who are a Doctor of Theology, to tell me just what I am as an Armenian."

The Père—though somewhat taken aback at this strange and most unexpected question—replied with equal frankness: "Why, you are a Eutychian."

"Well," said the Pasha meditatively, "that, I suppose, means to believe a good deal."

"Yes," rejoined the Père, "and, although you are a political leader and statesman rather than a theologian, you believe more than I do, who am, however, thoroughly orthodox."

"Oh, oh!" said His Excellency, "and how is that?"

The Père continued, "While I believe in the dual nature of Christ: Human and Divine; you believe only in the Divine."

"Well," replied the Pasha slowly, musingly, and with reverent deference,—"I thank you."

That ended the dogmatic conversation.*

* Eutyches, a Greek Hierarch of Constantinople, in the fifth century, taught that Christ possessed but one nature: the human being absorbed by

Another living monument was Arnim Pasha, the Director of Public Instruction.

As the question of the education of women is one which interests us everywhere, and especially in Egypt, we asked Nubar Pasha concerning what was being done. "Come again to-morrow and breakfast with us," he replied, "and I will make you acquainted with Arnim Pasha, the man who is doing more than any one else for schools in Egypt."

We found Arnim Pasha a man in the prime of life; and, like his host, a learned and distinguished Egyptian of Armenian extraction. He was perfectly acquainted with all French methods of public education, its excellence and its defects, and was also well informed as to our American superiority in public schools. He will certainly not attempt to impose upon the Egyptian youth the greatest of all the faults in the French system of education—from the primary up to the Humanity colleges—"cramming"—(we have no other word in English to express the full meaning of the French *surmenage*.) He would do well to go farther and find better—in the American system,—and I told him so.

A day was fixed, and Arnim Pasha took me to visit the two girls' schools in Cairo. One was founded several years ago, and has a French Matron at its head. It has, I think, about 500 pupils, Moslems, Christians, and Jewesses,—all of the best classes of the people. There were several under-teachers of different European nationalities, and most of the essential studies of girls' education, including housekeeping and needlework, were well taught: the lace-work, and linen and gold embroideries being of the very finest. Many of these fine fabrics, which ladies from

the divine; and this remains the belief of the Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and Abyssinian churches; although the council of Calcedony, in 451, condemned it. These churches are called Eutychian or Monophysite.

[Happily the Gospel of Christ is stronger than men's dogmas, or the Councils; and will eventually unite what these have separated.]

all parts of the world come to purchase in Paris, do not know that it is done in the Orient, and much of it by fair fingers in the harems.

In this school the French and English languages rank after the Arabic. The building is an immense old palace with gardens about it,—so I suggested to the Pasha the teaching of gardening to the pupils,—as all outdoor exercise for girls or women is absolutely lacking in Moslem countries. The spirit of this school seemed excellent—like a large and loving family,—the Matron or Directrice, was mother of them all,—and the good Pasha was like a father. It was very touching to see all the pupils come out to meet him in the court as we arrived, kissing his hands with affection and respect. All were tidy and well-mannered. I must note one sad custom imported from Europe, and I note it, not only for the general readers, fathers, and mothers; but for any teachers and doctors who may read this. I speak of the murderous fashion of strangulation about the waist of women: the corset-vice. And I noticed in these schools that it was the nice little Christian girls who were most given to this vice. Of course I put in a forcible protest to the Pasha and to the teachers.

After a very interesting hour we drove to the only other school in Cairo, which is on a modern and more advanced plan, though possessing fewer pupils. The college is a fine, new and healthy building outside the crowded streets. At its head is a young English lady whose capabilities will doubtless make amends for her lack of years and experience. I am a severe critic, but I can say that this school would do honor even to America. One fact is incontestable: the remarkable intelligence of the Egyptian children.

It is regrettable that the two public schools in Cairo at the present time (1896) are the only ones in Egypt!

The Khedive has, however, founded some private schools in Alexandria upon a wise and modern basis. But I am quite sure that in spite of the great prejudice of the people against allowing girls going from home to be educated, there will soon be more schools throughout the country for the youth of both sexes.

The idea of education is entering into the minds of the parents, and ideas are the necessary precursor of action and growth, which wise corporations and government, as well as individuals, should take into account.

From careful study and observation I am quite sure that if the English should make the least attempt to impose education of the children—especially of the girls—they would become less sympathetic than they are now. Prejudice is a hard master, and is twin-companion of ignorance. We should remember that there is always a right way to do a right thing, and I am quite sure that in time there will not be lacking generous-minded men, and noble-hearted women, who will come forward to this crying need of education in Egypt. Such educators will be outside of all political intrigue, governmental considerations, or sectarian aims, and do their duty in wise and charitable consideration for the social customs of the people, and in undisguised respect for their religious belief and practices,—being convinced that there is a necessity of broadening minds as well as rivers,—of rapid communication of healthy ideas, as well as swift railroad transit,—and of the cultivation of those virtues which make up the real value and happiness of a people—as of equal importance with the four harvest-crops a year of succulent herbs for donkeys—or surplus grain for exportation....May we not wait over long for such instructors!

The first condition to obtain happy results is confidence, on the part of Moslems;—confidence in the morality as well as in the capability and disinterestedness of

those who come here as examples of a better civilization. And this can never be as long as English women—matrons and young girls—are seen at weddings, dinners, or social gatherings, with the upper part of the body shamefully exposed before Moslems,—to whom to look upon nude women is a cardinal sin,—and until these same women (with already flushed faces) cease to call for "wine or sherry, if you please," at Moslem tables upon which there is only water;—all of which I have seen with inexpressible shame and disgust.

As I write these last lines, sorrowfully,—I look away to other lands of Islam, joyfully;—where I have seen other English women—and some were ladies of high degree,—working hand in hand, heart to heart, with the humblest,—carrying light and consolation, curing the sick, setting good example while eating common bread,—drinking and giving the pure water of health and life,—clothed in simple raiment and loving kindness;—and upon whose *non-décolleté* shoulders was worn the sign of the Holy Cross. . . .

Honor and glory to you, lovely Christian English women, among the sublime and arid hills of Lebanon—and elsewhere!

Not only remarkable men, but there are also remarkable Moslem women in Cairo, with some of whom I became acquainted;—among whom was Her Highness the Princess Nazli. But I will not venture here into Harem Life.

I cannot, however, amidst all these remarkable people neglect to say we made the acquaintance of some most interesting Babists—that remarkable sect of Protestant Moslems—whose knowledge of the New, as well as the Old Testament, and, also, their evangelical life and conduct, make one of the latest manifestations of an awakening among the believers of the Orient.

I wish to add, too, that after careful observation and study I believe that the two principal evils in Islam are,

first, the seclusion of woman and her consequent exclusion from intellectual development;—and, secondly, the augmented Oriental somnolence and inactivity resulting from the general use of tobacco—by both sexes. Her women are more secluded and incapable to-day than in the time of the Kalifs, when there were many learned women, poetesses and wise counsellors of men—at the head of whom stand Kadisha and Aïsha, the wives of Mahomet;—and the positive decadence of Islamic power dates from the use of tobacco—introduced, with other vices, by Christians. And I must say that in view of the deplorable examples of our pretended "higher civilization" which carries with it lower morals and diminished faith, I am not hasty in expressing regret at the slowly accorded liberty given to Moslem women.

The whole world—Christianity, Israel, Islam, Paganism, and Savagery are all victims by perverted appetite (the old vice of Adam) and through deplorable ignorance —of the universal poisoning of the human race by nicotine. Tobacco affects moral, civil, domestic, and religious life by its direct action upon brain and heart—troubling alike reason and affection—the two factors of conscience—lowering its action and, therefore, lowering manhood. The different mentality and consumption of tobacco by the different races, explain the different effects. Orientals, given to meditation rather than action, smoke double the quantity of tobacco compared to the robust, active Occidental; but his poisonous weed often contains less than one per cent. of nicotine, while that of the Occident, America and France, often contains seven per cent. Chemical extraction of the deadly poison of three of these "best cigars" will kill a man! The faith of the Christian is lessened by this empoisonment,—that of the Mussulman remains firm in spite of it!

The most striking effect of tobacco is the obliteration of

moral perceptions, the diminution of natural affection, the failure to discern between colors, but far more grave the failure to discern between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, love and passion, righteous ambition and rapacity and domination;—given, as the first-fruits of the tobacco vice is disobedience of parents and law, lying, stealing, revolt, ruined health, blindness, ataxy, sterility, debauchery, infidelity, war, murder.

Any one can verify those statements by personal observation of their immediate surroundings (not forgetting hereditary inocculation) in hospitals, courts, and prisons.

I have studied this question carefully for over half a century in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and I am convinced that the use of tobacco is the principal cause of the obliteration of religious faith and its accompanying degeneracy of the race—as it is above all others the vice against nature: taking fire, with its fumes and its poison, into the human body;—thereby profaning the Temple of the Holy Spirit!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

SENTINEL! what of the day?

When we are called of duty or science to walk over a slumbering volcano, it is best to pass lightly and quickly. There are burning questions in political science over which we would do well to fly. Love, only, makes us linger in dangerous places. But it would be hypocritical if not unjust to seem to ignore these volcanic questions, and perhaps uncharitable to all who have an interest in them, particularly to those concerned in their resolution. I will, therefore, give my opinion (for what it is worth) of the "occupation" of Egypt by England, especially as I have so often been asked by those of all nations and races who cross our paths in these regions—and particularly by the English and the Egyptians.

In Egypt there are two questions put by everybody: "Have you seen the Pyramids?" and "What do you think of the English occupation?"

I have already replied to the first. In replying to the second, I use the same argument to Mussulmans as to Christians, to Egyptians as to English: and I must say, my argument is such that so far I have had no logical rejoinder. It is this: If we believe in the Providence of God, which shapes the ends of individuals, peoples, and nations, we must believe that in due time—that is, when the Egyptians are capable of taking care of themselves,—they will

be led by that same Providence to have the opportunity of doing so.

If it be true that "in the time of peace we must prepare for war"—it is no less true that in time of oppression we must prepare for liberty. And liberty which does not stand for morals and justice, for peace and God, will fall into what is worse than any foreign occupation—worse than slavery: anarchy and destruction!

And even there where liberty bites the dust,—as it does still, alas! among some of the leading nations of the earth (and Christian nations stand first in the line)—we must remember though we may not understand the mystery—that God governs men by their misfortunes, sorrows, and sins, and He governs the world by the misgovernment of men.

The fact is that Egypt called in England to help her in a terrible crisis—and England came;—promising formally, however, that her occupation was only for a time. That was years ago. She still remains. And these pertinacious Egyptians complain and say: "It's all very well to argue, but it is not expected that when a man with a broken leg calls in a doctor to save his life, that he is going to remain in his house, at his table, and in his bed, forever;—particularly when the leg is off, and the cripple on his one solid foot,—and the bill paid! Nor is it expected that when a policeman is called to arrest a thief, or even an assassin, that he is to remain for good! This argument grows stronger when the injured man is pretty well convinced that not only his life, but his leg as well, might have been saved with a less painful surgical operation, and with a less expensive and more delicate doctor;—or the thief arrested by the men of the family—had they had courage enough.

When, in 1856, the kingdom of Oudh was annexed to England by the East India Company, Sir Henry Laurence

did not hesitate to call it "the most unrighteous act ever committed." But that great Christian Governor was killed by the revolted people early in the mutiny, and never dreamt of what would occur before the close of the century —in Algiers, Madagascar, the Philippines, and the Transvaal. . . . *Passons!*

It is probable that England will not remain in Egypt forever. Only there are two ways of going away: as a friend or as a foe,—willingly or by force,—in peace or in war,—soon or in another century. The Hebrews remained 400 years! The Government of England is one thing, and the conscience of England another. But who governs in England—that great and freest of all nations? It is not a grand and gracious Queen or a wise and just King; they only reign. Nor is it her parliament,—that only governs by investiture or proxy. It is the people who rule Britannia—on the land and on the sea—at home and abroad; and we have confidence in that people.

History, science, and experience prove that great, or heavy bodies poised on a pivoted summit are more or less in danger of losing their equilibrium; and a tornado or an earthquake is not always necessary to bring about the catastrophe;—the silent action of the elements is quite sufficient.

In her Victoria's reign, England has reached the apex of human power and greatness—let her beware, "lest she forget—lest she forget!" Let her develop and strengthen the enclosed rather than enlarge her enclosure. Let her look to her most precious heritage—that which came lawfully—her own children. Many of her acquired subjects are hers by force—few by choice. Let her remember that her moral strength and real glory are in her own sons; not in her conquered colonies. The solidarity of the human race is now such that the good conduct of all who come within the limits of civilization must be maintained,

enforced even, if need be;—and all people who are capable of self-government should be, by the moral jurisdiction of the higher powers, insured their divine right of liberty and independence. And when the levelling of nations on an equal moral plane is such that Arbitration may be established, then Federation will follow,—and then Peace. Arbitration is already practiced, and Alliance is the first step to international Federation. Permanent arbitration must come at no distant day—without, or after another great war between civilized nations. What has been done for a year on the Bosphorus, may be done for ten years elsewhere. And ten times ten are a hundred.* After the leading nations have accomplished this supreme result of diplomacy the nations of second rank will be protected and, in due time, educated into fraternal recognition;—and the still weaker peoples and tribes will be cared for by Universal Protection of Nations.

In the mean time England has recreated Egypt financially. She yields of her untold riches, more perhaps, than any other country on the globe; and order reigns throughout, which is the first condition of all government—on the earth and in Heaven;—only in Heaven it is not enforced —it inheres. Yet, in spite of all these good results, here, as in Algiers, we cannot divest ourselves of the subtle sentiment which follows us everywhere: that there is infringement upon God's Domain: which means upon the Right of Man.

To the Egyptians, who uneasily wear the foreign yoke, I can only say this: Improve these days of discipline,—you have need of it as you are a young people, though of an ancient race. Remember you are on trial, and your grand faith also, before the whole world and before the

*While I am correcting this proof, to-day, June 20, 1905, the most stupendous slaughter of men the earth has ever witnessed is going on in Manchuria, and hell seems let loose throughout the world—with the concurrence of Heaven in earthquakes and tornadoes!

future. Have patience then, and loyalty to your masters, and charity, and resignation. All these virtues are embodied in your grand religion, which you observe better than we do ours....We need your example as much as you need our help. Thus, in the sublime and inevitable evolution of humanity, all men are *solidaire*: severally and conjointly responsible.

And thus we have passed over the burning ground without scorching our shoes, as there is always a right and safe way of telling the truth—without flattery or animosity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAIRO—CONCERNING ISLAM—CONFÉRENCE OF PÈRE HYACINTHE.

IN justice to Christian readers who are ignorant of the religion of Mohammed, I will give at the beginning of this chapter a part of the *Hadit* (a *pronunciamento* or encyclical letter) of the Prophet which was written and carried to the convent of St. Catherine, at Mount Sinai, in the second year of the Hegira; and which a former resident there, the Rev. Dr. Porphyrios Logothétis, Archimandrite of the Greek Orthodox Church in Paris, assures us, exists there to-day, as well as a copy of it in every Christian church and monastery throughout Turkey; thus placing all Christians in Moslem countries under the protection of Mohammed; and which protection we are assured has never been abused. Our learned informant said, concerning this: "We have a mosque in our convent at Mt. Sinai, for Arabs, Bedouins, and all Moslems who come there; and we live in absolute peace and most friendly relations. Our most intelligent and trustworthy man in our Patriarchal financial affairs is a devout Mussulman."

We have also received from Mohammed Essad Effendi, Counsellor Legist of the Minister of France at Constantinople, a copy, in Arabic and in French, of the original of this important document which is kept with great care by the Sultan. I quote: "Mohammed enjoins upon all Mussulmans under risk of offense to God and of eternal

punishment to discuss with Christians in a reasonable manner, never to humiliate or insult them in the exercise of their religion; to protect them with generosity and defend them with magnanimity wherever they may meet them; and if a Christian woman marries a Mussulman, her rights and free exercise of her religion are to be absolutely respected." Furthermore, the Prophet enjoins Moslems to exercise hospitality toward all Christians, and to help them in restoring their churches and other religious edifices.*

It is certain that all Moslems do not abide by their laws any more than do Christians by theirs, but are severely reproved by the Koran and their religious teachers—as are we by the Gospel and our spiritual guides.

We had been assured before we left Europe, and all along our route, by those who knew far more of Islam than we did, that in spite of the welcome which might be extended to us everywhere by Moslems, there was one place which was inaccessible, impenetrable,—and that was the Mosque of El-Ahzar at Cairo,—just what of all else we most wished to see and study, as it is the Alma Mater of Moslemic learning throughout the world.

This immense and most important institution is under the constant care and close attention of the Sheik-ul-Islam of Egypt, who ranks second only to the great chief Sheik-ul-Islam at Constantinople. That of Tunis is third and makes up the universal triumvirate.

We had no letters of introduction—nothing but our cards which we presented at the door of the private residence of this distinguished teacher. We were accompanied by a learned Effendi and were received at once. The

* The generous help of the Sultan in building Christian churches and reparation is well known. The valuable ground in the most expensive part of Cairo was given to the American Protestant Mission by the Khedive, and the vast grounds of the American College for girls in Constantinople are exempt from taxes.

audience room was on the ground floor, and of great simplicity,—rugs spread about, and high white divans around the four sides of the vast room. In the farthest corner sat the venerable Sheik, a man of medium size and middle age, clothed in dark robes with the white turban. In a quiet courteous way, he gave us welcome and ordered chairs to be brought, and refreshments. On either side of him sat several other venerable sheiks. Being a woman and a Christian, and therefore a distant daughter of the Synagogue, I sought if not the "lowest seat" (for all are equal in Islam), at least the more retired; but the courteous Sheik invited me to sit next to him, and he frenqently addressed himself to me—thereby inviting me to join in the conversation, a proof of the consideration shown to women by men in high places and in the midst of the highest learning.—We had already begun to perceive that seclusion with Moslems is not exclusion.

Père Hyacinthe explained that we had come to learn as much as possible, not only for our own satisfaction, but also for the purpose of rectifying many errors in Europe concerning Islam; whereupon the Sheik-ul-Islam replied that he "would be most happy to give all information in his power, for this was charity and justice." The conversation turned at once upon theological tenets, religious customs, and historical facts; and during the hour we spent in his company, we received much valuable information from this foremost religious teacher in Islam. Upon our departure we were again assured of warm welcome whenever we chose to visit him. The next day a leading Sheik, who is a distinguished professor of theology, accompanied us to the great Mosque.—What a spectacle! a field of white turbans! over one thousand students—all sitting in groups on the floor around the Imans or Sheiks, their teachers and professors,—who, for the most part, are in the same humble attitude, though sometimes they

GRAND MOSQUE OF EL-AHZAR, CAIRO.—FIVE MINARETS AND DOME.

stand against a column but rarely sit in a chair. And what attention!—each with his inkhorn at his belt, and reed pen,—writing on the open palm of his left hand, which is the custom with all who write Arabic. No tables or desks are needed. In learning, as in all vocations, life is maintained at its simplest expression. Even in Paris our learned Oriental friends disdain our desks when writing Arabic; and certainly the Arabesque characters are the most beautiful of all written languages.—The Sheiks, Imans, and professors vied with each other in explaining to us everything of interest in this vast institution. The fine library is under the special care of the Khedive and is principally in Arabic literature—which once took the lead of all other nations,—and contains wealth of rare manuscripts and books of great price. The teaching, however, is mostly oral. The memory of Moslems is prodigious. We frequently met those who could repeat the Koran from the beginning to the end.

This multitude of earnest young students comes from all parts of the world, and is of every color known among men,—from the fairest blue-eyed faces of the Caucasian race to the blackest ebony of the African tribes,—and from this great school of Moslem faith go forth missionaries for the conversion of the pagan world. The conversion of Christians, or any who believe in the One True God is never undertaken, save by rare fanatics, and it is forbidden by the Koran. They contend that all who believe in the same and only God are necessarily Mussulmans: that God being One and Omnipotent—there can be but one true Religion, and therefore all who believe in Him as such, are of the same household of faith. And no Christian can gainsay this doctrine. The conversions to Islamism among the pagan world are enormous. A Christian and veteran traveler in Africa, Monsieur de Behagle,* gives

* Recently killed by hostile savages in Central Africa.

us an estimate from personal observation: for the last fifteen years the annual average of African converts to Islam is sixty a day.

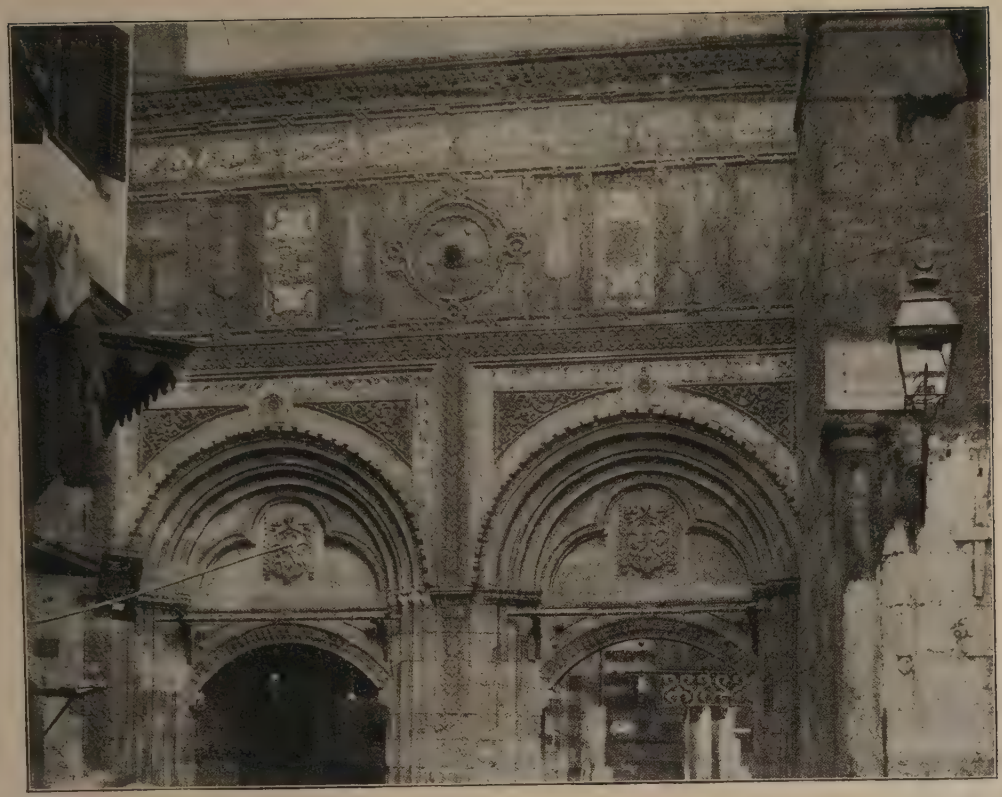
These students of El-Ahzar, when they have taken their degree of Imam (teacher), start out in pairs or singly, but sometimes in groups, to separate in the interior of Africa,—without money or luggage—only their prayer carpet folded over their shoulder, to serve as tent, bed, and mosque,—and some without even this luxury, using their mantle instead. They are well versed in Arabic and also in different African dialects, and go into the desert, or into the mountains; the tropics or the regions of snow, helping, teaching, and converting savages to the knowledge of God. They live as brethren with the most hostile tribes, partaking with gratitude of the simplest fare, teaching humility, resignation, and charity by their own lives. There is no controversy—nothing but the teaching of two fundamental doctrines: God and the Judgment. And this doctrine is so simple and so true, withal,—so remarkable and beneficent, that it only needs to be proclaimed to be accepted at once. The lowest fetish-mongers and idolaters soon begin to feel their dignity and then their relation to God; and gradually stand forth a higher creation—a new man. Limitation of wives is imposed upon all converts or believers, and from promiscuity to four wives is the beginning of the constitution of the family. They need but little catechism and no churches nor altars nor robes nor mitres nor lavender gloves, nor creeds save this: "God is the only God—and Mohammed is His Prophet"—and one repetition is enough to engrave it on their memories forever. There are no back-sliders or unbelievers among them. All they need is the earth on which they prostrate themselves in adoration, and the sky through which they see paradise. But it is very possible, very probable indeed, that these teachers warn these simple tribes against what

they have, perhaps, already learned to beware of: the pale-faced men who come among them with *one book and many bottles*. That One Book—great and blessed—remains unopened to their untaught minds, while the bottles are opened all too quickly! They have, however, no need to be warned against the ever-feared white man who skulks in the jungle, stealing men and women to make them slaves. A humble-minded domestic from Ethiopia said to me one day after some pains on my part to make him believe that Christians were not as bad as he thought: "Ah Madame, you see, we, down dar in dem hot climates don't b'live much in dem white peoples who bring dair great God shut up in a little book, and dair big debil shut up in a little bottle, an de trouble is dis: le little book is shut up so tight all mixed up wid black spots and scratches on white paper—he's no good a pussen;—but de big debil in de little bottle, he make a great noise, an goes pop! an he jumps right out into evrybody!—an den evrybody is debil!"

The simple and unflinching faith of Mussulmans is their only strength and sure fortress in temporal, spiritual, and eternal things. Nor is it surprising from what they see in the outer world that they look with suspicion upon all outside influences and refuse absolutely any foreign interference. The English here in Egypt, and foreign occupants in any land of Islam have no jurisdiction or prestige in the religious realm. This tenacity naturally leads to exclusiveness and to delay in accepting modern ideas and methods. And the principal reason is fear of our irreligion and vices.

During our sojourn in Cairo, we often went to the great Mosque of El-Ahzar, feeling "at home" as we do in all temples built for the worship of God. Thus it was by His infinite love that not only were the doors of this great central temple of worship and greatest school of

Moslem law opened to us, but also the hearts of many of its learned Sheiks and Professors—foremost of all—the great and venerable Sheik-ul-Islam! So well acquainted did we become, and so easy was the ingress to his presence made for us, that I, woman as I am, could go alone, "*comme un enfant de la maison,*" as he said in Arabic, (like a child of the house), whenever I liked, accompanied only by my dragoman who remained outside the door. And when I entered that fine large study, the venerable Sheik, suspending his grave studies with the Imams, sages, and scribes who surrounded him, would offer me a seat on the high white divan beside him, call for refreshments and reply to my enquiries with greatest attention and fatherly kindness. There was always some one among the learned Sheiks who could act as interpreter. The questionings were mostly mine, for I had certainly wished much more to learn of him than he of me. The subjects of our travels, and impressions of our two patries, always led the way to the inevitable theme of religion; its ramifications in history and in the human heart; but above all in its logical sequence—the One and Only God. On this broad and high platform we were in perfect accord and fraternal harmony. And what infinite satisfaction to be at one in essentials with those with whom, in non-essentials we are so far apart! It only required the little grain of mustard-seed with moderate intelligence, good will, and charity, to overthrow the mountains which had ever threatened to crush us, and to fill up the separating abyss which had always yawned at our feet. The Oriental Arab theologian is not a polemist in our sense of argumentation, and avoids vain philosophies and metaphysics. Of all others he is the purest type of the Old Testament prophetic nature: strong in faith; broad and simple in doctrine; and, therefore, comprehensive and conclusive. I have met only one fanatic Moslem, (not in Egypt) and he



ARABESQUE CARVING IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF EL-AHZAR.

was not altogether of a sound mind. Charity is a real and all-prevailing virtue with the followers of the Prophet. *Query*: Is it not possible for us, worn-out believers, to accept something practical in primary principles from these our more modern brethren, if we still refuse to follow Christ?

Père Hyacinthe was invited to speak to the people of Cairo, and under the auspices of the Khedive, with the coöperation of a joint committee of Christians and Moslems, he gave a *conférence* at the Grand Opera House upon the *Reconciliation of Religions.*

A learned Sheik, accompanied by two others, were sent to me in my box "to convey" as they said, "to the great Christian Preacher and Reformer, the felicitations of the Sheik-ul-Islam." And I never felt prouder of my environment than with these distinguished and most imposing Arabs,—draped in white and clothed in manly dignity; and who, notwithstanding their grave deportment, joined heartily in the enthusiastic applause of the immense audience.

I am permitted to say that the quick signal for the loudest and most prolonged applause was given by a pair of small, fair hands up in the trellised box of the Court Ladies;—and it was given when the speaker said, after enumerating the great qualities of the Religion of Mohammed, "but there is a great black spot across the brow of Islam:—Polygamy."

CHAPTER XXV.

TURNING DERVISHES.

WE went to "old Cairo" to see the Turning Dervishes who are certainly one of the most curious of the numerous religious orders of Islam. Within a garden there were about forty men and boys standing around the edge of a raised platform adjoining a religious house. They were of all ages, from youths of twelve to old men of eighty, and of all classes and callings,—all clad in divers garbs and scrupulously clean. They are ascetics and may be called monks in their way, yet they are all married men; for, as the family is the basis of all society in Islam, an unmarried man or woman is an anomaly almost unknown. Neither position nor poverty, color nor condition, prevents marriage; but illness alone.

In spite of *prima facie* evidence that mystery envelops the sublimest truths, we are prone to distrust what we do not understand; therefore, that this strange religious exercise to which these Dervishes give themselves may be somewhat comprehensible, I will explain its mystic origin as given to me by Prince Malcom-Khan,* that distinguished Persian diplomat and scholar, who, though an Armenian Christian, is perhaps the most competent, and certainly the most sympathetic interpreter of Islam in the Occident.

The founder of the Order of Turning Dervishes is

* Persian Ambassador to England, France, Italy, and most of the other European nations.

Djelal-el-Dine Roumi, the most celebrated mystic poet of Persia and Asia, who lived in the thirteenth century, and is held in great veneration by the Turks, being considered a prophet by all the philosophical schools of the Orient. One day, or rather one night, Djelal-el-Dine Roumi was wandering in the suburbs of the city and musing on the wonders of the created worlds revolving about him in the firmament, when his ear caught the rhythmic and melodious sounds of a hammer beating upon an anvil. He involuntarily followed the sound, and soon found himself within the dark enclosure of a blacksmith's shop where a stalwart smith was beating red-hot iron that sent off bright scintillations into the darkness, which, as he turned and re-turned his iron, produced a radiating, gyratory movement of such exquisite beauty that the poet became fascinated, and soon so spell-bound that, under the mysterious attraction there occurred a psychical phenomenon, which remains inexplicable. The religious mystic was unconsciously drawn within the orbit of these revolving scintillations and, borrowing the momentum, began to move with them, keeping the rhythmic measure with the musical beating of the hammer upon the anvil. Round and round he moved in deepening ecstacy until he seemed to be uplifted and swung among the revolving spheres, oblivious of self and earth. Others, too, simple folk, looking in, caught the weird measure, and following the example of their beloved and venerated poet, went moving round with him under the fascinating influence until the spell was broken by the stopping of the hammer and the ending of the luminous spectacle. This was the origin of the Turning Dervishes, and is obviously of a hypnotic spiritual nature. Christianity has produced many analogous moods of worship; the Shaking Quakers in central New York, the Oscillating and Shouting Negroes of the Southern States, the Tremblers in France, the Dance of the

Great Spirit of the American Indians, the religious dances in the churches in Abyssinia, and also in Spain, which are practised there even to this day;—dating undoubtedly from David, the sweet singer and poet-king of Israel, who danced before the Lord to his own enrapturing music. Poetic and mystic natures are instinctively affected by rhythm or measure in musical movement, hence the bewitching, and often irresistible charm of the dance; and there may be a deeper analogy than people think between the whirling waltzers and the Turning Dervishes;—and more than one dancing fanatic of the gay and giddy world has avowed a worshipful sentiment;—one young lady assuring me that she prayed in waltzing. The *bâton* in the hand of the *chef d'orchestre* produces, not only upon the waiting musicians, symptoms of harmonious contagion, but is often communicated to the audience before a note is sounded upon the instruments. A sympathetic note of a violin, or a street-organ will sometimes set people dancing in spite of themselves. I know a Christian lady, though opposed to dancing generally, frequently engages an organ-grinder for an hour beneath her window, then locks herself up alone and, as she says, "dances it out and feels better for a week after!"

Now we turn back to the Dervishes. They formed a hollow square in which a few musicians were seated, keeping low and melancholy measure on a tambourine, a stringed instrument, and a flute. In their midst stood a leader who, at a signal began slowly moving his head backwards and forwards, faster and faster, all the others imitating him;—then the whole body began to move, bending backwards and forwards, lower and lower, until the long hair of the most venerable swept the ground. Through it all there was a low guttural sound of heavy cadenced breathing,—the rapidity of the movement ever increasing;—then a sudden stop in the music and an instantaneous

halt with the Dervishes,—then a swaying movement from side to side — and lastly the turning movement began. Round and round, faster and faster they moved, deeper and deeper the breathing, which at length, with the increasing velocity becomes to a looker-on, sometimes painfully contagious. Even little children who could scarcely walk, pressed forward to be taken up in the arms of some turner to join in the rite and be whirled within the mystic circle. Thus they are taught, without words or precept, this strange mode of prayer and worship.

An unquestionable and profound religious atmosphere pervades this extraordinary rite, which is necessarily incomprehensible to those who feel no religious sympathy with what is odd or eccentric; and to a common sightseer it seems ridiculous. But when we remember that this is the only mode of expression given to this humble and ignorant people who are profoundly religious, with very sensitive nervous organism,—without resource, knowledge, or experience; and that this is their weekly prayer meeting, and all who join in this ceremony give evidence thereby of their need of divine help, and the seeking of perfection through the grace of God; the rite, though exaggerated to us, becomes respectable and even imposing. We were very much ashamed of most of the traveling Christians present; but felt grateful for the tears of one old sympathetic Russian lady, and to a distinguished looking Jew who joined in the chant. The ceremony lasted about an hour. On the part of the Dervishes, all was orderly, decent and respectful. Not so with many of the 200 curious lookers-on, some of whom were surprised that there was no entrance-fee nor collection taken up; especially as comfortable seats were offered them by the polite Moslems in attendance. But money under no circumstances enters into the cult of Mussulmans. (An excellent object-lesson for us.)

But how these Dervishes could go through this religious ceremony, surrounded as they were by this crowd of unbelieving, deriding, and sneering Christians, was the most astounding instance of the virtue of forbearance and tolerance, that could be given to the world! When the ceremony was ended, we sent into the house to ask the Sheik if he would receive us. We were at once ushered into a large room, very simple and very clean, where we were welcomed by the presiding Sheik who gave us most interesting information concerning the order. With Mussulmans, there is a total absence of all cant or superfluous expressions of piety. Hospitality, even among these poor people, is an incumbent and practised virtue. Delicious coffee was offered us at once by the Dervishes who had just participated in the turning service, and all were glad to have us among them—and we were happy to be there. Ah! how religion, even in its most unlike expressions, unites and warms hearts—as nothing else can do!

A few days later we received the visit of the Sheik Superior of the Dervishes in Egypt, who resides in Cairo: Mohammed Tewfik-el-Bakr, descendant of Abou Bakr, the successor of the Prophet, and of Fatima, his daughter. This office and title are hereditary. When our host, Ahmed Chéfik Bey, announced this distinguished visitor, it needed no stretch of imagination to see the weird, long-bearded old Arab Sheik with haggard visage, clothed in sackcloth, and perhaps turning, turning all the time; but lo! there appeared a fair gentleman of courtly appearance and richly dressed—an accomplished man of the world, about thirty years old, but looked younger. He was a learned man and had traveled a great deal. He had, I fear, read overmuch, for he knew as much of the school of German Infidel writers as he did of ancient and modern history and the classics,—and these he knew well. He spoke the principal European tongues and divers Oriental

ones. With our host, we accepted the invitation to dine with him with great pleasure. His residence is one of the finest palaces in Cairo, and furnished *à la français.* He must be very rich, as his position entails great expense. Tall, well-trained native domestics served an excellent dinner which was a happy combination of French, Arabic, and Turkish *cuisines.* Delicate in health, he is still unmarried, and lives with his mother who sent me word by her son that she would be happy if I would call upon her, which I did a few days later. Her harem is in a separate part of the palace, in vast and magnificent apartments, with many immense mirrors, a rare thing in Moslem houses. I found a fair, richly dressed lady, but with simple elegance and perfect taste, which, with her refined manners, betrayed the high-born lady of Constantinople, most probably of Circassian extraction. She was a widow and devoted to her son and her religion. No Christian lady could express higher moral sentiments and more ardent desire for the proper education of youth, and the maintenance of charitable relations among all believers, and for universal peace.

During the great fast of the Ramadan, when vigil is kept late into the night, this Chief of the Dervishes has an immense, warmly quilted and embroidered tent put up in his vast garden, where hundreds of devout men meet for religious exercise: singing, praying, and speaking. The Sheik invited us to attend one of these meetings near midnight, and we were greatly edified. What impresses us most deeply among all Moslems is their absolute equality and simple fraternity—united with perfect decorum and respect.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COPTIC CHURCH.

THAT the God Unique was vaguely revealed to the ancient Egyptians long before He was worshiped by Israel, as the Divine, Personal Father, we have ample proof in archaic stone and script. It is, therefore, very possible that, by spiritual atavism, psychological evolution, or Divine direction,—as one may choose to call it,—a latent auxiliary to monotheistic faith was found by the Hebrews, in the ancient mythology of Egypt, during their long sojourn there, where, as in India, and the great Druidic forests of Gaul, and those of the American Indians, as well as in Athens, later on,—there existed the inherent and inevitable seeking of the human soul for "The Unknown God."

The Coptic Church—which numbers 700,000 souls today—is one of the oldest of the Apostolic foundations. His Holiness, Abba Ciryle V, the present Patriarch, is the uninterrupted and undisputed successor of St. Mark. This Church is, therefore, the primitive Church of Egypt, as its name implies: Copt meaning Egyptian. It certainly is the oldest Church in the world—older than the Apostles, as it was founded by Mary, the Virgin mother, who carried the whole Church in her arms when she fled into Egypt.* During the great Moslem crusade, and since, large numbers of Copts became Mussulmans.

* The wonderful prophecy in chapter xix of Isaiah should be consulted.

One of our first visits in Cairo was, very naturally, to its oldest Christian edifice. It was, therefore, with profound religious interest that we drove out of the whirling, noisy capital, through the scoria of an ancient world, into the solemn and sordid, dilapidated "Old Cairo."

A great modern building—from five hundred to a thousand years old—stands amid ruins and rubbish over the spot where tradition places the resting-place of the Holy Family.

With eyes open and reason on the alert, we are not slow to detect fraud and error; but we do not belong to the category of captious sceptics who encumber the way of all serious travelers, as well as reason and history, with doubt and pretentious criticism. Concerning this case of Traditional History, it must be admitted that anything which breaks into the common order or circumstance of life—such as, for instance, the arrival, in any neighborhood of any country, of a family—a husband, wife, and child—fleeing persecution and death—would be an event not likely to be hidden or soon forgotten. The fact of their being strangers from a far country would add to the importance; and when the persecutor was a great king like Herod, the fact would become history. So we went down into the sub-crypt of three superposed churches quite willing to believe that it was here the Holy Family came and dwelt; —in this rock-roofed dwelling in the sands of the desert beside the Nile: Mary the Virgin, Joseph her spouse, and the Infant Jesus.

Most interesting is this sand-buried church;—and, considering its antiquity, well preserved;—but it was not here they dwelt,—we must go deeper into the past, and deeper into the earth—down a steep stone-stair, until we are prevented by water from going further. The ebb of the annual inundation of the Nile had not yet receded to its bed, and the floor of this church was at least a foot under the

clear sparkling water,—so that we could venture only part way down the steps;—but the acolyte who accompanied us held aloft a torch, and we could discern its proportions and main detail. His explanation was very touching, even if it was not all verified by history; as, for example, when he said: "The altar yonder is where the Mother and Child slept."

I hope the serious reader will forgive me for passing abruptly, at this point, from a grave to an amusing incident, which, however, has its lesson. The acolyte, being barefooted as is the custom on entering holy places, preceded us with the torch and stepped down into the water, while we remained standing on the last dry steps. When we expressed our regret that we could not approach the altar nearer, the young man held up a pair of sandals which he carried in his left hand, and innocently remarked: "Oh, you may come with me if you like, and examine all; you have only to put on these sandals."—To hide our smiles and safeguard decorum, I fear we ascended the steps rather precipitously. It was an amusing object-lesson in a holy place. The letter of the law remains harmless and sometimes even ridiculous,—and may become so habitual and indelible that even the inundations of the Nile cannot obliterate it. The water mattered little to this devout Christian, if only our shodden feet did not desecrate the floor of the holy place!

Well, well,—we must not "kill" with our "spirit" making it harder than the "letter";—so we will excuse the young zealot, and respect and love the old Coptic church which has so steadfastly kept the faith which Mary and Joseph brought here into this land of the Unknown Past.

As we came away we were sorry to see a little hand, on which the Coptic cross was tattooed, stretched out asking for backsheesh.

The reflections as we drove away from the ancient

Coptic church, amid the ruins of Cairo, and through the heavy sand, were in this wise: There is an infiltration of Living Water in the old Churches,—borne in silently by the swelling tide of the Great River of Divine Progress from the Upper Country,—from that undiscovered region of Infinite Purpose—and their altars are in danger,—and worshipers can scarcely venture in;—unless they have the courage to go in boldly and barefooted as did the Coptic acolyte;—for if you venture in, shod in your modern shoes, you do it at your risk;—and when the churches are inundated, traditional sandals are a subterfuge! But be not misled by wiseacre acolytes, or ignorant guides, who say: "Oh, it is only a periodical overflow, it will soon pass away and we shall still maintain our ancient base-line." These acolytes, and would-be prophets, are mistaken, they are ignorant of the great onward march in all God's universe—and reason thus: "When Mary and Joseph came to Egypt with The Little Child, there was no danger of the rising tide: their dwelling when built, was safe and solid, and we will never abandon it!" But with the immutable march of time the bed itself of the great river has risen! If God has changed the base of natural phenomena, how much more certainly has he changed the base of human institutions!—Still men and Christians go on superposing their dwellings and churches, (while there is so much building-room on the earth!) consenting most reluctantly to abandon their substructures, determined to keep to old customs, old habits, and old errors, with the justly venerated old rites and ceremonies, while God's great river of science is steadily raising its bed; thus causing peril and disaster,—if not for us, certainly for our children, or our children's children. Nature, science, and religion form the tripod on which rests the universe; and if one of the feet is broken, or of unequal length, the unity

of resistance, cohesion, and capacity is lost;—disaster is inevitable.

It requires no study of philosophers' books, but only our own personal observation, to understand that though we may subjugate sand and fire, we are helpless and powerless in the midst of inundation; for water must seek its level: Nor does it require great acumen to understand that beneath that ungovernable force lies a hidden and stronger power which raises, not only the beds of rivers, but the floor of the oceans; and, that finally our modern Churches, like those old primitive ones, will be driven to build on higher ground if they may hope to maintain a solid basis and offer standing-place and kneeling-room for worshipers!

Like the Nile, which, though separated by the Delta for a time, flows together again; so science and religion must eventually unite their forces, at the confluence of Divine events and human transformations, and flow deep and strong together, out into the unfathomable sea of Humanity—bearing new men in new ships to new cities filled with new life! *And in their midst will be Jerusalem*—new and clean and holy!

[Be still! O heart! lest you break by the tension of waiting!]

CHAPTER XXVII.

COMMUNION IN THE COPTIC CATHEDRAL.—THE TEWFIK SOCIETY.—COPTIC WOMEN.

IF our *Star*-day in Egypt was with the Pharaohs at Thebes, our *Sun*-day of religious experience was here in Cairo; and it will remain upon record, not only in our hearts, but in the greater book of Eternity.

As it is our wont in the following of Christ, wherever we go we keep the Holy Feast in His precious remembrance; and being of His Church—the One, True, Holy, and Catholic—we are perfectly at home wherever He dwells.

Our first visit in Cairo was to the rector of the Anglican Church whose Bishops, English and American, had been our Fathers and Visiting Bishops of the Gallican Church, in Paris, for many years. We, however, failed to find him and had not the pleasure of making his acquaintance. But, though strangers in a strange land, we found the "brethren";—and, as we had always held the ancient faith of Egypt in great veneration, we decided to go to the Holy Communion, if it were possible, in the Church of the country. We knew very well, however, that intercommunion with the Coptic and Western Christians was not admitted.

Following the command of our Master, we carry our prayer to God rather than to the Saints; and likewise in the Church we go to the head Minister rather than to the minor clergy, however venerable they may be;—so

we went to His Holiness the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, who usually resides in Cairo, the capital of the country and largely composed of Copts. We carried a letter from Nubar Pasha, and were accompanied by Labib Effendi, Professor of Hieroglyphs and the Coptic language, who, knowing French well, acted as interpreter. The venerable Patriarch received us as became a Father in the Faith—with most kindly expressions of Christian welcome;—but when our desire for communion in his Church was conveyed to him, he was surprised and hesitated,—then called in his chief theologian, the Rev. Father Philotheos, the Ecclesiastical Director of the Coptic College with whom we spoke in Italian. After a conference between them, we were asked if we wished to become members of the Coptic Church; to which we replied that though we held his ancient Church in high esteem, we had no such intention. We were then asked why we wished to receive the Holy Communion at their hands.

Then Père Hyacinthe explained that we were citizens of France, Latin Christians of the ancient Church of Gaul believing in One Only Church, and, though travelers in a strange and distant land, we felt it a privilege and duty to show our belief in this unity by partaking of the Holy Communion. We came therefore instinctively with love and confidence to the Church of the country—and to its Chief Pastor—asking this privilege. Thereupon the venerable Patriarch gave us welcome in the name of Him whose followers we all are. As the day of our departure was near, we could not remain for the Sunday services, so we were invited to come on a weekday morning for an early celebration.

At 8 o'clock on the morning fixed upon, Labib Effendi called and drove us to the Cathedral. In answer to our expressed regret at not being able, as we much preferred, to join in the greater Communion on the Lord's day, thus

fully keeping the Sacred Feast—whose name implies the presence of the brethren—he told us that he and several of the clergy would partake with us. We were gratified at this, remembering that though we be but two or three together in His Name—His Holy Presence is guaranteed.

In passing through the arched entrance which shuts out the city, and into the large enclosure which surrounds the Cathedral, the College, and the Patriarchal palace, we heard the sound of a great choir and saw clouds of incense floating out through the windows in the sweet morning air;—and were much surprised when we were met by a group of clergy, laymen, and students, all of whom saluted us with a warm Christian welcome and escorted us to the great Cathedral which was filled to its utmost with many hundreds of expectant people! So great was our astonishment that we asked if it were a fête-day in the Coptic calendar. The reply was, "No, but it is a great festival in the annals of Christianity when, for the first time, Oriental and Occidental Christians come together at the Sacred Feast of our Beloved Lord."

Among the assembly were Greeks, Syrians, Maronites, Romans, Protestants, Moslems, and Jews; all being drawn together by Christian sympathy. I write what I mean: for the religious sentiment of the Jews as well as of the Moslems is the Christ-sentiment of Brotherhood.

The emotion which seized us as we crossed the threshold of this ancient Cathedral was very profound. We were escorted by the clergy up through the passage, kept open by the pressing throng, that led us to that "Altar to the Living God," which should remain in Egypt and of which the prophet had written 4000 years before, "....There shall be an Altar to the Lord in the midst of the Land of Egypt—and a pillar at the border thereof...."*

* Pompey's Pillar stands on its borderland at Alexandria. (See Isaiah, XIX, 19.)

The great edifice was filled with melody of plaintive Oriental music, and the air with incense; and as my eyes followed the cloud upward, I saw the high latticed gallery for women filled; and bethinking myself that I, too, was of their number, noticed for the first time that I was the only woman in the body of the church; and wondered where my place should be.

(Here, not in revolt against this Jewish custom still preserved in Christian churches, but with ineffable satisfaction,—I dare say, with something of inspiration,—my mind went back to Her who came to this friendly land nearly twenty hundred years ago, fleeing an enemy greater than prejudice and error: death for Her Precious Babe—to Her the young, loving Virgin Mother, carrying in Her protecting arms the whole Eternal Church! and I asked within myself: Why should her sisters be thus set apart and hidden in the worship of Her Son?—And my reason, and my faith, and my heart said: This should not be!)

I was willing, however, in this grand moment, if not as a woman, at least as a Christian, to take the humblest seat and the least visible place. I said to a deacon beside me: "Pray do not let me embarrass you in any way—but put me where you like—I am only too happy to be present anywhere." To this he replied with emphasis: "You and your husband are one—and what God has joined together, let no man put asunder—and certainly not in His Divine Presence."

The Coptic Altar, as in all the Oriental churches, stands in the sanctuary behind the Holy Screen to which broad steps lead up. And now we approached a large carpet before the Holy of Holies, upon which no dust of shodden feet may fall. An attendant, stooping, put on over my shoes a pair of sandals, and would have done so for my husband, but the latter insisted upon removing his shoes as did all others present near the Altar. In the middle of

INTERIOR OF THE COPTIC CATHEDRAL, CAIRO—WHERE WE PARTOOK OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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this carpet were placed two great arm-chairs which we were invited to occupy. As seats are seldom used in Oriental churches, where worshipers stand or kneel, we sat but little, save during the sermon and only when a priest begged us so to do.

It seems almost a sacrilege to even attempt to give a description of what was so indescribably sacred. It is very certain I should utterly fail in conveying any conception of our emotion. Compared to this, the outward detail though so grand and impressive, is naught!—The high arched Cathedral, the massive stone pillars, the great windows, and the pressing mass of worshipful people,—are all vague memories. But I can never cease to see vividly that choir of blind students who stood on either side upon the broad steps of the Altar, like the Holy Choir upon the steps of the Heavenly Throne,—their sightless eyes turned upward to that great Light which illumines every soul that chants the Glory of Jehovah!

The venerable Patriarch was on his throne at the right of the Sanctuary, and in the middle was the High Priest officiating. The service in the Coptic tongue, is chanted and sung, not only by the choir, but by the whole congregation, who use no books, as all the Liturgy is known by heart from childhood. Some parts of the Gospel and the Creed were first repeated in Coptic, then in Arabic, that all might understand. The service was long—I wished it had been longer—and certainly the most beautiful I ever witnessed! All was full and complete, in perfect order and harmony, yet without the least suggestion of studied ceremony. Everything was natural, spontaneous, and impressive. There was no superfluous going and coming, nor excessive genuflexions and crossing;—all was simple, sober, and sacred. The vestments were very elaborate, Oriental, most beautiful, and becoming—with a suggestion of the Synagogue in its ancient grandeur. They were

worn with that grace and dignity which characterize natural simplicity and true worship.

A sermon was preached in Arabic, in the middle of which, and to our surprise—but not in the least to our discomfiture—the preacher looked straight at my husband and asked in Italian, with a clear voice, amidst a most solemn silence: *"Padre Giacinto, Crede Lei in Nostro Signore Gesu Cristo?"* (Father Hyacinthe, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?) To which the Père replied, in a strong full voice *"Si, Io credo"* (Yes, I believe). Then turning to me, he repeated the same question in the same tongue: "Madame Hyacinthe Loyson, do you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ?" to which I replied in Italian, "Yes, I believe."

Our hearts were filled with a great unexpected joy to thus make public confession, and amid divers believers of different lands, of our faith in Christ and our love for the ancient Church of Egypt! All was so natural and in such perfect harmony with the sublime occasion and the majestic ceremony that it seemed, not only a renewal of our primitive Christian faith, but a broader, higher entrance into the great family of the faithful than we had ever experienced before.—How sublime this All-Sufficient Confession of Faith: ONE GOD—ONE SAVIOUR—ONE CHURCH. . . .

Then the High Priest withdrew within the Sanctuary and we knew the consecration was beginning, according to the most ancient rite. The congregation were standing in silent prayer when the veil was drawn, and he came forth and beckoned to my husband to enter within the Sacred Precinct for the Communion. Knowing that no woman enters there, I was filled with astonishment when, the next moment, the High Priest returned and beckoned me to enter also! Fearing I might be mistaken—for I now doubted my senses—I hesitated, when two deacons advanced and bade me enter.

It seemed to me that my feet had lost their volition, and that I was borne within the Holy of Holies by an Angelic Host—as the choir chanted a Halleluiah! My husband was already robed in a priest's long white Surplice, and two deacons placed on my shoulders a long white mantle, and on my head a white veil. Gold embroidered napkins were placed in each our hands for taking the Chalice;—then kneeling beside my husband at the High Altar, the High Priest gave to Père Hyacinthe and then to me, the Most Holy Communion of our Lord:—the consecrated bread and wine, repeating the Biblical formula in Italian: "This is the Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ—take ye—eat and drink of it." Then there came within the Sanctuary many priests and laymen and joined in the Holy Feast.

More than this may not be written on paper, with pen and ink;—the emotions of the soul, the ineffable peace, the celestial joy of this most Holy Communion with Christ and his followers—this strange people—in this distant land....words are weak and almost sacrilege.

When all was finished we returned into the nave of the cathedral, exchanging warm congratulations with many friends and brethren gathered to meet us, and then we were conducted to the Patriarchal palace hard by, where the Venerable Patriarch awaited us in his private parlor for his final benediction, which was given—we kneeling, and he placing his hands at the same time on both our heads.

It was with full hearts that we reiterated our expressions of consolation and gratitude; and as we bade him our final farewell he presented me, first with a beautiful Coptic cross of golden filigree (which they told me had been sent him by Menelik, the Coptic Emperor of Abyssinia)—then with three small loaves of Blest Bread which had lain upon the altar, and from which had been taken that for Consecration. This bread is unleaven, of the form

—a little loaf—everywhere used in the Orient, and most probably the same that Jesus used. Upon it in moulded Coptic characters, are the consecrating words of the Saviour. These the beloved Patriarch carefully enveloped in a white silken napkin, and gave me to carry home. Two of the loaves have been broken and given, as sweet souvenirs of intercommunion, to many friends of diverse lands and different churches, and some have been laid upon altars in the West. One loaf remains on our Home Altar —a precious relic of that bright, that glorious Sun-Day of our voyage in the Orient, and of its Immortal Circumstance!

And if it be such joy to two travelers in these times of separation, to commune thus with a long-separated Mother Church, what will it be when all are drawn together by the Holy Spirit?

Let us not then be weary in working, hopeless in waiting, nor languid in praying for this end!—for that great Jubilee-Day must come! When?—depends upon how sincerely we pray—how confidently we hope,—and how faithfully we work!

I have welded that golden Coptic cross to an ancient silver Latin one, which I have worn almost all my life;—for there is but one Cross.

* * *

In closing this poor recital of a grand chapter in our lives, I am not afraid to prophesy that in the future reconstruction of the Church of Christ throughout the world, this great Coptic Emperor of Abyssinia—who has the just and Scriptural title King of Kings—or his successors, who are the successors of Solomon, will bring cyclopean blocks of black well-polished granite, from the interior of Africa, for the building of the solid basis of Divine Unity among Christians!

Our communion in the Coptic Cathedral at Cairo is an earnest of that glorious day!

The day of our Communion in the Egyptian church the telegraph carried the news all over the world that "Père Hyacinthe had become a Copt!" Two days after he published a letter in the Egyptian newspapers which put the matter right; but there are persons to this day who still maintain that we are *ipso facto* Copts; others that we are Armenian, or Greek, or Maronite, or Protestant, Anglican, or Papist,—for the simple and very good reason that we love them all and frequent their churches when occasion offers, being therefore Catholic, Protestant, and Evangelical. But we are so accustomed to misrepresentation that if every one told the truth about us we would scarcely recognize our own identity, were it not for the central consciousness and the immutable principle of faith which we carry in our hearts.

Before we left Cairo, a reception was given us by the "Coptic Tewfik Society," composed of leading ecclesiastics and laymen,—men of science, letters, government offices, finance, etc.

Tewfik signifies Progress—and the members of this society do it honor. Some of its members have received medals of literary merit from the first institutes of Europe; one has just received the *medaille d'or* (golden medal) from that of France. Their Hall of reunion, which holds one hundred comfortably, was crowded with about three hundred! Happily an admirably contrived punka suspended from the ceiling kept the air in motion and made existence possible.

Père Hyacinthe delivered an address, after which he was elected Honorary Member of the Tewfik Society of Cairo, and duly presented with a printed parchment.

I was the only lady present, and occupied a seat on the platform beside the Rev. Père Philotheos, at the right of

the President, who informed me in a nice little speech, that though the Coptic ladies never attended public meetings they had made a departure from their exclusive rule, and a company of their wives, mothers, and daughters were waiting to receive me in an adjoining room;—to which, with the utmost difficulty, I effected an entrance, so packed were the hall and stairs,—hundreds of people crowding the streets outside.

The reception by the Coptic ladies was simple and genuine, and we were friends at once. Some there were who spoke French and we got on very well.

It is quite evident that among the Coptic women there is an impulse for learning and, unlike the Moslems, a decided disposition on the part of the younger women to discard the veil;—for it must ever be borne in mind that the veiling of women is not an exclusive Moslem custom, but Oriental and common to all save the Jews. Yet how paradoxical—for in the Synagogue they still sit behind a veil—apart from men.

We visited the Coptic schools and colleges, and found them excellent, with competent teachers and professors, and many very intelligent pupils. My husband was asked to address the French class and I the English; and we were certainly surprised at the learning of these young students.

I made several visits to Coptic families and found intelligent, devoted, Christian wives and mothers; and who were not in the least troubled with vain or worldly ambitions. While I make no criticism here on the seclusion of Moslem women, I venture to say that I believe this seclusion of Coptic women is unreasonable and detrimental to the progress of this Christian people.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.—LEAVING CAIRO.

AT length the time was fixed for leaving Cairo; and we must visit the Pyramids for the last time.

We started early to have the full long day, and with an indescribable elation of spirit, joined, in crossing the great bridge of the Nil-el-Nasr, in that heterogeneous, nondescript, sublime caravan of human and animal disproportions.—Nothing like it in the wide, wide world! The most dignified of all were the camels; the most impatient—the tourists; the most philosophical—the donkeys.

We drove in an open carriage with two fast-flying Egyptian bays, an Abyssinian coachman with teeth of ivory,—and not one missing—as his broad genial smile amply revealed. Indeed his smile was so remarkable and his whole attitude so exuberant with happiness, that I at length called to him: "Hassim what makes you so happy?" Thereupon, he turned around, and for joy could scarcely sputter it out: "Oh! I knows all 'bout it, an' I knows yous!"

"About what?" we asked.

"Oh the Patrack! (Patriarch) You like Copt— O good! ver' good! I Copt—I like you, an' you like me— O, ver' good!"

He was evidently a Copt and knew of the ceremony in the Cathedral, and we learned that it was known by every one of that faith in Cairo before sunset of the day of its

occurrence—and among whom there was general felicitation.

It was with an intense sentiment of Christian fraternity that our Abyssinian brother urged on his little flying bays,—and, quite unmindful of all propriety, often turned trying to give us some important information evidently forgotten by our somewhat nonplussed Maronite Christian dragoman. He never succeeded, however, but he was just as happy, and we were happy also.

We also had a footman: a Moslem boy in tatters, a regular "rag-tag and bob-tail" fellah, who, clinging to the springs behind the carriage,—as is the mode in Cairo, —his variegated petticoats catching the wind and expanding into a prodigious balloon,—gave an altogether imposing appearance to our magnificent equipage, not to be ignored in the picturesque and classical landscape through which we sped. After having left the multi-colored and multifarious caravan we entered the broad quiet avenue of trees which shelter the highway from Cairo to the Pyramids, and began to breathe in the day.

The sun was well above the horizon when we swept up to the foot of the great builded mountain, where we were welcomed by the refined young Sheik and the army of guides, cameleers, and donkey-boys who hold the fort. The welcome of some was, perhaps, too warm—as the day boded hot.

I was soon on the back of a tall camel and under full escort, winding through the deep sand down to the Sphinx, where we were photographed,—a thing to be done—conscience bound,—as the operator assured us he had walked from Cairo to be there in time to take us—and he did take us—in—a hurry, as you see, kind reader.

My husband, in spite of splendid health and unusual strength, is given to imprudence, and to-day refused alike both camel and donkey, and even a guide,—preferring the

long walk in the heavy sand alone—a sublime spot and unique occasion for meditation. Yet nothing could deter the pertinacious group from acting as body-guard until our dragoman gave them to understand that he was a Christian Sheik and wanted to be alone to pray. He was left to solitude instantly.

Browning's lines flashed through my mind:

"He prayed and I was afraid."

And, also, Père Hyacinthe still maintains the monkish habit of often going bareheaded when walking in solitary places. (The Barefooted Carmelites—his ancient Order—not only go with bare feet, wearing low sandals, but with shaven and bare heads; and only in very inclement weather is the cowl raised over the head.) So, as soon as our photographs were taken and just as we descended into the Temple of the Sphinx, he began to suffer premonitory symptoms of sunstroke. But the cool shade of the huge stone walls in the underground edifice, with several hours of assiduous care and rest, quite restored him. The guardian of the Temple, and many other Moslems, were incessant in their attentions—providing us with all the bottles of Nile water we could use, and even the little children desisted from asking for backsheesh and kept guard all day, lest we should be disturbed. They also kept off the flies, which remain a plague in Egypt to this day. When we had eaten our lunch, and he had quietly entered upon his afternoon siesta, I could not resist the supplications to go up to the Pyramid with an escort of guides who remembered the exhortation I had given them during our previous visit, concerning wine, tobacco, backsheesh, pertinacious importunity, etc., etc., and who had now been keeping watch, discreetly hidden among the granite blocks; but who showed their appreciation of my former effort by this clinching argument: "Now please do

come, dear mother, and preach to us again! this is your last chance as the father is asleep!"

The great yellow camel knelt with something of complacency in his demeanor—I mounted and rode back to the Pyramid in the broiling heat, surrounded by an army of Arabs, all quiet and courteous. The sun was still high and cast but little shade on the north side of the great Pyramid, and owing to the excessive heat of the day, all travelers but myself had disappeared and I found myself quite alone with the delectable army of guides and cameleers. Burnouses were spread for me on the sand and on the huge stones which form the steps of this man-made mountain, where a high cool place was offered by a venerable sheik—and also a score of ready hands to help me reach it. Then all those who spoke any other tongue than Arabic, offered me their services as interpreters. Most of them knew at least a few words of another language, and some knew French or English quite well, with a little German and Italian thrown in we managed to understand each other. Everything relating to the Pyramids was recited by the guides like a litany. When conversation fell into unusual channels, or into the grave one of religion, our dragoman put it all into sonorous Arabic. There were about a hundred men and boys, and I was struck by an unusual gravity on all their faces, and soon discovered that their interest in me was divided by a general discomforture; and in a border group, I noticed a violent ringleader of an ill-concealed dissension. I asked the cause of the dispute and was told, with reluctance, that all the guides were in trouble, and as it was the beginning of Ramadan, it was an easy matter to loose one's temper—as all were fasting.—Evidently this one noisy fellow had forgotten himself—a rare occurrence among Arabs or fellahs. There were ominous whisperings near me, and presently my dragoman said, in a sort of pleading tone: "If our mother would speak

to him, I am sure his head would cool down and his spirit, too, would keep the fast." I sent to ask the turbulent guide if he would kindly come to me. He was evidently surprised, and perhaps not altogether pleased, at being thus cut short in his forcible argument; but he did not betray any ill feeling and came at once. I asked him as a "venerable" guide (I think he was about thirty) concerning something of his most important calling. He was far too intelligent not to understand my tactics, and far too religious not to feel his fault; but we understood each other at once, and talked freely upon the spiritual merits of keeping Ramadan, of which I heartily approved, and soon we became not only good, but confidential friends, and he was as quiet as a lamb. Then my dragoman was drawn off and spoken with aside, but soon returned to say that there were two or three other "ugly fellows" among their number, to whom I was also asked to speak: "an old and cruel man," they said, "given to beating younger ones; but," they insisted, "as he was an old man, he must be respected";—no one dared gainsay a man with a white beard; as age is always respected with Mussulmans. But I was "still older," as they kindly told me with venerating salaams, "old enough to be his mother," (the "ugly" man seemed to be about sixty) they were sure I could work a miracle. I invited the venerable man to come to me. He, too, quite understood,—for these fellahs are as "quick" as Yankees—and when I told him how necessary it was for old men to give an example of rectitude and gentleness, if not, with all these modern exhibitions of disrespect and presumption on the part of young men—what was to become of the world? Whereupon he kissed the hem of my garment and took up and continued my theme to the listening crowd with the tact of a modern diplomat, the wisdom of a son of Solomon (as he claimed to be) and the gentleness of a disciple of St. John.

Meanwhile, I noticed that the young sheik, sitting apart with pen and inkhorn, was writing very carefully on a large sheet of paper held in the palm of his hand, and scanning the men as if counting them. I ventured to ask those about me if they knew what he was writing. I now detected a strong hesitation to speak on their part, but after some rapid words exchanged among them, one of the leading men came nearer and said with a profound salaam: "Ah, very venerable mother, you have come to us in a day of great calamity! and we are so cast down and so ashamed that no one has dared to tell you; but, as I know that Allah has sent you to us, and it was for this reason we urged you to preach to us,—perhaps you can give us some words of consolation to carry to our wives and mothers who are in such dark sorrow to-day!"

I assured him of my entire sympathy and perfect willingness to do all in my power for any work of justice, and then he said: "You may have seen in the papers that one of our Guides of the Pyramids was arrested yesterday for bad conduct."—I had not, and he went on to tell me that as there was perfect solidarity among them;—if one was guilty of misdemeanor and condemned, all must suffer punishment; "so," he continued, "to-morrow, at least fifty of us must go to prison! And what disgrace for us—but above all for our parents!" (It must be borne in mind that the guides are an important body in Egypt, and especially those of the Pyramids at Cairo.) The sheik, then, he informed me, was taking down the names of those condemned to suffer, though innocent. When I had heard the full particulars of the case, I asked the men to help me down from my high seat and went to the young sheik who rose to receive me. I told him frankly that I knew of his trouble and embarrassment, and I began to plead for the guides, for he was the Judge to settle the case. But evidently, it was the old hard law of Moses we had to deal

with, and the sheik shook his head and said politely, there was nothing to be done. I was struck by the firmness of this young man who seemed to be no more than twenty-two years old. He was fully conscious of his responsibility, and could let no sentimental persuasion interfere with his duty. Then I said: "You are a true believer in the Prophet, and I in the Messiah, and we both well know that the Mercifulness of God is the Highest of all His attributes; and every chapter of your Koran begins with an appeal to Allah 'ever clement and merciful!' As in this we are of one faith and as I come among you a Christian, and also a wife, mother, and grandmother—advanced in years,—and as it is the great feast of Ramadan—I ask you in the name of Him who is Clement and Merciful, to let these innocent men, for this time, go free."

He remained silent for a few moments with his eyes lowered to the ground;—and then he tore the paper in twain!—There was a sudden stillness all about the Pyramid! I clasped the courageous young sheik's hand and said: "My son, I thank you in the name of Allah!"

Then there was a closing-in about me, of these poor men, and what expressions of joy and gratitude on their faces!—and words of thanks enough to last me all my life. Then they asked me to "preach some more to them"—which I did—from the high pulpit of the Pyramid. At the end of my discourse they all bound themselves into a "temperance and anti-tobacco league," promising not to follow the bad example of travelers against whom I warned them without stint, and they also promised to show greater obedience to their parents, and to keep the Ramadan in the "spirit" as well as in the "letter."

The temperance pledge was almost superfluous with them as they never drink wine or any fermented beverage —unless induced to do so by Christians! As to the tobacco —that is one of the modern pests of Egypt, as it is of our

countries, and, indeed, of the whole world;—but I hope a good many of my friends of the Pyramids, have kept their promise.

The young sheik was profound in his thanks for what I had said, and asked me, as did all the men, to come again with assurance that they would never forget me nor that day,—and I know they never will,—nor shall I. They will be assured of this, if, perhaps, they read these lines some day as they sit in the shadow of the Great Pyramid.

At parting, an old sheik of the Pyramids gave me what he called a "seal to seal the day," which I was told was a lump of compact and petrified manna.(?) I shall keep it in remembrance of that day, and also as a suggestion of the great cloud of manna which the typhoon of Egypt swept from off the rich fields of the Delta and across the Dead Sea into the desert to feed the children of Israel whom Moses was leading toward Sinai.

As we drove back to Cairo in the sweet and solemn gloaming, there was a different spell upon us than in the early morning. The young bays received no further urging onward;—the little tattered footman lay cuddled up at the feet of the dark immobile coachman;—the dragoman had nothing more to say—nor had we. Deep unutterable gratitude possessed our souls, linking them with every creature, and all nature to the dim mysterious Past through the incomprehensible Present—adown the fathomless ages of aspiration and effort of the Future—into the Absolute and Eternal Harmony....

Thus we were borne through the silent twilight, and into the soft Egyptian night....

We tore ourselves away from Cairo;—and I do not wonder that the English and everybody else wish to remain there forever!

Many friends of diverse nations and religions: Copts, Moslems, Greeks, Armenians, Dervishes, and Babists;

Maronites, Catholics, Romanists, and Protestants; Arabians, French, Americans, English, Syrians, Persians, and Turks;—came to the train with presents—flowers and many loving words and benediction—to say the parting. A venerable sheik among them said: "You came in doubt—but you brought us peace,—and now you carry away our hearts! Allah will surely bless you!"

We were already in the train when a secretary of the Khedive arrived saying that Her Highness, the Khedevea-Mother would be pleased to see me. Alas! I could only express my regrets at not having this great honor and privilege—for the train was moving—and the dinner with the Governor of Alexandria would be waiting, and, also, our kind host at the station...."*Adieu, adieu!* and God willing—*au revoir!*"

* * *

For a better idea of the profound religious sentiments which actuated our Moslem friends in all this fair and loving speech of adieux, I will give a translation from Arabic, of a letter to Père Hyacinthe, which was received just before we left from leading Moslems in Cairo:

"MOST VENERABLE APOSTLE OF GOD:—

"A few of the representatives of the large audience who were present at your *conférence* on the Reconciliation of Christianity and Islam, desire to express their unanimous appreciation of the rare and lofty eloquence which marked your discourse.

"The arguments which you employ to dissipate the false prejudices of the ignorant classes, and of a certain category of European fanatics, have won for you the gratitude of all sensible people who have had the good fortune to hear you—and more particularly of the Mussulmans.

"You are aware that the Mussulmans believe, as do Christians, in all the Prophets whom God has sent: Jesus,

Moses, Abraham, etc., etc. They believe also in the principles of Jewish and Christian religions, though they do not admit certain interpretations given to the records of these religions, after the time of the Prophets.

"At all periods a great number of Christians have agreed with the followers of Mohammed upon the principles of Islam, but the great majority of Christians are opposed to the Mussulmans touching the secondary part of the Moslem belief: that which regards Mohammed as a Prophet sent of God.

"These opponents have not been content to deny the mission of this great Prophet, but they have even carried their rancor so far as to speak evil of his works, whose extent they do not know, and to bring against his memory those false accusations which you have attempted to refute. The whole Mussulman world and every friend of peace and reconciliation between the two religions hope that you will declare to the entire European and Christian world the truth which you have been brought to recognize! We are convinced that, thanks to your eloquence, and to the sincerity with which you speak, your efforts will be crowned with success, and that we shall soon see a great number of Europeans following your example and admitting the undoubted merits of the Moslem faith—merits which no reasonable mind could possibly deny.

"Those who enter upon this path, when once freed from that hatred which has estranged them from Mussulmans,—when once they entertain a sentiment of sincere friendship, and feel that we are all brethren in the belief of One God—will then suffer with our sufferings, will interest themselves in what concerns us, and will wish for Mussulmans all the good that they would wish their Christian brethren, and will hold out to them a helping hand in misfortune.

"Then, only, will the world form one great alliance of

mutual help for the maintenance of law and order—without which humanity can find no happiness.

"May God help you in your task and assist you to find in the path of Truth the accomplishment of all your hopes."

(Here follow the signatures of a large number of the foremost Moslem citizens of Cairo, headed by a representative of the venerable Sheik-ul-Islam—who is the leading professor at the great Mosque of El-Azar,—the secretary of His Highness the Khedive, etc., etc.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

I HAVE been asked so repeatedly what I think of missionaries and missionary work that it becomes a conscientious duty to say here something of what I do think —though not all—for that would be—if not uncharitable —at least unnecessary.

Christ did not found the Church;—that was the work of St. Paul and the Apostles. But He *did* found the great Universal and Apostolic work of Missions. He commanded His disciples to go out into the world and preach the Gospel: *His* Gospel—the Redeeming Gospel of Repentance and Forgiveness; the practical Gospel of building up a new manhood by individual conduct and virtue; the glorious Gospel of the Divine Fatherhood, and the loving Gospel of Universal Brotherhood!

From what I have heard from reliable sources, and from what I have seen myself, I believe another Gospel than this is often preached, and another fraternity than this is often practised: the travested gospel of sectarianism, the distorted fraternity of selfishness, and the abominable gospel of Religious Domination! I believe, however, that immense good has been done by missions; and, also immense harm. During all our travels in Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, and Turkey, we tried but failed to find a single convert from Islam to Christianity; and we have never found an ideal converted Jew.

One thing is certain: much money is spent upon missions without great appreciable results. Instead of apostles who let their light so shine that men seeing their good works glorify their Father which is in Heaven,—what do we too often find? Teachers of sects and of doctrine manufactured of men; and often impiously holding up God's word to justify their heresies, instead of being earnest helpers and humble teachers, proving by their lives the faith which they would inculcate. We rejoice to say that we have seen, however, especially in Turkey and Syria, something of those grand missions of godly life—those colleges which do honor to Christian learning and devotion; and which are of incalculable help, not only to many and various Oriental Christians, but to those who are professedly non-Christians; — following the Great Teacher at a distance. It is a pleasure and a duty to mention the American college at Beyrout, founded and under the direction of that grand Christian the Reverend Dr. Bliss, and those at Constantinople by another god-sent teacher—the Rev. Dr. Washburn; and the American College for Girls, whose president is our distinguished compatriot, Miss Mary M. Patrick, Ph. D. These three American institutions are grand examples of high civilization, wisdom, and unsectarian Christianity, given to the world through the benevolent tolerance of the Sublime Porte and the mercy of the Sublimer one of Eternal Truth and Charity! These great teachers do not seek to proselyte from one institution to another; but cultivate and elevate all into a higher appreciation of man and his duty, as well as of his responsibility to God and to their respective people and countries. The American Protestant Missions of Cairo and Assiout are too well known by the good work they have done for years, to need any eulogy from me.

As I believe it becomes duty to give advice when we feel quite sure it is needed, so I beg to say for all whom

it may concern, that Missionaries should not only know something of the language of the people among whom they go, but should not be ignorant of their manners and customs, and ready to adopt their modes of living as much as is possible,—such as dress and eating. Good doctors must know their patients well if they hope to cure. Missionaries are doctors, and they should sympathize, not only with their ills and misfortunes, but their opinions, beliefs, and prejudices; gently infusing strength, imparting knowledge wisely, and carrying a carefully shaded lamp to weak eyes. Above all they should study their religion with respect;—willing to learn as well as to teach;—loving those whom they go to succor, cure, or save; taking a real practising interest in whatever concerns them; rendering all possible help, in small things as well as in the most important:—washing feet, mending clothes, cleaning sores, bracing up will, and developing conscience. Establish sympathetic relations, and all the rest will be easy—even the hard work. Indeed it is only the hard work well done that brings happiness.

Touching the Coptic Church, we feel that the interference of any sect or denomination with this most ancient of all Churches, is as disloyal to its Divine Founder as it is illegal in the ecclesiastical realm,—save where such interference is the kindly help of affectionate brotherhood. And the Copts need help, as do all other Oriental sections of the Church of Christ;—and by this need, charity is fostered between them, which leads to friendly relations, and tends to unite all in one. Rome has done in Egypt what she has tried to do with all the other Oriental Churches, not only with doubtful success, but with positive disaster to Christian faith;—bringing dissension, bitterness, hatred, war, and massacre. She has long ago succeeded in detaching about 100,000 Copts from their mother-church, and too often for earthly consideration,—

thus creating a small schism which bears the name of the Coptic Catholic Church. Protestantism has also made an effort—with less success as far as numbers go, but has caused animosity where it should have brought only light and help. We heard many intelligent Moslems, Copts, and other Christian people in Egypt, deploring the lack of comprehension on the part of well meaning Protestants in this matter. They are here, as elsewhere, doing good in the way of schools, but they damage all their other good work by their proselyting efforts, which are almost fruitless; or if they produce fruit, it is bitter:—distrust, feud, and hatred. What the venerable Coptic Church needs and every other Church East or West, is an infusion of the pure practical Gospel into individual life,—strictly and conscientiously avoiding all divisions and dissensions. For such a great and noble work, we believe, American non-sectarian Protestantism is the best adapted; and for the reasons that America, with her large and wholesome charity, and her beneficent law of non-intervention, has, by the marvelous Providence of God, no political rivalries;—and, I fear not to say that, with the remarkable wisdom of her men and the loving and energetic faith of her women—Christianity has to-day, in that happy land, its best expression.

One of the most distinguished Christians of Egypt, and a friend of the missionaries, said to us: "These missionaries would undoubtedly do far greater good, and render real service, if they would cease this attempt at proselyting;—but," he continued in a critical but deploring tone, "they would then, of course, lose their *raison d'être!*"

One of the most needed works in the world is to send missionaries among their compatriots living in foreign lands,—looking after them with all kindness, particularly in their moral dangers and spiritual lives,—thus preventing the introduction of the vices which belong to our higher

civilization and lower morals. It is well known how missionaries sent to pagan countries to convert the people to the true God, are immediately followed by the cohorts of Satan:—so-called Christians, who set up, first of all, the seductive idol, Lucre, which adapts its worship to all religions;—teaching simple peoples how to propitiate it, bringing their libations of alcohol, their fumes of opium and tobacco, and celebrating openly the most abominable debaucheries in its worship;—poisoning and killing those nations who are seeking light and stretching out their hands like children for the Bread of Life! Occasionally Orientals unintentionally send us a direful plague; but we, with full intention, have fastened upon them a permanent, and deadly pest, a quadruple combination of poisons which kill both body and soul: alcohol, opium, nicotine, and syphilis. These pests cannot be rooted out, as is cholera and plague, by International Hygienic Societies; but by the long persistent personal endeavor of millions of virtuous men and women at home and abroad;—with God's Grace added.

No! I do not believe in missions that are the forerunners of such abominable work; and if missionaries are incapable of controlling these Christians who follow in their wake, how can they hope to convince the pagan or convert the savage? As to the Moslems,—happily their sublime faith and innate sobriety make them almost proof against our influence; though in large cities where Europeans have preponderating power, their deleterious influence is deplorable. In Moslem countries, as everywhere, there is another powerful resisting force: the women;—and to them we look with admiration and confidence.

We have in the Gospel of Christ the purest light ever given to the world; but alas! among its followers some of the weakest and some of the most iniquitous among men. Peter and Judas do not stand alone.

I am sorry to say that there is sometimes among missionaries a lack of the most preliminary common sense. For example, I visited a Protestant school during our travels where there were about 40 small children: Copts, Jews, and Moslems; and so little were they, and so high were the benches, that not a quarter of them could touch the floor with their feet! This was simply persecution for those poor little things who always sat on the ground at home. And worse than all they were crowded into a sunless room where ventilation was entirely lacking, save from a small door;—while out of school they live almost constantly in the open air and in the sun. They need both. There was not a happy looking child among them and several were weeping! This missionary teacher should have had his class out-doors, with all those little tots sitting in the sand—and himself too! I know of Catholic missionaries in Africa who do not hesitate to wear the Arab dress, cross their feet and sit in the sand—teaching their Roman doctrine; and, moreover, the people like them. . . .

To one missionary and his wife, to whom I carried a letter of introduction, I paid a seasonable visit; but the wife declined to see me because, as she sent me word, she "was not dressed well enough."—I have called often, unannounced, upon Moslem women, but have never heard this excuse or any other,—as their hospitality exceeds their vanity. The sequel to my call upon this missionary's wife, however, was somewhat consoling, for I was told that when she watched me from behind the curtains as I left the premises, she exclaimed: "Oh, if I had known she came to call upon us in such a simple costume I should not have been ashamed to receive her as I was!" I will state that my "costume" consisted of a light gray woolen gown—"all of a piece"—of a style we call Princess, and which is like the felleen women's,—and a large white cotton veil that covered my straw hat and also served as a mantle like

the Arab women. And if there was undue luxury or extravagance in the length and breadth of such a veil,—its justification is in its refractive qualities, and its palliation in its economic measures: it cost four cents a yard, and "washes" beautifully.

At another school, [you see, dear friends, the "chiel's among ye"—] also Protestant, the odors in the court, and even in the classroom, were so obnoxious that we were forced to leave at once; and though the windows were large and plenty of them, they were all hermetically closed. The air was simply pestiferous, and the otherwise fine-looking students were listlessly drowsy, for lack of oxygen.

While we are on this subject of cleanliness, I can say that where Moslems live, exclusively, there are no foul odors or obnoxious sights. They keep strictly to the law laid down by Moses in the great encampment in the wilderness.

We have not unfrequently been deeply pained by hearing from some missionaries (and some of whom write books, or are correspondents of religious papers) long accounts of the faults and defects of the people among whom they were sent,—criticising or condemning all and everything, with seldom, or never, a word of approbation, sympathy, or pity for the ignorant, suffering, or oppressed race to whom they are "sent";—but not of God!

When a fellow-being needs help, be he a brother or stranger—and you enter his home, be it tent, hut, or palace, you should not begin by decrying his dwelling, manners, and customs; and mayhap, fired with unrighteous zeal, induce him into disobeying father and mother, and perhaps, deserting wife and children,—abandoning home and family, —when you should help him to put his house in order, clean it out, perhaps, with its mould and vermin,—and give care for and elevate his family—making them tidy and happy. The trouble is that these poor people are not really

recognized as brethren, and little love is brought to bear in mission work, but much fear of "The Board," "The Society," or "The Committee" who sent them.

There is one preliminary necessity, if we would hope for the triumph of Christianity in the unbelieving world, and I would like to say this in all loving confidence to every missionary: First of all get into the hearts of the people, and then be not afraid of living a simple, pure, Christian life yourself. And to every missionary society I would only reiterate what they know so well: the millions of Bibles and tracts, which are sent at such cost, to foreign lands, are of little use except to furnish fuel for fires as they often do. Better than these is the going forth of a few earnest men and women with genuine love in their hearts, —"called" of God, rather than "sent" by any Board or Committee. And such missionaries can do much work with moderate expenses, though they should certainly be well supported—not only with money, but with affectionate appreciation. I am thankful to say that there are such and we have seen them.

One of our profoundest regrets—one of our principal reproaches, is for those missionaries who, actuated by a narrow spirit of sectarian proselytism, or being victims of ignorance, repudiate or ignore the value of other great religions of such incontestable superior order as those of Islam, India, and China, of which they should certainly have made careful study; but of which many go forth into rich fields deplorably ignorant.

As the three great monotheistic religions of Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, have but one ultimate object: obedience to, and worship of God;—and while I should certainly oppose sending proselyting missionaries to any of these, I am not opposed to sending them to those inferior religions in which the knowledge of the Unique God is lacking; where cows and elephants, snakes and fetish are

worshiped. Missionaries to these far-away brethren should seek first of all,—and with the most charitable consideration and delicate firmness in faith,—to turn the minds and hearts of unbelievers; first, toward the unity of faith in God—Creator and Father of all men,—then, in due time and naturally, to Him whom God sent as our Helper, Consoler, Regenerator,—the Messiah who was foretold, announced, and expected to come to the earth by the Prophets of all religions: the Christ. With these simple but preliminary tenets, all may concur without offense, division, or resentment,—and mutual help and universal brotherhood be entered upon at once in practical, daily life—leaving creeds and councils for theological seminaries. If God and Christ are real—and if Truth, and Justice, and Charity should no longer be veiled, then go forward in their strength! You will find the recompense, for the most ignorant will understand and accept the work of Regeneration in heart and home—mind and soul. Unfortunately through our ignorance and unwise zeal for our own sects, heresies, superstitions, and divisions, we too often disgust those whom we would convert to our faith with our pretended, or pretentious, Christianity, — and thus deprive them of the true following of Christ. But, to be fair, we will reiterate—it is not so much the fault of the missionaries as it is of those who send them!

I would recommend strongly and urgently lady doctors for all missionary fields.

And of those who are not sent out as special missionaries, but who are, perhaps, doing greater work, though unobserved and unpaid-for, in the homes, towns, highways, and byways in the ordinary trend of life;—Stationary Ministers—it is high time that every man and woman should be taught their first, continuous, and last lesson, without creed, cant, or cavil: *Love to God and Love to man.*

CHAPTER XXX.

ALEXANDRIA.

AT Alexandria we were the guests of Aziz-Kahil-Bey, Vice-President of the Supreme Court, whose charming villa is at Ramleh, the fashionable suburb of the city. His Excellency is of Syrian parentage—of the Arab race, and in religion of the Greek Uniate Church—altogether the perfect Egyptian gentleman.

We were here, as elsewhere, greatly edified at the amicable relations existing between Mussulmans and Christians. Of these latter there are numerous sects, confessions, and denominations; but the prepondering Church is the Greek Orthodox, as it is throughout the Orient. Not only in ecclesiastical importance, but in financial pursuits, they take the lead. The Copts, being the only indigenous Christians, are important, exercising a quiet but widely felt influence, and count to advantage in the Egyptian government.

We had letters from the Coptic Patriarch of Cairo to the Archbishop of Alexandria whom we found a very learned and most benevolent man, and seconded by an intelligent clergy.

The climate of Egypt is so conducive to repose of nerves and mind, and calming of spirit, and, therefore, to conciliation and friendliness, that only virulent fanatics can enter into dogmatic quarrels there. If earth makes the man, atmosphere modifies him. It was to Egypt that Mary and Joseph turned their anxious eyes and troubled spirits,

in their day of peril; and it was there in that soft, pure air that the Child of the Holy Spirit breathed in, perhaps, His first loving inspiration which glorifies Him as the Prince of Peace.

We were present at the first official visit of the new Mohammedan Governor, Sabry Pasha, to the Coptic Archbishop. They are both superior men. His Excellency, a tall well developed Arab of princely bearing, was surrounded by his staff. His Grace, the Archbishop, also Arab, tall and imposing in stature, was surrounded by his clergy—Secular and Regular: i. e., the married and the monastic Priests. The Governor was educated in Europe, the Archbishop at the *Alma Mater* of the Coptic Church —the great convent out in the desert, four days march from all civilization. Their schools of learning were most unlike,—but the same progressive, fraternal, and patriotic spirit animates them both.

We were deeply impressed there, as elsewhere, by the amicable relations of Orientals of different races, and sometimes of opposing religious beliefs. There is always mutual and dignified respect, blended with friendly, even affectionate, sentiment; for with the Oriental, the heart, though under control, is not, as with us, subservient or a slave to the brain.

We visited the Coptic Cathedral and College in Alexandria, and found the youth almost abreast with those of European schools. The first Coptic school for girls was opened during our visit, and we were invited to the ceremony at which were the professors of the boys' college, teachers and clergy—the Archbishop presiding. There were present about 200 in all and not a woman save myself. This seemed very strange to me, educated as I have been in America where women, and especially mothers, take equal interest with fathers—if not more—in the education of their sons and daughters; and participate in all public

and private meetings concerning them. (Nor is France much in advance of Egypt, for nowhere in that very progressive and promising Republic, especially in public schools and colleges, are fathers or mothers allowed to visit the classes of their sons and daughters! It is as unfair as it is unwise;—I should say rather that it is as absurd as it is reprehensible. But France has so much to undo before she can do much!)

I was, however, welcomed at the inauguration of this first Coptic school for girls, with every mark of courtesy and evident satisfaction. There were different discourses pertaining to this most salutary advance in the education of women in Egypt;—but all was in Arabic. I was invited to speak on the important subject of women's education, having the English prefessor for translator. Asking the venerable Archbishop's permission to speak freely and receiving his approbation, I began by saying that, for the proper education and culture of women, we must begin by the proper education and culture of men;—therefore, I begged the whole body to desist from smoking! This was startling, as I believe every man present had a cigarette in his mouth—even the Archbishop. (Happily all the doors and windows of the vast hall were open—hence I live to tell the tale.) Instantly the smoking ceased and soon, with the admirable ventilation the atmosphere became clear.

My *exordium* gave evident surprise, but the Copts are Arabs and like the Moslems, seldom lose their self-possession; and to my great surprise and satisfaction, there were marks of approbation throughout the assembly.

My remarks touching the American idea of women's participation in all that concerns humanity—especially in the matter of education—were warmly applauded.—Some weeks after, when at Jerusalem, I received an Arab paper of Beyrout, in which was printed my little speech before

the Coptic Archbishop and professors in Alexandria, including what I said about smoking.

This incident shows that Orientals have not the prejudice against new ideas which we attribute to them. Useful and practical ideas, like good seed, spring up promptly in their warm, waiting soil.

The Copts are not only willing but anxious to learn. Moslems are slower to accept modern methods of learning, because they are extremely jealous of their faith, and suspicious of our false civilization. The lethargic state of the Copt Church has exposed it to incursions of foreign missionaries, particularly the Roman Catholic. To avoid new schism they should awake out of this stagnant condition; and we hope to see, ere long, an important center of Coptic theology and modern science established at Cairo or Alexandria.

"*Il faut vaincre le monde ou le monde vous vaincra.*"

Dear venerable Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, you will read these lines; and I, therefore, lay them respectfully at your feet—kissing your hand which has given us such precious and munificent blessing in the name of Him who brought true Light and real Liberty into the world!

As there is an end to everything under the sun, so alas! there was to our visit to Egypt.

On the steamer's deck we bade farewell to our kind host whose hospitality and intelligence had rendered our fortnight there one of the most agreeable as well as the most useful in acquiring knowledge of Egypt and its diverse people—and to other friends. As we steamed quietly out into the broad sea, Alexandria withdrew slowly into the distance and into the night, and into the Past,—and we sailed for Jaffa—nearing Jerusalem.

We sighted land next morning, and among the many tongues we heard on the ship's deck, only one word fell into my heart, and that was—"Palestine."

CHAPTER XXXI.

JAFFA.

BEFORE leaving Alexandria, we had received an invitation of sojourn from the Coptic Archbishop of Jerusalem, who usually resides on his large estate at Jaffa. His dragoman* met us at the landing and we were driven through the strange city—the streets being filled with all sorts of Orientals and Occidentals, and encumbered with camels and donkeys,—out on the confines of the plains of Sharon, to the Archiepiscopal Residence where we met a patriarchal welcome from this venerable father in the faith. He is eighty years old, and his long life of hard work tells upon his hitherto good health, and he is now partially paralyzed—unable to rise or walk alone. His reception was very touching. At the farther end of the long high room filled with sunshine flooding in from many windows—seated on the high white divan between arm-pillows—enveloped in his ample robes of violet satin, his venerable turbaned head erect, his thin white hands outstretched to receive us;—he was the perfect type of the Abrahamic Patriarch—with a heart overflowing with Evangelical speech and tenderness.

We could not speak his tongue nor he ours, but in those tears of gratitude at our coming, that trembled on

* All Oriental Patriarchs and Archbishops, like all Ambassadors, have a dragoman attached to their person who is secretary, *homme de confiance, chargé d'affaires,* or *attaché,*—and not to be confounded with a traveling dragoman.

his wan furrowed cheeks; and with those that welled within our hearts—words were superfluous:—we were in the home of a High-Priest of Israel—in the arms of a loving father.

During the winter the Archbishop lives in the convent near the Archiepiscopal Palace which he has evidently built for his friends and not for himself. It is the finest ecclesiastical residence in Palestine;—modern and magnificent—imposing in architecture but simple in appointments, with wide high verandas and terraces, numerous rooms and immense corridors. In the midst of the vast orange groves, on an eminence, it overlooks the Mediterranean, and commands the beautiful plain of Sharon.

Here we were at last, all alone, save for the attendants; and had ample time and room to rest, of which we had great need, having been constantly in movement and surrounded by much and varied people, with divers and intensely interesting occupation for the previous six months.

Despite the palatial residence, what Evangelical simplicity of life and manners! The dragoman, who was also our cook, was a deacon of the church, a native, that is an Arab, and born in Jerusalem. But what delicious, though simple food he gave us to eat!—and with what constant kindness he thought of everything for our comfort. He was married and a father, and hoped soon to be ordained priest. He spoke English well and a little French; and was devoted to the venerable Archbishop and to his church —serving the altar and chanting vespers barefooted. At Easter-tide he goes up to Jerusalem to serve in the Coptic chapel in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—wearing magnificent brocaded vestments and tiara.

Those were grateful days in Jaffa;—rest for the body and beatitude for the soul. All through the long sweet hours of this Oriental springtime, we sat on the broad terrace overlooking the luxuriant plain of Sharon, with its

palms swaying above the vast orchards of orange trees, which are always in blossom and always in fruit; the grass and bushes all filled with insects chirping their joy, and every tree vocal with singing birds—the air vibrating with humming bees and luminous with golden sheen of pollen;—the warm sunlight over it all, with the stretch of Paradise sweeping away to the fading hills of Judea... To the North lies Galilee—to the East, Jerusalem.—There it lies, just over those undulating lines like the New Jerusalem—unseen and yet so near!

The soft breeze coming in from the sea fanned us with subtle perfumes of orange-blossoms, jessamine, myrtle, heliotrope, roses, and violets. It was indeed the Garden of the Lord.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, and to crown it all, after this communion with God and nature, we were invited to the Holiest of all Communions, that of God in His Son.

The church, palace, convent, and clergy-house, are all near, in the same vast enclosure. Under the trelliswork of jessamine and orange-trees, we passed to the quiet, lovely church, almost hidden in verdure, where a company of new friends of the old faith awaited us beneath the peristyle—to give us the welcome of brotherhood. Ah, what a befitting introduction to the preaching would be such a gospel welcome, given at the door of our churches, to friends—rich and poor—and especially to strangers!

There are but few Copts at Jaffa, and the church is small but built in style, prettily painted within, and old enough to give it a venerable air, light, airy, and clean. Shoes and sandals are left at the door in a long orderly line, and all enter in stockings—or, in the case of the humbler class and little children, barefooted. The floor is covered with fine matting and carpets upon which all sit or kneel. The only seats were two chairs brought for

us. The men were at the right on entering, the women at the left—and in whole families—little children abounding, not constrained, though all were perfectly docile and well behaved;—little things of two years or less, kneeling and clasping their tiny dimpled hands as none could do save those who drink in devotion with their mother's milk.

The matins were chanted in the familiar Arabic measure which we had learned to love. (How delighted we were to hear it, afterwards, in the Matin service of the Greek church in Paris!) The choir was composed of all the men and boys of the congregation, who stand around the lectern before the altar steps,—and all sing heartily. There was a magnificent supplementary choir of hundreds of little birds who flew and swung through the high oval windows in the cornice,—quite outdoing all earthly symphonies;—and when the chanting ceased, they, too, sang less and only kept the cadences with their gentle chirping. Many of them took their places on cornice, capital, or picture frame, and also (dear little confiding creatures!)—all along the outstretched arms of the Saviour on the great sculptured crucifix which is lifted above the Holy Screen. Some even carried their Heavenly daring so far as to alight and sing God's praise from the Crown of Thorns that encircled His sacred Head.—I must confess that I felt a momentary impression as if this conduct on the part of those little birds was, if not sacrilege, at least highly improper; and my mind suggested window panes or wire grating to keep them out; but, as the Sanctus was chanted, there came flying, flashing through the holy song such a cloud of them, and with such a united cry of joy, that my soul, too, was smitten with worship; and my lips taking up the song, I asked within me: why shut out God's witnesses which "flock to the windows?"—this loving Heavenly choir! Oh no! let the birds come and go in our

churches as they will! Let them awake within our dormant souls new pæans of worship and praise!

Next to the birds, the little children had their way in this quiet Coptic church;—but more discreetly, going with worshipful demeanor about from one end of the church to another, and no one said them nay.

And now was enacted a scene unique and most touching. The officiating Priest was reading of the Holy Scriptures, when there glided from out the company of women a little child of about two and a half years old, all clad in purple velvet with gold lace, and with pretty little bare feet tending toward the Altar. Though the mother made unsuccessful effort to retain him, the little fellow was evidently bent upon a larger liberty, and simply made his way quietly and with decorum among the worshippers, straight up toward the officiating Priest—who was his father,—for Coptic Priests, save monks, must all be married. The surrounding men, without a word, or even a disturbing movement, made gentle effort to detain the child; but no, he silently, and with sweet determination, would go to his father,—who feeling his little son clinging to his robe, without the least turning of the head or slacking of the reading, put down his hand gently and stroked the baby head, to reassure him and keep him quiet. But the little fellow would not be reassured in that manner, and wanted to be taken up! Evidently nothing would satisfy the loving child but his father's arms;—so the Priest, without a break in the Holy Text, stooped and took up the child, laying his head upon his father's breast. There the son found what he had sought and never moved again. How vividly came to my mind the words of the great High Priest, the loving Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The chapter was a long one and the intoning slow,

and when it was finished, the little lamb was fast asleep. Without the least embarrassment or interruption of the service, the father handed him to a deacon who carried him to the arms of his mother.

What a beautiful lesson of Holy Fatherhood in Holy Priesthood!

Sadly we compared the celibate clergy of our Western Roman Church — I say "Western," for the Oriental Roman Churches retain their married priesthood, and have never allowed any interference of Pope or Jesuit in this holy, Apostolic Right.—O, guardians of the Church! let the little children come in—come into their rightful domain, into the beautiful world—into the churches—in their natural, normal, and holy places!

These and still happier thoughts possessed us as we left the beautiful, vine-covered church and our Communion with the brethren, with the birds and babes, in the Holy Land.—Another scene rose in our minds—so far away—France, and our dear home! Another priest's son—a manly youth with upturned brow and soul—our own dear son—our Emmanuel—and by his side a fair, fond maiden awaiting his father's benediction to their marriage.—Holy, Happy Day!

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT LAST!—UP TO JERUSALEM!

SO long had this chord been sounding in my soul, that when at last I stood upon the soil of the Holy Land, I felt myself no stranger, I was only nearing home—for which I had been hungry-hearted all my life! When we took our places in the train at Jaffa, among all those strangers and amid all the pell-mell of the hundreds of Russian pilgrims,—there seemed, in spite of it all, a certain humanizing progress between the material and the divine that we enjoyed—even the delay of two hours in starting. There is nothing in the world so interesting to me as Humanity,—and the greater the variety, the greater the interest.

I felt no shock nor any regret at having a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem,—for I regarded it as a forerunner of the perfect reconciliation of science and religion. Then it will help immensely in renewing the life of the deserted land—in making these barren hills of Judea again bring forth grain and olive-trees, and all manner of succulent fruit,—and the plain of Sharon to redouble its blooming roses! As for that heterogeneous mass of people gathered in the strange railway station—coming up hither from all parts of the world, for the same religious purpose that brought us here,—I felt a fraternal tenderness, and could not refrain from speaking to and clasping hands with many scores of these fellow-pilgrims—some young and some old, some strong and healthy,—others weak and

sickly,—some rich, but many poor. I shall never forget an aged and decrepit Russian peasant woman from the borders of Siberia, clad in short quilted petticoats and high heavy boots—not comely—but with such blue, wistful eyes,—with something of the sepulchre within their sad depths. We could speak no intelligible word with each other, and for the means of communication we were limited to making the sign of the cross—each in our manner: she, as Orthodox Greek, from brow to heart and from the right shoulder to the left; I, as Latin, from the left shoulder to the right;—but we were too glad and joyous at the meeting to question the form. The Cross was all that was needed to show that we were of the same faith in Him who bore it—and sisters—going up to where "the women" stood when they crucified Him.

And such piles of luggage!—stacks and mountains of it—the belongings of those Russian peasants;—sacks, and bundles, and boxes—that we did not start on time:—one never does in the Orient; but once you have breathed that ambiant contentment you need not be troubled about it... And how comforting it was to leave time, with our watches, behind us! And what a guarantee!—No time-table, and only one train to go and come. No fear of collisions. All was as it should be....

At length the signal was given:—a steam-whistle in the Holy Land! Just think of it, my dear Mr. Croaker! —a real Christian steam-whistle of an English locomotive! And if the conscience of Christian England allows the making of idols for her subjects in India, may she not also make steam-whistles to help us Christian pagans up to Jerusalem?

I have a passion for machinery, and I like—no, I love the steam-engine—for there is divinity in it. To the scandal of venerable ladies of the *ancien régime,* I will say that at the age of 16, I made my studies of applied science

on a locomotive, out in what was then the "Far West"—"running the train," "switching off," "backing out," and "slowing up," "cutting the air," to the delight of the "darkey" stoker, and the silent anxiety of the professor who, beside the engineer, was the only passenger aboard. I have meddled with clay and dabbled in colors and written rhymes and have had my seasons of enthusiasm for Pericles and Raphael, Michelangelo, and *tutti quanti* of masters;—but nothing of art affects me with such emotion as does the steam-engine! that magnificent and complicated iron monster, endowed with supernatural life!—All light, or electricity, and heat come from Heaven, and all physical and moral strength come from God.

The English consul at Jerusalem was in the train with us and did good service as a courteous guide,—pointing out different Biblical places of interest.

An hour's ride across the ever verdant, though sadly neglected plain of Sharon,—where, however, we rejoiced to see evidence of recent cultivation—particularly in the Jewish settlements. For the remainder of our four hours' journey, there was nothing but sand and rocky hills; rarely a tree or a blade of grass, with here and there a path for goats and sheep—the same as in the days when The Twelve went through this arid waste, to carry His command to preach the Gospel to all the world!—Nothing but desolation — and the overwhelming History of the Almighty's Revelation and Visitation to man!

Our day was turning gray and cold as we wound up among the bare hills; and finally, all was silent in our company.

At length the train stopped, and we looked out of the windows. No city, no fortress, no dome nor tower, not even a ruined wall! Nothing but a low modern building with a modest sign across its front:

JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JERUSALEM. — SOLOMON'S TEMPLE. — CHURCHES. — HOLY SEPULCHRE.—THE GRAND RABBI.

WE had reached the goal of our earthly pilgrimage at three-score years: We stood in Jerusalem!—We dwelt on Zion's Hill over against the Tower of David.

Early the next morning after our arrival we started for the central spot of the world: THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Through those narrow, tortuous streets, through the cold rain and mud, through the crowding throng of clean and unclean, washed and unwashed people, amidst that torturing jargon of unknown tongues, among those realistic pictures and uncanny sights;—we wended our way heavy-hearted, downward toward the Calvary. An unwonted sadness possessed me. There was a faint religious odor of incense and sandal-wood in the air, which alone comforted us.

Stopping often and gazing vacantly into a moving multitude of strange faces we descended the crowded streets and unequal steps, and finally came upon the great square or open court. We passed through the door and stood within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—The Moslem "doorkeeper in the house of the Lord" was at his post and we saluted him with respect. We stood, my husband and I, for a time in silence—then we pressed each other's hands as if going on a long journey into unknown lands, and went each our way, wishing to be

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

alone, with no human influence—alone with Him whom we had come to seek. . . .

Long I knelt and prayed—my head against the marble that covered THE EMPTY TOMB;—but calm, so calm,—so almost cold!—Had that broken slab of alabaster paralyzed my brain, frozen my heart? I asked for a sign;—and when at last I rose and came away—one sentiment remained, and that was full and strong—*I felt not His Holy Presence there—but an overpowering Absence!* . . .

Then up the Calvary;—alone and on my knees—my face to the rock—my faith full and serene;—yet *He was not there!—He is risen!*

And thenceforth, more and more, whenever I went to the Sacred Place which is called the Holy Sepulchre and which is believed by the majority of Christians to be the spot "where they laid Him"—the tomb where they laid the Son of God, the Crucified Saviour—more and more I felt His absence!—But if my heart was sad, O, so sad! my soul was lifted up—*for I felt that He was risen!*

From the Holy Sepulchre we went to the Place of Wailing, and wept with the Children of Israel on the ruins of the Great Temple. Besides many venerable fathers and young men, there were aged matrons and fair young daughters of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel—whose cheeks were wet with tears.

But wherefore weep ye? men, matrons, and maidens of Israel? Weep no longer for the past, but for the present: that the children of God, Jews and Christians are so unrighteously divided!

The walls of Jerusalem will be builded again; but not as of old—for the prophecy holds good: "All things shall pass away and there shall be new heavens and a new earth." Behold! O Israel! behold the Son of Mary, the spotless Jewish maiden of the house of David,—the

Anointed One is yours! O, abandon not Him! for He has never abandoned you!

Our next visit was to the Governor of Jerusalem, Ibrahim Pasha, to whom we had brought letters from Ghasi Muchtar Pasha, the Sultan's High Commissioner at Cairo. We found His Excellency a most intelligent, kind, and courteous gentleman—putting us quite at ease in excellent French, and from the first he was bent upon making our visit to Jerusalem and Palestine as interesting and agreeable as possible,—taking us under his protection and sending us every day a military escort of one or two Turkish soldiers to accompany us in all our visits and peregrinations. This courteous attention of the Moslem Ruler of the country made all our excursions and studies in and about Jerusalem both easy and profitable. At sight of the Sultan's soldiers, crowds gave way and all gates and doors, mosques, churches, etc., were opened at once and with all due ceremony. We shall ever bear him in grateful remembrance: Ibrahim Pasha, the model Turkish gentleman and Governor.

Our next visit was to the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem, and to get to his dwelling, we were indeed glad to have the military escort. I was mounted on a fine white donkey who climbed steps and stairs, waded through pools of mud, and traversed hillocks of offal with perfect ease and benignity. But suddenly he stood stock still. We had come to an arch over the way which would scarcely admit of the passage of a person on foot—and I must be lifted off into the sea of offense; and how those two gallant soldiers managed to carry me through must ever remain a mystery. This remarkable ride had put me in a cheerful frame of mind—for inconveniences do not easily trouble me—but I dislike filth, and now my spirits almost failed,—not alone for my discomfiture, but at finding that this wretched way was the only approach to the dwelling of the High-

WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

Priest of Israel! I have visited the slums in New York and London, (in Paris there are none), but the Jewish slums in Jerusalem outdo all for filth.

But now we were fairly out of the mud and soon turned into a small door, and what a change! Here all was clean —so clean that women were there to place bits of carpet down that we might not walk upon the immaculate floors. The next day was the Sabbath, and no sign of dust or dirt must be within their dwelling! It was not a palace where dwelt the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem,—it was a rookery. But all inharmoniuos surroundings and circumstances were forgotten when we stood in his venerable presence. Tall, well-built, with great dignity and grace, over eighty years of age—our ideal Abraham. He was clad in flowing robes of light mauve cashmere, and a long turban of plaited silk of the same color. To his venerable mien was added a most affable manner, and, unlike the sober Moslems, a constant smiling expression pervaded his benevolent face. Jews of all kinds are usually quiet and of kindly but reserved manners, carrying sometimes a solemn contentment in their faces as those who possess the truth; and can therefore bear all things; but they are never sullen. Jewesses are remarkable for their serenity of expression and their self-possession. Both Jew and Jewess are at home wherever they are, adaptability being one of their strong characteristics; otherwise they would have been extinct centuries ago. They belong, not to Judea alone but to the whole world,—and are they not the "Chosen People"? This they know.

The Grand Rabbi did not expect us, but a patriarchal welcome was ready. He spoke Spanish, being of the Spanish Rite, as are most of the native Jews of Jerusalem,—so we got on very well and discussed many things relative to the state of his people in Jerusalem and in Palestine, where they are numerous and increasing more perhaps

than elsewhere, outnumbering Moslems or Christians. Yet they live retired and take little or no part in anything which pertains to public life. Although they are absolutely free and unmolested—indeed freer in Turkey than in any other land—they seem a hunted down people in this their ancient capital,—in spite of the inner and intimate satisfaction of living, and the certainty of being buried in the Holy City. Yet through and over all, a calm and trusting assurance is the dominant trait of the Jewish face and character.

The Grand Rabbi returned our visit in state—as became his high office—with his two body-guards and other attendants in gold trappings and long scimitars. As he is a state officer, when he passed before the Citadel, which was opposite our windows, the soldiers gave him the military salute due to his high rank. He was accompanied by Nissim Béhar, the excellent Director of the Professional School of the Jewish Alliance in Jerusalem.

Concerning the Jews here, I long to write at length. But alas, I can only identify myself with their waiting, with their wailing, and with their steadfast faith for the Restoration of Jerusalem; though it may come as they do not expect; but better, larger, and grander. This much I must say, however, that in good behavior, they are honorable and friendly rivals of the Moslems. Christians are the worst behaved of all—particularly the Invading, the Crusading Christians.

Concerning the Jews elsewhere, I must say that mankind is still capable of doing anything to draw down the malediction of Heaven upon themselves. And this is being done by some of the Christian people and governments who in other things take lead in justice and measures of Peace. I am proud of my Anglo-Saxon race that, in its righteous treatment of the Jews, it takes the lead, as did France in their emancipation.

GREEK RITE OF WASHING OF FEET—MAUNDY THURSDAY, IN THE COURT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

(The entire population of Jerusalem is represented save the Jews. Veiled Moslem women are seen, and also a battalion of Turkish soldiers to keep the Christians in order....)

We make but one reproach to the Jews of Jerusalem: that of not "cleaning before their own doors," while within their houses, order and cleanliness reign. But their reply is always the same: "Street sweeping is done by the municipality, and we cannot interfere with it." It was difficult for us to accept their reasoning; and we determined to do something ourselves. Therefore, from our first day in Jerusalem, we began street-cleaning,—and some of our friends became deeply interested in this reform in the Holy City. Mesdames Lewis and Gibson, those learned Anglo-Scotch ladies, twin-sister *savantes* in Biblical lore, on their way from Mount Sinai, (where they had added new discoveries in Scriptural manuscripts), and Mr. Gilder, Editor of the *Century Magazine,* (one who has had famous experiences in cleaning the American Metropolis), were among the first who joined in my endeavors. During the latter part of our stay in the Sacred City, the street before our door at least, was cleaned and sometimes watered. for which we thank His Excellency, Selim Effendi, the very obliging Moslem Mayor of Jerusalem.

Making a digression from our dirt-visiting tour through the city, I will state that the acme of kindness and courtesy we met in the Turkish Empire was this: After a visit from the Mayor who wished to know if he could be of service to us, I remarked in a somewhat jocose manner to Youssef Pasha, the former Mayor, who was present,—that if I had thought of it in time, I might have asked His Excellency to have the shrill bugle of the Citadel in David's Tower opposite, cease its call every quarter of an hour during the night! No more was said nor thought of on the subject;—but as long as we remained in Jerusalem, we were never again awakened at night by a bugle blast!

Imagine the Mayor of London, Paris, or New York, and the Commander of the military forces, taking into

such consideration the sleep of an old-lady traveler! Do unto other mothers as you would that their sons should do unto yours, is a religious tenet with Mussulmans. It is meet to say here, that we have never, in any country, met with greater courtesy and more thoughtful attention than from the Turks, nor greater charity than from the Moslems.—I must add *à propos* of cleaning the Sacred City, that before we left Palestine we had the joy of hearing that a "company" was being formed to bring water to Jerusalem! This is certainly its greatest material need; and we thank God, if, at last, the crying, reeking reproach may be taken away from our Holy City: *It is unclean!*

Now to a more agreeable subject.

The second day, mounted on fine strong donkeys, we circumvented the city with Youssef Zia El Khalidy Pasha as our guide. Across that Hill of Zion, under the arch of the Armenian Patriarchal Palace, out through David's Gate—skirting down the difficult descent into the valley of Jehoshaphat—then around the majestic angle of the great wall of Solomon's Temple and up to the Beautiful Gate, near which, in the midst of the velvety green sward, the good Pasha led us to the tomb of his ancestors, among whom is Al-Kalad, the famous Arab warrior of the family of the Prophet. In this Moslem cemetery we made a long halt;—opposite Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Jehoshaphat,—gazing and pondering upon the wonderful scenes which have been enacted there for 5,000 years, and especially upon the saddest and greatest of all human events, that which makes the History of the World,—Past, Present, and Future.

Here, by the Beautiful Gate, I should like to be buried.

If the Holy Sepulchre is the most attractive place for Christians, — Solomon's Temple is the most interesting place in Jerusalem;—and far more real and satisfactory. The gigantic ruins testify to the truth of history, sacred

MOSQUE OF OMAR—SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

and profane, as well as to the grandeur of the Great Kings of Israel. There is no doubt here; nor has the worship of the true God altogether ceased from its midst since the day when Abraham built there, on Mount Moriah, its first altar for the immolation of his only son. What a marvellous presage of the Only Son of Him who is greater than Abraham—of Him who was to come and to be immolated on these heights!—As we stand in the midst of this great, hallowed, and high platform of Israel, we are seized as never before with the grandeur of the Unity of the True Faith of man. Patriarchs, Prophets, Jewish High Priests, Christian Apostles, and Moslems, all unite in the Cosmic Truth of the One and Only God,—who was, and is, and ever shall be proclaimed here! And from the remotest period of their coming hither—through all the turnings and overturnings of race and empire,—during the Captivity as well as in the Roman destruction, down to our day —the prayers of Israel have never ceased to ascend from its temple in Jerusalem! The vast platform or Place of the Temple still exists with its gigantic basement walls looking to the south and east over the Valley of Jehoshaphat. the Mount of Olives, the Cedron, and Saloam. Some of the massive stones of the wall built by Solomon still exist. In the midst of this great foundation plain, near where stood the magnificent Temple of cedar and gold of Solomon, and that of gold and gems of Herod,—stands the Mosque of Omar—covering with its vast blue dome the rock on which Abraham would offer his sacrifice. Amid all these sublime souvenirs of the Past, we spent the whole spring afternoon. Ready Moslem hands drew for us cool, delicious water from the immense cistern-well in the centre of this great square, and as we meditated through the quiet hours beneath the old knarled olive tree which grows there, keeping humble company with the tall cypress trees, —we shuddered at the retrospection of pillage and blood

which brought into ruin this sacred edifice of the Fathers of the Faithful! Blood of animals and blood of men! Heroes, giants, vassals, kings, saints and martyrs, stand down the line of the centuries, all covered with blood, in the midst of whom is the saddest, the cruelest scene of all: that of the Cross on which Jesus of Nazareth, the Helper and Healer of Humanity — the Saviour of the world!—was nailed....

Among those who accompanied us to the Temple was a Christian Turkish soldier, sent by the Governor, who was received as a brother by all the Moslem officials. The venerable Sheik came forward to meet us and pointed out the interesting places and recounted the most important historical incidents—many of which we knew were correct,—some of which we believed were mythical.—Moslems, like Christians and the people of all other religions, have their legends and superstitions.

One of our first visits was to the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem, a venerable and most affable personage who, to my great delight, spoke my native tongue perfectly, having lived many years in America (which cannot fail to be of advantage to Orientals and others...) The Armenian convent is immense, covering a large part of Zion's Hill. Its theological school and library are very important, and its treasures are said to be the richest in Jerusalem. Some of the sacred vestments are surpassing in rich gem-embroidery: — pearls by thousands. We met some distinguished minds among the monks of this great monastery, and certainly we have never met greater patriotic loyalty to one's country, (all are Turkish subjects), nor greater Christian resignation in the suffering for the people of their faith.

We had the great privilege of partaking of the Paschal Communion in their ancient Cathedral of St. James. It was crowded with devout worshipers and many were pil-

grims from far lands. The ceremony was most interesting, entirely Oriental and unlike all others—and very long, at least three hours—but not too long, for we could have gladly remained there the whole long, happy day. Much chanting, processions, and incense. The walls were covered with old paintings and rare embroidered drapery, banners, and pennants;—and swung up in the air, in symbol of the Resurrection, are many large white Ostrich eggs.—The Communion, as in all Oriental Churches, is given with bread and wine—the Armenians using unleavened bread—the Greeks, leavened.

We also visited the Syrian Patriarch who, although very ill, insisted upon receiving us. He was in his bed—which was, in Oriental manner, upon the floor—his clergy about him. It was indeed a touching scene and a most interesting visit for us. The Syrians resemble in faith and rite the Armenians and Copts, among all of whom is most fraternal sympathy.

The Abyssinians, the humblest of all the ancient Christians, are under the protection of the Copts. They are a black but dignified race, piously devoted to their Emperor, Menelik, who is styled "The King of Kings"—claiming to be a descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: and this tradition we are not inclined to reject. They have a pretty new church on the hill outside Jerusalem, and near it their convent for men. Unfortunately, the monastic parasite is strangling all the Oriental Churches as well as the Roman. The Abyssinian convent for women is on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, adjoining the Dome, in the garden of the Coptic Archiepiscopal palace, in which large trees are growing—all on the roof! We made friends with these good people; but when the worthy and dignified abbot and his clergy returned our visit, our German Protestant landlord refused to let them enter his house, or to allow us to receive them in our own

parlor, saying:—in his English—"They be no true priests, they am only three niggers!"—Such is Christian charity under the shadow of Calvary's Cross....

As an hour passed beyond the time fixed for their coming, we went upon the balcony, scanned the street, and there they were,—meekly waiting outside by the door! My husband went down immediately and brought them in. To our ejaculation of indignation at the brutal manner in which they had been sent away, the abbot only quietly replied: "But we had faith, and we knew that God wanted us to see you; so we waited outside till you came."—Poor, despised race! still "waiting outside"! But never mind—you are bought free by the Great King—and will, in His own due time, have your rightful place "within" His kingdom. Bear up!

Then we visited the Maronites, who are of the ancient Church in the Lebanon country. They are the only Oriental Church which is entirely united to Rome. From the other ancient Churches, Rome has succeeded in detaching comparatively small numbers. Like all Uniates, however, they retain their primitive rites and customs, in spite of Rome: the Vernacular, Communion with bread and wine, married clergy, etc. I asked one of their learned members what allegiance his Church held toward Rome. He replied: "The head of our Church is the Patriarch of Lebanon; but when we lack a *quorum* in electing a new one, (which is rare), we send to Rome for the vote of the Pope; who, as a brother Patriarch and *primus inter pares*, has the right to the balancing vote. He has no spiritual or ecclesiastical jurisdiction over us."

This people are distinguished for their intelligence, culture, and independent ideas. Not only in Syria, but throughout all the Orient, Maronites are very frequently employed by the different governments in positions of responsibility. As there is no division among themselves,

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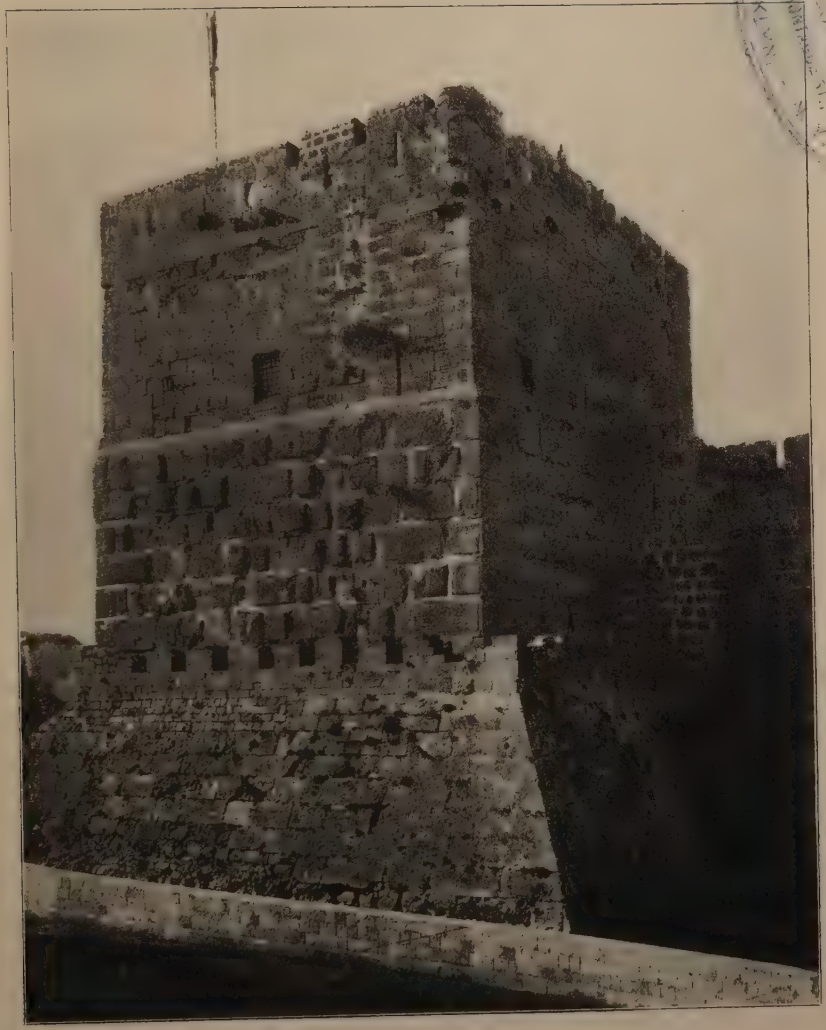

DAVID'S TOWER;—OPPOSITE OUR HOUSE.

they are not given to religious hostility; but are peaceful, intelligent, and laborious. Though Turkish subjects, they have in Syria, a Christian governor.

After the ancient churches, we visited the different modern Protestant sects, of whom the German Lutherans are, perhaps, the most numerous. The Anglican community has a small Gothic church, with its resident Bishop. Formerly, Prussia and England sent alternate Bishops, the last of whom was that excellent German, Bishop Gobat, whose memory is cherished in affection here by Christians, Jews, and Moslems. He lived and acted the faith of the Supreme Bishop of all men without distinction or exception. We had the satisfaction of occupying the house which he built on Zion's Hill, just opposite David's Tower. It is of Arabic architecture, high ceilings, large court, and galleries;—his study being our sitting-room.

It seems regrettable that the joint action of the English and German Churches was abandoned. The German Lutherans are building a fine Gothic church near the Holy Sepulchre, on the site of the Hospital of the Knights Templars.* There is also, near Jerusalem, a prosperous religious agricultural settlement.

Among the other smaller sects, or communities, we visited a most interesting and singular one which is located on the walls of Jerusalem just over the Damascus Gate; and is called—not a church (I am glad of that) but "The American Family." They are about forty in number, mostly Americans, with a few Scandinavians, and Germans; and claim only Christ as their head and Bishop; accepting all men as their brethren. They are given to expounding the Holy Scriptures; but "not to doubtful disputations," and to rendering all the service they can to

* This church was completed, and was dedicated by the German Emperor in 1900. The English have built, quite a distance outside the city, a fine new church, in Mediæval Gothic style, with an Episcopal residence.

everybody;—particularly to teaching English:—and all gratis. Many of the best people in Jerusalem go there for lessons — Moslems, Jews, and Christians. Youssef Pasha first took us there to visit this family and joined in the quiet reunion of prayer and sacred song.*

* We visited this "household" again in 1901, which now occupies several villas outside the city, and numbers over 200 men, women, and children; and are prospering under a refined persecution by the other Christian sects, whose spirit would add lustre to that of the Holy Inquisition! This group of Christians may profess heresies, but they certainly practice charity—without which all is naught. One error is a fundamental one: they are opposed to marriage; not, if I am well informed, because of its inferior state; but because of the inferiority of the contracting parties, who usually enter upon this high estate. One remarkable result of their presence is that they are the only Christian body in Jerusalem which has the confidence of the Turkish government, under whose auspices a young American lady of this "American Colony" has founded the first school for Moslem girls;—and with very great success. We visited it and were highly pleased. The secret of their success is that, though they keep not only to the spirit, but to the very letter of he Bible and Christian Faith, they never attempt to interfere with the religious faith of Moslems.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BETHLEHEM—AND HOW WE WERE STONED IN HEBRON.

April 16, 1896.

ON the way to Bethlehem, yesterday, we visited the tomb of Rachel; and read again that most touching of all Jewish stories of love and devotion.

And now we are in the second most interesting place in the Christian world. If there are reasons for doubting the spot where He was crucified, or where "they laid Him," there are none for doubting where He was born. We entered the stable where the young Child-Christ lay with full faith.

We were saddened but not regretful, as the situation is, to-day, with us Christians in Palestine,—that there stood in the sombre, sacred Grotto, the Mussulman soldier, rifle in hand. Last year two Christians were murdered there by their Christian brothers of another sect. The less we say the better. Only this: I do most heartily thank the Turk for keeping us from killing each other,—as best he can. . . .and withal so courteously—I may say so affectionately. In their conduct they are very often Christians; in our conduct we are often savages.

From our arrival in Jerusalem, the Greek Orthodox Patriarch, Gérasimous, was our friend. He had invited us to go to the Greek convent in Bethlehem, adjoining the Grotto, where we were delightfully entertained by very intelligent Ionian monks. The convent is of immense

proportions, solidly built, well conducted, and given to hospitality—as indeed are all the convents in the Orient; where, save in large towns, hotels are unknown. The Greek Church surpasses in this Christian virtue which is extended, not only to the great number of pilgrims of their own rite who come to Palestine, but to others.

What interested me most after the Grotto of the Birth-place, was the rock-hewn chamber where Saint Jerome translated the Bible into Latin, aided by that learned Christian lady: Paula.

* * *

Now I must relate the saddest incident of our pilgrimage.

At the door of the convent of which we speak, we suffered one of the profoundest humiliations, mixed with disgust, which ever fell to our lot, and, to tell the whole truth,—which we suffered with holy indignation.—*Voici l'incident.*

Among other venders of trivial wares commonly called *objets de piété,* there were two young Christian girls, well dressed, (indeed they had a small fortune of bangles and medals upon their persons—which showed that they were not among the poor, but of a certain position), holding out for sale, and with over-insistance, some little white cakes in plaster. When we asked what they were,—for we could not imagine it,—they told us with calm and sweet impunity that they were "little cheeses made from the milk of the Holy Virgin!"

For once I sent up a cry to the immaculate Mother of Jesus, asking for her pity upon these miserable little Christians whose ignorant parents encouraged such a disgraceful commerce upon this holy ground! Here, at the source of all purity and truth—here on the spot where the Holy Child was born of the Virgin Mother—not only every Christian sentiment, but common decency is outraged by

THE GROTTO AT BETHLEHEM.

this lust of gold and such repellant fetish as cannot be found among pagans — much less among Mussulmans! Our indignation was not, however, appreciated by the venders who only smiled at our incredulity; and when we appealed to the intelligent Abbot who was conducting us —for we were on his own grounds—he was profoundly mortified and said: "I can only say in my deep shame that these children are Christians, but not of our rite; and if we were to forbid them coming to our premises to sell these disgraceful wares, in less than ten minutes a band of women—their mothers—would be here with cries of 'persecution'; and in less than ten minutes more all the husbands and fathers, and all their friends would come and add to the clamor,—the police would be called in, the Government informed, and another story of 'religious persecution' sent out to the world!"

We could only exclaim: "May God deliver the Holy Land from all this unholiness!"

I only regretted that I could not remain in Bethlehem a month, in deferential respect of the "Blessed among women," and try what moral suasion could do to abolish this most abasing and abominable traffic which is practised in the very place where she carried and nursed her Sweet Child.—How can we look *bona fide* pagans or our Moslem brothers in the face after that?

If the different pretending Christians of Jerusalem were indeed the followers of Jesus and possessed of any degree of respect and real veneration for His Holy Mother —it would not require a month, or a day, for them to join together, forgetting their differences and animosities and put a stop to such abominations as these,—which are a destruction to the very essence of Christian faith and a shameful disgrace to the whole Christian civilization!—Moslem! Jews! pagans! savages! shut your eyes!—while God goes on with His righteous punishment!

How We Were Stoned.

From Bethlehem we went to Hebron. We were alone —my husband, myself and dragoman,—having declined for this day the escort of the Governor, which he regretted afterwards,—but we did not.

Of all the tombs in Palestine where there is no place for doubt, it is the tomb of Abraham.

Hebron is certainly one of the oldest cities in the world —being built before Soan or Tanis, in Egypt. It was already an ancient city when Joshua wrote of it—old enough to have fallen into ruins and to have changed its name, for he says: (see Joshua xiv, 15) "And the name of Hebron before was Kirjatharba." The context shows one of the causes of its ruin: "and the land had rest from war." The first mention of it in Sacred History is in Gen. xiii, 18. "And Abraham removed his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar."—In all the romance of profane history, nothing equals this holy and true romance of sacred lore—the tender love, fidelity, and mourning of Abraham for Sarah, and of Jacob for Rachel.—The spirit of the Gospel which consecrates the culminating and perfect love of the true Christian marriage—the love of one man and one woman for all time—necessarily throws a shadow upon the love and life of the Patriarchs whose open polygamy was permitted—but never approved of God—no more than is our modern hypocritical polygamy. Though there is no law laid down in the New Testament for monogamous, or Christian marriage, nor a word against polygamy,—save in the case of a bishop,—from the earliest days of the Gospel there was undoubtedly a new and holier appreciation of marriage which means, not only indissolubility, but absolute fidelity, devotion, purity, and righteousness of heart as was before unknown. And then,

inevitably, polygamy began to disappear, and finally the ideal love is developed in man and woman. The absence of any literal prohibition of polygamy in the Bible was what misled Luther to his fatal consent to the Landgrave of Hesse having two wives. In the absence of the Letter, he forgot the Spirit—which error his followers never accepted;—as the Germans never accorded that infallibility to their Reformer which the people of Geneva accorded to theirs: Calvin.

Very certain it is that all through the history of the Patriarchs, the result of polygamy is sorrowful and destructive to human happiness and to spiritual progress. Its fruit is inevitably bitterer as man rises in dignity and nobility of heart and conduct, until it is abandoned with abhorrence by every true man, and rejected by every intelligent and virtuous woman. In the gradual training and development of God's people, preliminary methods, imperfect rites and customs, will fall away and perish, as do the first grosser leaves of a plant;—and we are not to gainsay the Creator, but obey the Divine Governor of the world, who, in spite of all seeming to the contrary, is leading Humanity forward and upward to the ultimate object of creation. As it was with the descendants of the Patriarchs and free women, so it will be with their children and the descendants of Hagar "the bond-woman." Certainly, the days of polygamy are numbered in Islam.

Hebron is about four hours' drive from Jerusalem. But distances never tire us in the Holy Land; and its pure, tonic air renews one's overspent strength rapidly and delightfully. At noon we found ourselves on the roof of a Jewish house (it was called a hotel, whose only distinction was a beautifully painted sign in the Hebrew tongue—which we managed to read) and soon enjoyed an excellent meal of eggs, bread, and cheese—prepared by Joseph, our good Christian dragoman.

The hostile attitude of Mussulmans here was such that our dragoman thought best to be escorted by a Moslem policeman, who served us as a guide; and when he ascertained our kindly sentiments toward his faith and his people, he was eager to serve us. Through the narrow, tortuous, cobble-paved streets of the ancient city—through the market place, beneath the arched ways, we climbed to the shrine of our pilgrimage, which is built in the face of the rock: the tombs of Abraham, Sarah, Jacob, and Leah. The best-beloved Rachel sleeps alone in a desert waste, by the wayside.

Within the great mausoleum mosque of Mesjid-el-Khalil, which contains these tombs, no Christian nor Jew may enter, save by special permit of the Sultan. Among the few others who have received this privilege was our dear Dean Stanley (of beloved memory!) who was accompanying the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) in the East. (How well we remember those long winter evenings at the Deanery of Westminster when he gave us such graphic pictures of it all!)

The mosque is of great height and built of gigantic blocks of stone, some of them measuring twenty-five feet in length—and is certainly one of the finest and most ancient specimens of Hebraic architecture in existence. Here sleep the great prophets who are also our fathers, and fathers of the Jews and of the Moslems. I hope to see the day when we all have free entrance within the sacred shrine, as is our divine right;—and I hope to be admitted myself.

Our escort was augmented as we went, and when we knelt with our heads against the outer wall, as near the tombs as possible, the crowd fell back into respectful distance, and our Moslem guide looked very sorrowful that we could not approach nearer. But what an immense consolation to kneel in the dust even at the outermost

gate of the tombs of these grandest of all Israel's Prophets and Fathers!—There is little else to see in Hebron save the ancient, large open cisterns which continue through ages to give this people what they feel is, after air, the greatest earthly blessing—water.

As we still had several hours at our disposal, and as my husband needed rest—he remained in his quiet room on the roof, while I, with our dragoman and policeman, perambulated the old city—going through the bazars and curious streets, which are always of interest to me, studying the people. I saw several green turbans among the others and knew they were sheiks of the Prophet's family, or Hadjs, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Upon asking concerning the Imams or other principal men of the town, I ascertained that the Grand Mufti was not only of great and wide learning but of renowned holiness. I asked to be conducted to his house. Such a step on the part of a woman, a Christian and a foreigner, was without precedence, and gave evident surprise, if not misgivings, to my escort;—but the dragoman was well known and an intelligent Christian guide; and my policeman being a good Mussulman, said without hesitation: "I am ready to take you anywhere you command."—I, thereupon, sent him forward with my card (my name was in Arabic as well as in French) to inform him who I was and the object of our travels. He returned at once, his face beaming with delight, saying: "Though the venerable Marabout has never received or spoken to a Christian lady in his life, he begs you to enter at once." We climbed up the steep stair-street,—narrow, and not as clean as Paris or Cairo, but much cleaner than Jerusalem,—and beneath an arched doorway, so low we had to stoop when entering. Remembering the magical surprises in these Oriental lands, I was prepared for something splendid in the residence of this grandest personage of the ancient city. But

there was nothing of the sort. Only something better than splendor: extreme simplicity and exquisite cleanliness. A great square room with bare stone walls and well worn carpets and rugs—low vaulted ceiling and narrow, fortress-like windows, which admitted but little light. Coming out of the bright sunshine, it required an instant to discern the interior. Opposite the door, and between two windows, seated, or rather reclining, on a low divan, and thick rugs against the wall, enveloped in dark robes—was the Grand Mufti. Of venerable age—some say over a hundred—(Orientals with whom the lapse of time is nought, seldom know their own ages)—spare and frail in form; but what a beautiful head! Beneath the white turban, his fine broad forehead was fully exposed and a glance was sufficient to show him to be of the high-blooded Arab race. One look of his eyes revealed a rare intelligence, a grand soul, beautiful and saintly—the ideal of St. Jerome. His pale complexion—his hands, models of beauty, strong and delicate—were those of a high-born, intelligent and saintly lady;—those of Saint Paula;—and what surprised and pleased me was that in one he held a beautiful rose. (I instinctively felt there was something more than color or perfume in that rose. We shall see.) About him were eight or ten grave Imams or Sheiks, who arose as I entered;—he was, however, too old or to feeble to rise. Upon being presented to him in due deferential form by my dragoman, he held out his hand—which is not usual with Moslems—and bade me be seated beside him. I accepted the kindly invitation, for I was exhausted with fatigue and emotion—though it required an effort as I was not yet "broken in" with the Oriental way of sitting on crossed feet;—but I finally succeeded—feeling that my efforts were appreciated without destroying the solemnity of the occasion. Other Imams and Sheiks, twenty or more, dropped quietly in—for the news of this

untoward visit had spread like electricity through the town; and the moral, civic, and religious forces were at once concentrated about their great chief; all of whom saluted first *le maître,* and then me. What was most surprising to me was that no one else seemed the least surprised to find me there! and though every eye was kept aloof — as Oriental respect commands — very certainly every ear was bent upon me. Coffee was brought in at once and then cigarettes were offered. All accepted the former—none the latter. My dragoman was an educated Syrian Greek Uniate, and quite equal to the occasion as interpreter. Then we began. I explained the reason of my coming; hoping that though it was most unusual, it was not too indiscreet. The reply of the venerable Mufti was like all his conversation—in Scriptural style: "We are all allowed to go every-whither, and into any company, in search of truth; and if you are sincerely seeking truth, God has brought you here." Then after many inquiries and replies concerning health, husband, parents, children, and country, we entered upon our grand topic of Religion. Much was said on either side—questions, replies and recitals—when, at length, and with delicate hesitation, he said he wished to ask a leading question;—and before it came, I noticed that several Imams and Sheiks were speaking among themselves in evident agreement and augmented interest. This was the question: "Why is it that, if you take such interest in the people of Islam and in their religion, and believe that the Koran contains so much that is true,—why do you not become Mussulman?" —That was indeed the question,—direct and fair. Only my cold, hard English seemed brutal compared with his slow prophetic Oriental speech. I felt the importance of my answer, and lifted up my spirit asking wisdom to enable me to speak the entire truth to edification, and in charity, that does not offend. I did not, therefore, reply

rashly or quickly, and this is what I said: "You, venerable Mufti, servant of the true God and learned in His Holy Laws, have asked of me a straightforward question; and the God whom we both adore, giving me His aid, I will answer in the same way." Hereupon the Grand Mufti raised his right hand to his forehead and all the sheiks and Imams followed his example.—I continued: "As God, in His infinite wisdom and love, mysteriously ordains what is best for His children,—giving us all life and circumstance of birth according to His holy will, and for His ultimate glory;—and as He gave me birth in America, and in the religion of my fathers, which was, above all things, a religion of God, and not of man, I should be ungrateful to Him, and disloyal to His divine administration, if I should not accept with obedience and thankfulness His Holy Will. And you, no doubt, venerable Mufti, think the same concerning yourself and your religion; for God has, in His infinite power and wisdom,—though for reasons known only to Himself,—peopled the different lands and latitudes of the earth with unlike races of various colors—having diverse aptitudes and different beliefs. Though we cannot understand His reasons for so doing, we know that in His mysterious ways and munificent economy, it is all for the best. Also we know that He is the Only True and Living God, and that, as we are created by Him, we are His children; therefore, brethren throughout the world,—and being brethren we should love one another —as you, great and good Mufti, here give evidence of doing to-day in receiving me, an unknown woman of a distant land and of different race and religion—with such kindly welcome and hospitality,—believing God has sent me. I thank you for your question and I beg you to receive my reply as being dictated by my conscience, which is the voice of God in my soul, and which rules and governs my life. May the name of God be praised!"—At the name

of Allah, each one of the assembly raised his right hand to brow and heart.

I had finished and there was a profound silence.

Then the Grand Mufti raised his thin pale hand to his forehead with an ejaculation in which I heard "Allah" pronounced, and then held it out to me in a cordial grasp, while a murmur of approbation went round the room. Then he said to me in low yet sonorous accents (and I beg pardon of my reader for giving it as my interpreter gave it to me):

"You are a holy woman, and God dwells in your heart, and He has indeed brought you here! He has evidently directed your words—may His name be praised! You are called to do good and to teach people to shun evil. Your visit is a blessing upon us. You must go to Stamboul and see the Khalif, and I am sure he will be very glad to see you, and will give you a decoration;—you must certainly go to see him!" The Mufti spoke these words with emphasis. Then I rejoined: "I thank you, great and venerable Mufti, for accepting my reply; and I should certainly be glad to see and converse with His Majesty the Sultan, for he is your Khalif—the Commander of the Faithful—but I do not wish any decoration. To do God's will is better than to hang tinsel and jewels about one's neck. I have a very great consolation, and one that I shall never forget: it is this visit to see you, kind and holy Mufti." Thereupon, he gave me his benediction, saying: "May Allah bless you and bring you back to us again!" I then took my departure, feeling that I had been in the presence and converse with a man of God, whose ancestors sleep with mine in the tomb of Abraham, in the great adjacent Mosque, of which he is the guardian.

But the rose? I felt there was a sequel, and in walking and talking with our police-soldier, learned that the Grand Mufti had a lovely young wife.—Holiness, love,

and roses go together.—Even in old age—as with the Prophets....

* * *

The carriage was waiting for us at the little Jewish Hotel; we must return to Jerusalem. In the exuberance of my contentment, I gave away all the backsheesh I had to the myriad of little urchins which flocked about us as we bade adieu to our kind policeman. He refused the recompense I offered in money, saying his services had been recompensed by being our guide for an hour or two —which would remain all his life.

Unfortunately, in spite of his insistence to remain with us until we started, we sent him away feeling that with three hours of service, and his refusal of all remuneration, he should return to his post. He reluctantly withdrew. Then the crowd of children—girls as well as boys—increased, and their appeals became more pressing. But my purse being entirely emptied, I asked the Père, who stood on the terrace enjoying the scene, for his, — explaining that they were not begging—not asking for money—only for presents!—"backsheesh,"—and that democratic princes like us were expected to give largely to the sovereigns we visit, etc., etc. But I noticed that while my husband and I all enjoyed this, the dragoman did not;—so, jumping on the box as soon as we were in the carriage, he cracked the whip and we drove off with a flash. Thereupon a shower of stones rattled after us—two striking me and falling in the carriage. I kept them as souvenirs of these little Moslem rascals, and also as circumstantial evidence, which I laid with complaint the next day, before the Governor of Jerusalem—but not before anybody else;—for, with the already fast accumulating cries concerning Moslem fanatics against Christians, which was being raised by trouble-seeking travelers, and in the foreign press, we had no desire to make an international affair of the bad conduct

of half a dozen ill-bred Arab urchins who did not get a satisfactory "present" from us at Hebron! Human nature, especially in "street Arabs," is the same all the world over. I remember a shower of filth I had seen thrown into a fine lady's carriage in London one day, by a band of baptized ragamuffins, who demanded, but did not get, their backsheesh for turning somersets in the mud. . . .

The Governor was very sorry we had not permitted his escort to accompany us; but we were too happy with our day for any regrets. If I ever go to Hebron again, I shall not take an escort, and I shall not give backsheesh or "presents"; but some words of advice, not only to the ill-bred urchins, but to their parents, putting the Koran on their consciences. And I shall not be stoned again by the villainous little beggars, with whom religion is not in any wise the motive for their misconduct.

As we drove slowly up in the still twilight, and entered Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, we felt like tired-out, happy children going home after a long and exciting day's absence;—and very grateful also to those miserable little sinners of Hebron that they had not had a higher aim: at my head—instead of my breast: so there is almost always, even in disaster or ludicrous adventure, something for which to be grateful.

That night, when through the solemn silence of the lorn city the muezzin's clear pleading went out for prayer, I remembered the little Moslem boys who stoned us at Hebron, and the little Christian girls who sold sacrilegious fetish at Bethlehem;—and I believe I prayed most for the little girls. Then I rose from my bed and looked out into the deep, blue firmament bespangled with the consoling stars;—and the brightest one hung in the south over the burying-place in the cave of Machpelah, which was before Mamre—just beyond the lone tomb by the way going down from Jerusalem to Hebron. . . .

CHAPTER XXXV,

PÈRE HYACINTHE PREACHES IN JERUSALEM.

AMONG the pilgrims constantly coming to Jerusalem, there was one group especially interesting to us, as it was composed of kith and kin;—and it came about that Père Hyacinthe addressed this company of English, Scotch, and Americans, in the large drawing-room of Howard's Hotel;—just outside the Jaffa Gate. There were present, besides various Christians, some Moslems and Jews. After this the residents of Jerusalem,—also Christians, Moslems, and Jews, were unceasing in urging him to speak to them. But public speaking was unheard of in the Holy City. How could it be done?—I went myself to obtain permission of the Governor. He was evidently pleased with the project, and asked the subject of the proposed discourse. It was this: The Reconciliation of Religions. He accorded his permission at once, saying: "I have full confidence in Père Hyacinthe, whose work is of Divine Inspiration."

There being no newspapers printed in Jerusalem—save a tiny, weekly, ecclesiastical sheet in Hebrew, for the Jews;—the only method, therefore, of publicity was by distributing circulars throughout the city. This was done by the consent of His Excellency; and two thousand, printed in French, Arabic, and Hebrew, were sent out at once—bearing the stamp of the Turkish Government.

As Père Hyacinthe's spiritual platform is anti-secta-

rian, his place of rendezvous must be neutral; and this was our hotel: in the large drawing-room, adjacent corridors, court, terrace, and stair-case; where hundreds of the residents of the city crowded in and listened eagerly to the New Gospel of Universal Love. All the Oriental, and most of the other Churches, the Mosque of Omar, and the Synagogue, sent delegates;—and the Turkish Army was represented by several high officers. The approbation of the audience was manifested by frequent and earnest applause. At the close of the Conférence, there was an informal and general reception, with never-to-be-forgotten expressions of appreciation and gratitude from all parties who were as surprised as grateful at such a reunion in Jerusalem!

One Patriarch, upon hearing of this unlooked-for event, wept for joy, exclaiming: "Is it possible that this has come to pass in my day? It is the first time that the people of Jerusalem have heard such accents since the day when Jesus preached them in these streets."—It was very certain that the satisfaction and gratitude was unanimous among the representatives of the three great monotheistic religions who alike claim this as their Holy City; and I think I may say that it was equally certain that Père Hyacinthe felt that this was the crowning event of his ministry: To preach a free Gospel in Jerusalem!

A propos of this event, and inspite of extreme reluctance, and only at the insistence of Moslem and Christian friends, I will relate the following curious fact—giving it for what it is worth. Monsieur Paul de Regla, the distinguished French Oriental traveler and writer, has told us and published (in 1895) the following concerning the prophetic mind of the Arabs.

A few years ago in Arabia there died an aged Sheik who was held in great veneration because of his profound piety and a wonderful gift of prophecy. I quote from

Monsieur de Regla: "Twenty-five years before his death, which occurred about twelve years ago, he wrote what he called 'The Government of God Among the Nations of the Earth.' And it is assured by reliable persons that most of his predictions have come to pass. This is what he wrote concerning France for the year 1896: In that year there will be a meeting of great fleets in the Mediterranean Sea, and France will be allied to great powers who are not Latin; and in that same year, there will come to us in the Orient from France, a Priest, a holy man who represents no visible Church—but God only; and he will preach to us drawing all hearts to Allah."

This prophecy was known in the Orient and was doubtless thought to be one reason why Moslem hearts were so open to Père Hyacinthe, who was there in the year 1896; and it was in the same year that the squadrons of the Great Powers sailed, in the interest of peace, through the Mediterranean to the Bosporus; and the Alliance of Russia and France was already accomplished.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE JORDAN.—GREEK CONVENT.—DEAD SEA.

AFTER many days, when we had visited well the holy places of Jerusalem, we must needs go to the Jordan. Youssef Pasha accompanied us, and his knowledge of the past and present, as well as of many languages, made him the *ne plus ultra* of companions and guides. Our escort consisted of his body-guard, our Coptic dragoman, and a Jewish coachman.

Out through the Jaffa Gate in the early spring morning, with the air full of aromatic odors mixed with incense and sandal wood which linger in the sacred atmosphere; our hearts full of happiness,—passing up through the new quarter and by the "Green Hill," (which more and more I am tempted to believe is Golgotha), then by the Gate of Damascus, near which, coming down from Galilee, is a large encampment of Bedouins with their camels and sheep and children;—then, turning the angle of the city wall to the right, and leaving the plain of the Crusaders to the left,—across the green embankment before the Beautiful Gate,—down over the brook Cedron, beneath the sacred old gnarled trees of Gethsemane,—on through the Jewish cemetery, skirting the valley of Jehoshaphat; then we halt on the side of the Mount of Olives and turn to behold the Holy City in the rising sun! It was the most glorious vision that Christian eyes can ever behold in this life: *Jerusalem the Golden!*

Its reflex glory shone on the face and in the heart and

faith of us all: Israelite, Christian, and Moslem.— A deep religious exultation seized upon us, and exclamations of joy and praise went out from our lips! To see this one scene for an instant, was worth the whole long pilgrimage!

I was satisfied!

A short hour further on, to Bethany where, within the Greek church, the Archimandrate showed us the sacred place where Jesus came to visit his loving friends: Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. In leaving, he made us each a little souvenir-bouquet from the garden where certainly their feet had trod. Then on and up among the hills of Judea,—through that waste of gray, treeless hills of shale and sand and rock;—through waterless ravines and desolate mountains—tinged only in parts with a petite mauve immortelle flower, as if sheen gauze had fallen down from heaven to cover in love their nudity;—while other places were starred with innumerable daisies, which, seen or unseen of the passer-by, alone in the sorrowful desert, had nothing to do, and from whom nothing was expected, but to look lovely and upward into the blue sky every day of their lives—worshiping God. We call them "Marguerites" in French, which name I prefer, as it is that of my beloved soul-daughter whose love and prayers are following us wherever we go.

The sun beats hot, and how can we escape it where there is no possible shade? All travelers in such heat should use umbrellas and never forget to carry bottles of water well enveloped in woolen stuff to keep it cool, with which to moisten the white kerchiefs on their heads. You pity your poor coachman who sits in the broiling sun all day—but he laughs when you offer him your parasol, and says: "Oh I thank you very much, but I don't mind the sun." And you will also pity the poor beasts who drag you through it all;—and if you are humane you will forget your own discomfort; and if you are not, try to be

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angelic; count the daisies and listen to the chirping of the merry insects that fill the air with their worship, for they, too, like the sun;—and if the heat is still unbearable count the thornbushes by the wayside.—Ah, the thorns! all along the way from Jerusalem to the Jordan!—they will, perhaps, help you to forget yourself....

Up, slowly up the long ascent, and at high noon we see the walls of the welcome Khan—the half-way stopping place—with rest for the horses and shade for us all.

The long three hours' halt gave ample time for siesta and conversation; and better than volumes was the Pasha's knowledge imparted to us of the past and present of Palestine, Turkey, and Judea.

Again on the downward way, he recalled to us, if not in words, still more vividly in action, that sublime teaching of our Lord in the parable of the good Samaritan going from Jerusalem down to Jericho—perhaps on this very spot....certainly by this same way.

As we rode through the hot afternoon I wrote on the fly-leaf of my guide book this parody, which is a true story:

"Once upon a time there went down from Jerusalem to Jericho a great Pasha who was of the tribe of Abraham and Hagar, a subject of Abdel-Hamid-Khan, and of the family of Mohammed the Prophet, a devout believer, who worshiped God and loved his fellow-man,—even Christians and Jews,—and had pity, respect even, for inferior brethren—dumb beasts. And as he drove down the rocky road, with friends from far lands, suddenly the horses shied—for before them, almost across the road, lay one of their kind—dead. Then the company all alighted from their landau, and the Pasha with friendly admonitions to the horses in their own tongue—for they, too, were of the Arab race, and accustomed to the masterly diplomacy of walking around difficulties. Now appeared a group of travelers whose horses, also, shied and whose riders

cursed (they, the riders, were Christians) who, after further fruitless attempts, were forced to dismount and also circumvent the obstructions as best they could." Then we drove on slowly; (here I drop the parabolic style)—only I noticed that the Pasha kept an anxious eye before us down the road,—and anon we descried far down the winding way, a wandering family of Bedouins coming up. Then the Pasha spoke a few low words in Arabic to the coachman and the body-guard. The carriage stopped and both these men got down. Why we stopped, I could not imagine, but something told us it was not a time to ask questions.

When the Bedouins came up,—they were three men, two women, and several small children, a donkey and three black sheep,—the Pasha's guard advanced down the road and opened parley with them. Then he returned to us with an affirmative look; (it is amazing how much these Arabs say in a few words!) and immediately our coachman began to haul out from beneath the box sundry straps and ropes. The Pasha took the reins and our coachman and the guard joined the Bedouin family—all of whom saluted the Pasha with very low salaams—and walked back up the road—carrying the ropes; but they did not walk very fast. All kept pace with the little black lambs and the little dusky tots of children. There was no use being in a hurry—time is not money in this dear, sacred land—and it was still very hot.

Of course our curiosity (I mean the curiosity of the foreign couple) was very keen; and we turned our eyes backward up the road. Soon the group arrived at the dead horse, and in about two minutes, with quiet dexterity, and without any loud words, or cursing, or ordering about; but with unity of action, in which all joined: men, women, and children—and even a little black lamb tried to help by flirting his little feet up against the back seat of the

SUPERIOR BEDOUIN FAMILY AT DINNER

Hebrew driver just as he was bending over to put on the slipping noose. . . . and. . . . b'r—r—r! the dead horse was hauled down the declivity—and the highway was clear! And we went quietly on our way to the Jordan.

I will give here the sequel to this object lesson.

Three days after, when the afore-mentioned party returned from Jericho to Jerusalem, as they approached the spot of the incident just narrated,—all eyes were turned with eager remembrance toward the scene; but, while yet afar off, the quick sight of our Israelite coachman pointed to the sky.—There, far above the piled up hills of Judea, high in the deep blue sky of Canaan, swung heavy, great-winged beasts;—and when we finally approached the place, we found a battlefield of disgusting carnage. Scores of huge vultures were swooping down and wallowing about—disputing the prey! There was no semblance of the dead animal we had left there three days before,—only a cage of bare ribs from which these great ungainly, lumbering birds gulped with ravenous beak the reeking offal, and hobbled, scarcely able to fly—so ponderous were their huge over-glutted maws,—beating the air with their uncouth, sagging wings—pulling, tearing, and screeching; fighting for the long-drawn entrails of the noble Arab steed which had fallen in the hot dusty highway—doing faithful service for some cruel master!

Now we go on with our journey, and are approaching Jericho—still descending among the arid hills. We stopped several times to repair the road for those who came after us; for this is the manner here in which the highway is kept in order: each passer-by repairs it for his follower. (Another Moslem object lesson.) What the Turkish Government fails to do, Moslem charity undertakes.

With eyes strained toward the East, we catch occasional glimpses of the summit of the Moabite mountains beyond the Jordan;—and now, as we turn around a jutting

rock—lo! at our feet lies the plain of Jericho—the richest in the world!—that treasure-garden which Pompey thought meet for a marriage gift to Cleopatra! But above all, it is rich in Divine and human events,—and in Biblical History!

We got down from our carriage and climbed a lone, overlooking crag to gaze upon this amazing scene of desolation! Was that clump of Arab huts and Bedouin tents all that remained of the capital of that Promised Land? whose riches had incited, and whose glory had inspired the long wandering of Moses, and his nation, in the terrible wilderness? Was this indeed all that remained of the great school of the Prophets?

An hour's descent on foot—for the road is like a staircase;—but where is the Jericho of to-day? There is no town visible, only a cluster of a few huts and tents and a score of small, modern houses. We stopped before the little inn to rest our horses; then an hour's drive across the sandy plain to the Greek convent of St. John the Baptist, on the bank of the Jordan. When about midway, the Pasha signed to the coachman to halt, and bending our ears we caught the musical notes of a far-off chime of sweet bells, trembling through the air.

"They see us," he said, "and that is their welcome, those good monks keeping the Jordan."

We were guests of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem and carried his imposing letter, duly signed and sealed; but the Abbot was already apprised of our visit.

The burning sun was sinking—pouring molten gold on the sand as it went. The Pasha now gave a sign to urge the horses on, saying to us, "We must see the setting sun from the battlements."

Nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer they sounded, these sweet, loving bells,—welcoming us into the lone fortress of faith on the silent bank of the Holy River!

It is a fortified convent, and the only building in all the country round,—solidly built of stone;—the single, iron door in the thick wall just large enough to permit a horse or camel to enter, and can easily be barred within. It has stood siege from marauders more than once; but for many years all is safe and peaceful in Palestine.

The Abbot and the French-speaking friar could scarcely express their joyful welcome to us in any tongue known to us—but the good Pasha helped them in their rapturous dilemma—and then they led us, first for a short thanksgiving prayer in the chapel in the great square on the battlement roof;—then up on the broad high terrace on the top of the large square tower.

Fitter than all others, for true pilgrims, is the vast Cathedral whose blue, bending dome of infinite space is the heavens!—There is worship, free and full.

To the north a low vaporous horizon melting into the far blue firmament; to the south the Dead Sea; to the east, and near us, the mountains of Moab, turned into mountains of glowing bronze, with their face toward the setting sun;—and to the west, all rimmed in burnished gold—the hills of Judea. From their distant summit a white needle pierces the air. It is the campanile on the Mount of Olives, above Jerusalem: the watch tower of Israel looming up over its wasted domain! Great angels of the Past were keeping anxious watch over the four corners of that Holy Horizon!

As long as life lasts,—and beyond—who knows?—we shall remember that resplendent sunset, and the glorious night on the banks of the Jordan.

The shades deepen—and now the bells begin to chime again—and across the shimmering plain come great caravans of pilgrims. All meet a kindly welcome, and all are provided with food and beds—over three hundred—mostly

Russians. Within its vast enclosure the convent can receive five hundred at a time.

Slower—softer—chime the bells. And now the melancholy gray of the coming night falls upon the desolate plain of the Promised Land.

Looking down into the great court where a bright fire was now lighted, we could witness—but turned away with poignant regret—the killing of a kid for our supper. The monks, however, eat no meat, nor do the pilgrims; but we were considered as peculiar guests, requiring "fatted" creatures: cannibals that we are! devouring the cadavres of our inferior brethren! Had we known the intention of the hospitable monks, we should have forbidden it; but the Abbot smilingly drew the Patriarch's letter from his pocket holding it up before us saying: "I have orders from my Superior." We insisted, however, and were assured, that the kid should not be "cooked in its mother's milk." It was roasted upon the huge open fire in the immense kitchen whose glow contrasted, to our shameful condemnation, with the holy radiance of the stars set in the far firmament!

Looking down from the terrace on which were our rooms, or cells, we were much interested in the preparations made for the pilgrims. We saw tea being made for the Russians,—and what a tea-kettle! It was too large to be indoors and was set up in the court on a furnace. It held a hogshead. It was Lent, and tea with spare bread composes almost the entire diet of the Russian pilgrim now.

The kid was delicious—no doubt, but we did not taste of it—we could not. . . . The supper was over-abundant, and there were all sorts of conventual, but not conventional things to eat, and thorough, good, religious cheer. We did not, however, linger long at the board but hurried to the tower again and gave ourselves to the outer and

superior world. And now over the landscape came a soft afterglow of the magnificent day!

The blue lines of the horizon were fading; the golden glare of the Moab mountains had melted into beautiful opaline tints; the Dead Sea was a sharp, white line of silver—the plain of Jericho enfolded in a royal, purple mantle; the stars—those sacred stars which had twinkled down upon the fair land which Moses could only see from afar,—were sending down their messages still.—Here we thank our Divine Father for bringing us to this wonderful, mysterious land of Promise!—Though the earth be dead—Christ liveth!—*A génoux!*

Far against the paling western sky was the white, faintly discerned line from Olivet, over Jerusalem, like the Finger of God pointing to Heaven, as the final hope of this sad, wicked world in the coming night....

The next morning we went to the Dead Sea. It was an hour's drive. We bathed therein. I was certainly disappointed concerning its buoyancy—for I had almost expected to walk on it....But though I could not sink, I could undoubtedly have been drowned very easily, had I not taken great care. Its water is clear and sparkling, but very salty and bitter to the taste, and its effect was certainly strange, I might say, miraculous. I did not remain in it over three minutes, but it gave me such a glow of warmth with visible determination of blood to the surface, and, with breathing its air for three days,—I was cured of the bronchitis from which I was suffering. I am sure it could be utilized for chest and throat maladies with success—thus extending the miracle.

[If I failed to discover Sodom and Gomorrha at the bottom of the Dead Sea, I did not fail to discover their prototypes in the Living Sea outside of Palestine....]

The afternoon we devoted to the Jordan—wandering along its banks, and bathing face and hands in its sacred

stream.—I was seized with an intense desire to be rebaptized—to be buried in its holy waters with Him who had set the great example! Though I believe that Baptism by immersion is the preferable way—had I had the shade of a doubt touching aspersion, I should certainly have dispelled it by repeating the rite that day in the Jordan.

Another glorious sunset, and nightfall, from the convent battlements,—another night in our high narrow cells, —another ardent sunrise; and we came away with reluctant almost sorrowful hearts.

The good Abbot and his kind French-speaking friar could not do enough for our comfort and happiness. The Abbot spoke Greek, Russian, and Arabic,—none of which I spoke. When he gave his last Benediction in the language of the New Testament, my husband could reply; but all I could say was "Alpha and Omega!"—and the dear man was as deeply moved as was I....

Ah! How gladly would we have lingered there, in that holy place of sacred memories, where there was nothing of the world, and naught of doubt.

The bells' sweet chime followed us with love and promise in their melting voices far across the plain of Jericho in that radiant Oriental morning—and its harmony and warmth will remain in my heart forever.

All the homeward way — "homeward way" indeed — going back to Jerusalem,—there was a melancholy chime following us all the day—until the eventide came on as we climbed the Mount of Olives from Bethany, and again beheld Jerusalem in its awful grandeur of the solemn shades of the coming night....From out those tombs through which we moved, there seemed to rise long-recumbent forms and pleading hands of the people of Israel stretched forth....

THE JORDAN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EASTER VIGIL IN JERUSALEM.

TO-MORROW is the Great Paschal Feast. We must keep the vigil. And that we may be alone, we go at twilight upon the broad terrace of the house-top where we sit in sorrow and in spiritual sack-cloth and ashes,—with the Old Jerusalem in ruins at our feet,—the New Jerusalem spanning the Universe in all its effulgent glory over our heads!

After our meditation of contrition we must render thanks to our Heavenly Father who has brought us through the perils of the deep, fire, and pest—so far away from our *belle France*—aye!—from the still more distant home-land—half a world away!—which I may never see again....Across mountain, plain, and desert-wastes of the Dark Continent;—beneath the deep firmament and the near-hanging stars of the Mystic Nile;—hither and thither in the Blue Intermediate Sea;—then, with tired yet glad feet, to the Sacred Soil, up through the Holy Hills of Palestine;—and at last to the summit of our life's pilgrimage—*even unto Jerusalem!*—It had been the low, longing, monotone refrain of all my life—*Jerusalem!*—*Jerusalem*....

And now we have walked her streets; we have circumscribed her threefold walls; we have kept sorrowful step with Jesus all along the *Via Dolorosa;* we have meditated the Ancient Scriptures beneath the cypress trees which

grow in the midst of Solomon's Temple; we have prayed in the Great Mosque of Omar, our faces against the rock where Abraham went up to sacrifice his Isaac; we have bathed our brows in the Pool of Bethsaida—asking God to heal as was done of old;—we have wept with the Jews in their Place of Wailing; we have mounted the Calvary alone, carrying our cross; we have knelt and asked ardently for a sign in the Holy Sepulchre—weeping because He was not there. . . .and to-morrow is the Feast of the Paschal Lamb!

Keeping the Vigil—looking out from Zion's Hill upon the Holy Ideal and the unholy Real city at our feet,—across its serried centuries, and with its sacred dramas within our souls,—out beyond the Calvary, over Mount Moriah and the Temple Walls, across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Gethsemane, and the Mount of the Ascension, —and beyond, over the hills of Judea, to where the Jordan flows.—Long we look out on the sad, beautiful earth, and up into the deep glorious Heaven—drinking in tears of melancholy happiness.—Long we stand, sit, or kneel;—thinking and praying through the slow waning hours of the still night;—recalling the weal and woe of the ancient days of Israel:—Babylon, mistress of the world,—Rome, conqueror; and all those dreadful, sacrilegious wars which watered the city with the blood of those who fought in the name of God against those who fought in the name of the Prince of Peace!—Mad, blinded creatures of hate!—Ah! God of Mercy!—God of Mercy! Have pity!—Have pity!

Sadly, sweetly, they wear away—the dead hours of the solemn night! The awful silence broken ever and anon by the voice of the muezzin from the adjacent minaret of David's Tower—its mysterious *tremolo* wailing out over the city, full of pilgrims, who are keeping the Vigil, —over the darkling shadows and the dark walls of Jeru-

salem,—out into the far desert, and on in tender supplications throughout the world: *"O God, Just and Merciful! hear the prayer of Thy children who have need of Thee!"*

Slowly the constellations are coming up from the East into a deeper night; and now we turn our eyes up to the Northern horizon — up beyond where Mizpah stands against the sky—up beyond Nazareth, beyond Syria, and over the beautiful Bosporus,—on beyond—beyond—to the Black—the gore-black Black Sea,—from whose shores a lurid light flashes into the heavens, lessening the light of the stars. And now what strange, red clouds float in the air, like huge reflections of clotted blood, across the sky! Long we gaze and ponder over the strange phenomenon, until our eyes seem petrified in their sockets and all our being is paralyzed with horror, while the north breeze bears a sickening odor;—*O God! in pity, stop massacre between those who believe in Thee!*

Slowly wears the Vigil.

Now bursts through the silent air the bugle's blast from the Moslem sentinel on the draw-bridge of the Citadel hard by, calling us back to Jerusalem—to the thousands of pilgrims within her walls who are, also, watching and praying through the sad night. They have come hither from near and far; from lands undreamed-of when He was here;—and all are filled, as are we, with the sorrowfullest sentiments that can stir the Christian soul; for nowhere else, nowhere on the face of this beautiful, sin-cursed earth, have Heaven and Hell dwelt so closely, and in permanence, as here where the Saviour of Men—the Prince of Peace, lived and was slain—that those who believe in Him might dwell together in love! *God have mercy upon us!* And there they are, still crowded into their ghetto, though they outnumber the other inhabitants of Jerusalem—the descendants of those who crucified Him,

"not knowing what they did"—while we crucify Him daily, knowing well what we do! Can we, with all our knowledge of Truth, have hope of forgiveness while we still refuse it thus to them, in spite of the last, loving command of the Perfect One of their race?

We too often forget that it was not the Jewish "people" —His people—who crucified their Holy One, but a few fanatics of the synagogue in league with Roman militarism and domination.—Israel was thenceforth divided; the scission was accomplished in this unjust condemnation. And what was equally disastrous for the world, dissension and discord began between His followers at the very foot of the Cross—aye, before He was delivered to be slain;—and it has continued ever since—nearly 2000 years! *There was a flaw at the first in Christianity: His disciples would not follow His example!*

And still they come up hither — Christians of all tongues and races and climes;—representatives of all Christian nations and governments—flocking here to live in perpetual wrangling and quarrel over an empty tomb! —forgetting the Risen Lord! Missionaries from every section of His Church come declaring that their broken branch is the true trunk of the Living Vine which He has planted;—and with dispute and hatred claim preemption of the hard Dead Letter,—not only of that broken stone which covers the spot where they laid Him but of a gilded lamp, a shred of tapestry, a bit of carpet;—even unto the shedding of brother's blood—outraging—driving out the Holy Spirit with hellish hatred, cudgels, swords, and guns!—This we Christians do—while the Jews do not quarrel over the dead wall of their fallen temple—nor the Moslems over the rock of Mount Moriah;—they weep and pray.

The lust of gold and of domination, with fanaticism, maintain perpetual dissension within these sacred gates;

and discord reigns throughout the Christian Church, because of her great apostasy! Who can doubt that it is by Divine Direction that all the Holy Places—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem and all the others are under the guardianship of more faithful believers: the followers of Mohammed. Within the Holy Sepulchre stands the Moslem soldier, who reveres the Christ more than many who bear His Holy Name. They come—we have seen them with our own eyes—those Turkish soldiers, several thousand strong, each with his loaded gun and bayonet fixed; and not only to keep us in order and respectful demeanor within the Holy Place,—but, as has often been the case, to prevent our killing each other!—*Shame and woe! Woe and shame unto Jerusalem!*

It was but yester-night, as I lingered late within the sacred precincts until the closing of the doors; I saw a sight—and a sweeter and, perhaps, sadder one no Christian could ever see! I saw the Great Key of the Holy Sepulchre carried away by a child—a little Moslem maiden, six years old, who hugged it firmly yet tenderly to her proud little heart with her right hand, while her left clung to that of her venerable Arab grandsire, whose right hand had been injured and who is the hereditary "doorkeeper in the House of the Lord." And to-night I bless that fair, bereaved American maiden, called "Marie," who has sent by me the gift of a golden necklace to this little Moslem maiden. Women's hearts must touch each other round the world, for their loving faith will be the healing of the nations.

All honor to the Moslem who keeps the Holy Tomb of Jesus!

All shame to Christians who desecrate it! We have lost the key and thrown away our heritage!

We are still on the house-top, and the vigil continues. As I withdrew my mind from its pondering, and my eyes from the dark spangled night, I turned my gaze downward into those reeking streets of Jerusalem—into the Holy of Holies, filled with the vast, praying multitude, who were keeping the vigil prostrate on the earth—and down into my own soul—asking the direct and final question: "But what came we here for to see?—What look we for in this holy hell? What seek we in this Empty Tomb?" And the answer came back, up and out of its depths—low, but full, sure, and strong: "Whether ye know it or know it not, O! sad, sorrowing world! Ye are seeking the unity of Humanity in the Unity and in the love of God! Be not forever downcast. He overcame the world, and at last—at last—ye will follow Him!"

Ah, yes! thank God, there is something in Jerusalem better than this dark side and bitter cup;—something brighter, something higher, for here is the throne of Eternal Hope! and though heart-sick, soul-sick, we lift our eyes upward in relief from this long gaze and these melancholy meditations,—up where the great overbending world of cerulean blue lifts up and holds within its ramparts of stars, the other, the New Jerusalem!—up where there is no error nor hatred nor sin nor sickness; up where dwell all who are beautiful and holy;—and in their midst the Prince of Peace, drawing all men to Him in the glorious Victory of Love!

And now, through the silence, comes a sweet, low chime of bells from far, far away.—Can it be from those hills?—from the convent there on the banks of the Jordan? There is hope and joy in their tones. . . . And now clangs out the great bell from the ruined tower of The Tomb!

'Tis midnight!—'*Tis morn!*—HE IS RISEN!

HALLELUJAH!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JUXTAPOSITION AND CONCLUSION.

"Islam is a promise;—Christianity a menace."
—Bonaparte.

THE religion of Islam is simple and kind:—*Our* religion—*not that of Christ*—is complex and hard.

Moslems have two articles of Faith — God and the Judgment. Their creed is short and unvarying: "God is the only God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." Our creeds are various and variable—our articles of Faith innumerable.

We are sectarian, intolerant of all other forms of religion than our own; Islam is universal and tolerant of all other religions which acknowledge God.

We are divided into about 500 sects,—while Islam is a unit.

There are no infidels in Islam,—while all of our sects are ravaged by doubt, scepticism, and infidelity.

Christianity makes and imposes new doctrines;—Islam imposes simply that which God himself imposes:—Faith in Him.

Mussulmans have few needs, and live by faith and very little bread, with a lapsing tendency to primitive customs. Our faith is not over-strong, but our appetites are immense, with overweening desires for all the "comforts" of "modern improvements" and progressive luxuries.

Christianity has early fallen into Apostasy; hence our

doubts, dissensions, dominations, and heresies; — Islam has kept its faith unswervingly in its primitive and simple integrity.

Islam is a vast Brotherhood, composed of minor circles;—Our "individualism" leads us to selfishness and sectarianism.

Islam cannot be governed by Princes of the World, but accepts the absolute government of God. We are apt to ignore the government of God and evade that of man.

The three great governments founded of God in the world have been Republics, which means Brotherhoods: Israel, Christianity, and Islam;—and they must eventually become one Divine Humanity.

When Church and State are irreconcilable; Christians who hold them as separate factors in Government—let go the Church,—and society is divided into hostile factions. (Rome holds to Cæsar more than to Christ.) Moslems, who hold that religion, being the government of God, embraces all others according to the Law of Moses, and the following of Mohammed; let go the State. and still remain a universal Republic or Brotherhood.

Christian worship, with its preponderating voteries and imposing pomp, includes numerous saints—and often to the exclusion of Christ—and even to the obliteration of God, while Islam's admit rare saints and no idols—keeping to the primordial commandment which Jehovah imposed: "Thou shalt have no other God but Me."

The symbol of Islam is the Crescent Moon with all its interpretations of poetry and God's love. The Christian symbol of the Cross is the constant suggestion of Roman hatred and murder.

Christians have a Sacramental Rite of washing the body, or sprinkling the head, once in their lives for the cleansing of the soul:—Moslems believe that a clean soul

should have a clean body, and are enjoined to take a bath every day of their lives.

Our morals may be higher in theory, but they are certainly lower in practice.

Islam has legal polygamy, which is rapidly disappearing. We have everywhere illicit polygamy, and in some of our foremost Christian nations we have legal polyandry —patented prostitution—and both are on the increase.

If polygamy is a black spot on Islam—and it certainly is—prostitution is a blacker one on Christianity!

Polygamy, which was a tolerated imperfection of our Patriarchs, rapidly disappeared among the Jews when the light of Christianity environed Israel; and it is now disappearing in Islam as the principles of Christian marriage are penetrating the world.

Polygamy in Islam has its natural ally:—*easy* divorce. Christian divorce is *hard*, more cruel, and in a form far more destructive to the family.

Mohammed had twelve wives;—Jesus had none.

To follow the example of Mohammed, concerning marriage would be disastrous to all human society. To follow the example of Jesus, concerning marriage, would be the destruction of the human race.

There are no illegitimate children in Islam, while the illegitimate births in some of the foremost cities of Christendom frequently attain to over a third of the whole number.

Moslems are accused of buying their wives;—while we pay men for taking our daughters off our hands.

The fact is that the money given by Moslems to the parents of the bride by the bridegroom is her dowry and is to remain intact for use in case she becomes a widow or is divorced;—while the money given to the bridegroom by Christian parents of the bride is usually at the entire

discretion of the husband—and we know too well the sad results.

With Moslems, love usually begins with marriage;—with Christians, it too frequently ends there.

Islam has one moral for men and women; and purity is enjoined equally upon all.—So-called Physical Science has not unfrequently claimed the contrary among Christians.

Islam has no outcast, homeless, or unprovided-for women; and therefore, no class of working-women, forced to earn their daily bread;—while the merciless treatment of weak and helpless women is one of our cruelest sins.*

In a fair land of Europe, where there is one of the most intelligent and Christian monarchs, I have seen women—some young and some bent with age—yoked with oxen plowing the fields, and harnessed with donkeys and dogs pulling offal carts through their magnificent university towns—where other women are highly educated!

Islam has no "poor class"; and frequently, as in Egypt and Tunis, Mussulmans can only bequeath their property to the second generation—the principal remaining intact for the Charity Fund—whose income often exceeds the expenditure. The giver is not vainglorious nor the recipient humiliated by this equitable distinction of God's munificence among brethren.—*The neglect of our poor is the blackest blot on our Christianity!*

Mussulmans are sober and healthy, as they eat simple food and drink no wine or fermented beverages—save when taught to do so by Christians—while we are neither sober nor healthy, as we drink all manner of poisonous beverages, and eat to our destruction.

*In Germany there are five million five hundred thousand women employed in factories; in England, four millions; in France, three million seven hundred thousand; in Italy three million five hundred thousand; and the same number in Austro-Hungary.

In self-control and fidelity in religious practice, Moslems give a salutary example, especially in fasting; while our "fast days" are seldom remembered and our Lenten season is everywhere attenuated, and often entirely abandoned. All adult Moslems, and even little children, are eager to observe the great fast of Ramadan. This they do religiously and joyfully.

I do not hesitate to say that a people who can thus control appetite—neither eating a mouthful of food, nor drinking a drop of water, through the long laborious day, nor smoking a whiff of tobacco from dawn to dusk during thirty days, are our superiors in moral and physical courage as well as religious faith.

But in summing up all this, I do not hesitate to say that I firmly believe that the Christian Ideal of life is the highest ever revealed to man.

Without the most distant idea of proselyting in any way, I do not only believe that the contact of the three Monotheistic religions, and their races, can but be profitable to each, if each one follow its respective principles—keeping commandments of God which are common to us all: Jews, Christians, and Moslems; but I believe it is the only possible means of peace, progress and happiness among mankind.

As all purely *human* interests must fail to bind Humanity together in happiness, we must seek it elsewhere. And, as the bond of Brotherhood has its center in Fatherhood, so the only ultimate and absolute bond of union among the children of this earth is in that which binds us to the Creator—the Eternal Father. That bond is Religion *(religare*—which signifies *to bind anew or back —to be united from the source).*

I believe that Islam cannot fail, because of its great faith in God. But to be a powerful and beneficent factor of humanity, it must awaken from its somnolence and in-

difference and take its rightful place in the march of science and civilization—outdoing its glorious past.

I believe in the future of Christianity, if it returns to its Divine Founder—to its origin—when the Faith needed no man's creeds, and Christians needed no General Councils; but were willing to live and ready to die for the grandest principle ever emitted from Jehovah:—Love.

I believe in the Re-awakening of the great and noble Arab race,—with its grand intellectual and moral qualities,—which gave to the world for centuries its highest civilization.

And I believe in the Restoration of the Jews, who are the Fathers of these other two religions, but not as a nation. Israel is the mysterious Gulf-Stream running through the vast ocean of Humanity, carrying with its warm persistent current, the Great Determinate Faith of One, Personal and Living God—without which there can be nothing good, permanent, true, or beautiful among men; for it is that faith which recognizes the perpetual miracle of God in man, and which covers, by its beneficent creative influence, with flowers, fruit, and beautiful children, the utmost parts of the earth!

That the Restoration of Israel may be possible, the Jews of to-day must rise from the sepulchre where they persist in hugging to their hungry hearts the heavy, rust-eaten chains of Letter and Ritual;—burrowing amid dry bones and dead hopes. And this Restoration will be assured only when they have restored Jesus of Nazareth to His people:—Him who was announced of God by the Prophets, and who, after the vain waiting of forty centuries, and in spite of His enemies and His pretended followers, has proven His Messiahship by the uplifting of humanity into a recognized Brotherhood; and has brought to the sinning, sorrowful hearts of men the ineffable assurance of Eternal Life! And this Restoration will become an ac-

complished fact when the Great Jew is revealed to His own, and to the world in His real and rightful character — untrammeled by calumny, legend, superstition, and false interpretation: *The True Christ!*

The Restoration of the Jews will be the Transformation of Christianity,—and after, the Incorporation of Islam and the True Gospel preached to all dwellers on the earth. As there is but One God, there cannot ultimately be but One Religion.

When these awakenings, reforms, and resurrections are accomplished,—and this will certainly come to pass—then there will be no more killing of men—no more religious or political despotic governments, no more hatred nor contentions — no more down-trodden peoples, and no more poor nor sick; for the Commandments of God will be the accepted rule of all nations, and all individuals; and Peace and Love will reign with the universal Brotherhood;—*and then will begin the Kingdom of Heaven on earth!*

IT IS WRIT!

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